

NEVER TOLD BEFORE: HOWARD KEEL'S AMAZING LIFE — Color Portrait, Album Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

October

beth  
or

AVA GARDNER  
HOLLYWOOD

edda Hopper  
Warns Joan Evans

HOOKLINE 46 MASS  
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0¢





Modess .... *because*



# Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

**E**DNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid, but never a bride.

## *You Never Know*

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not know that you have it . . . and even your best friends won't tell you. It may be absent one day and present the next. And when it is, you offend needlessly.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some systemic disorder. But usually—and fortunately—it is only a local condition due to the bacterial fermentation of food particles in the mouth that yields to the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle.

## *Be Extra Careful*

Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, wholly delightful and *extra-careful precaution against halitosis*? Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when you want to be at your best.

## *Sweetens for Hours*

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually. Your whole mouth feels cool and clean. When you want that extra assurance, don't trust make-shifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



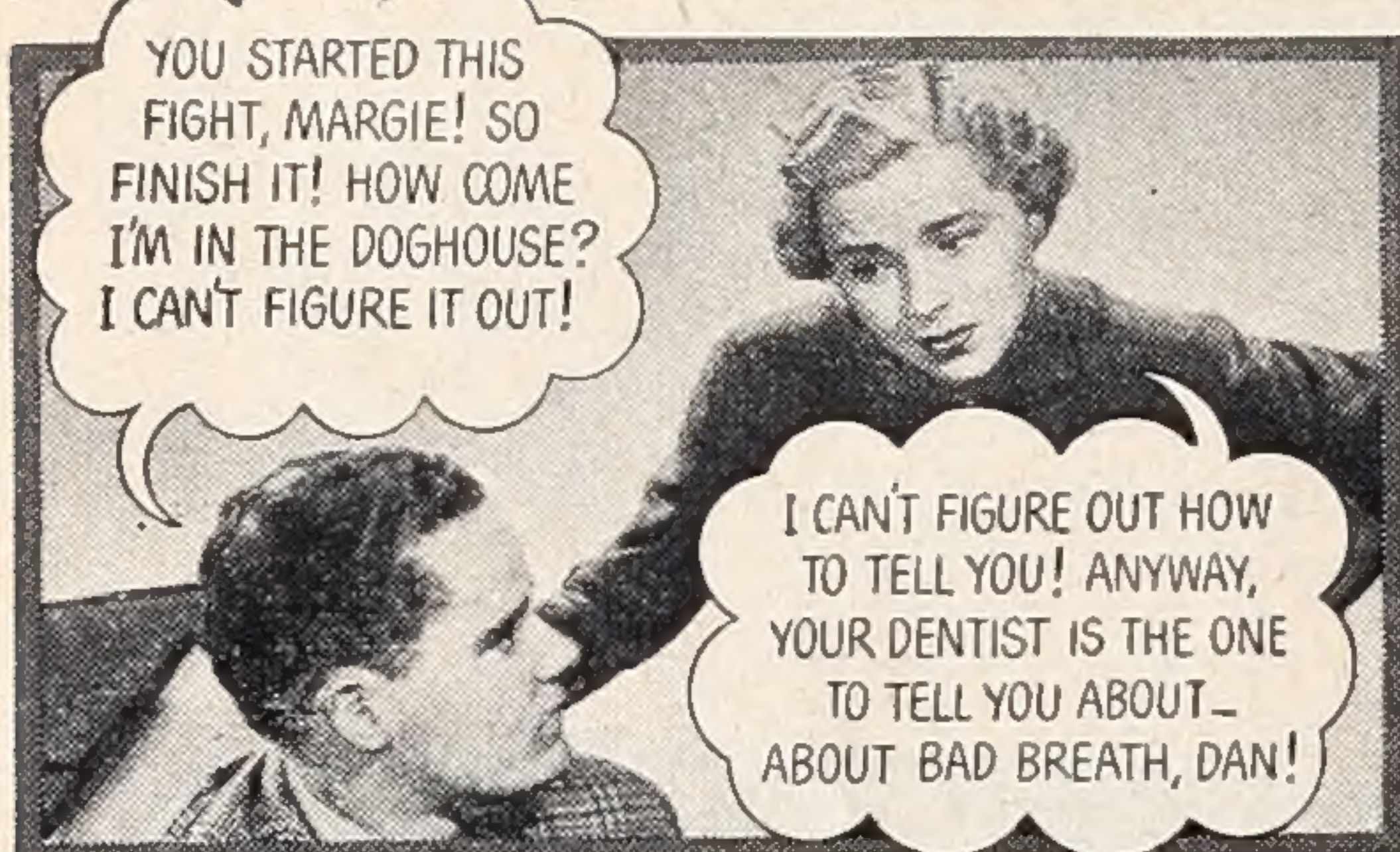
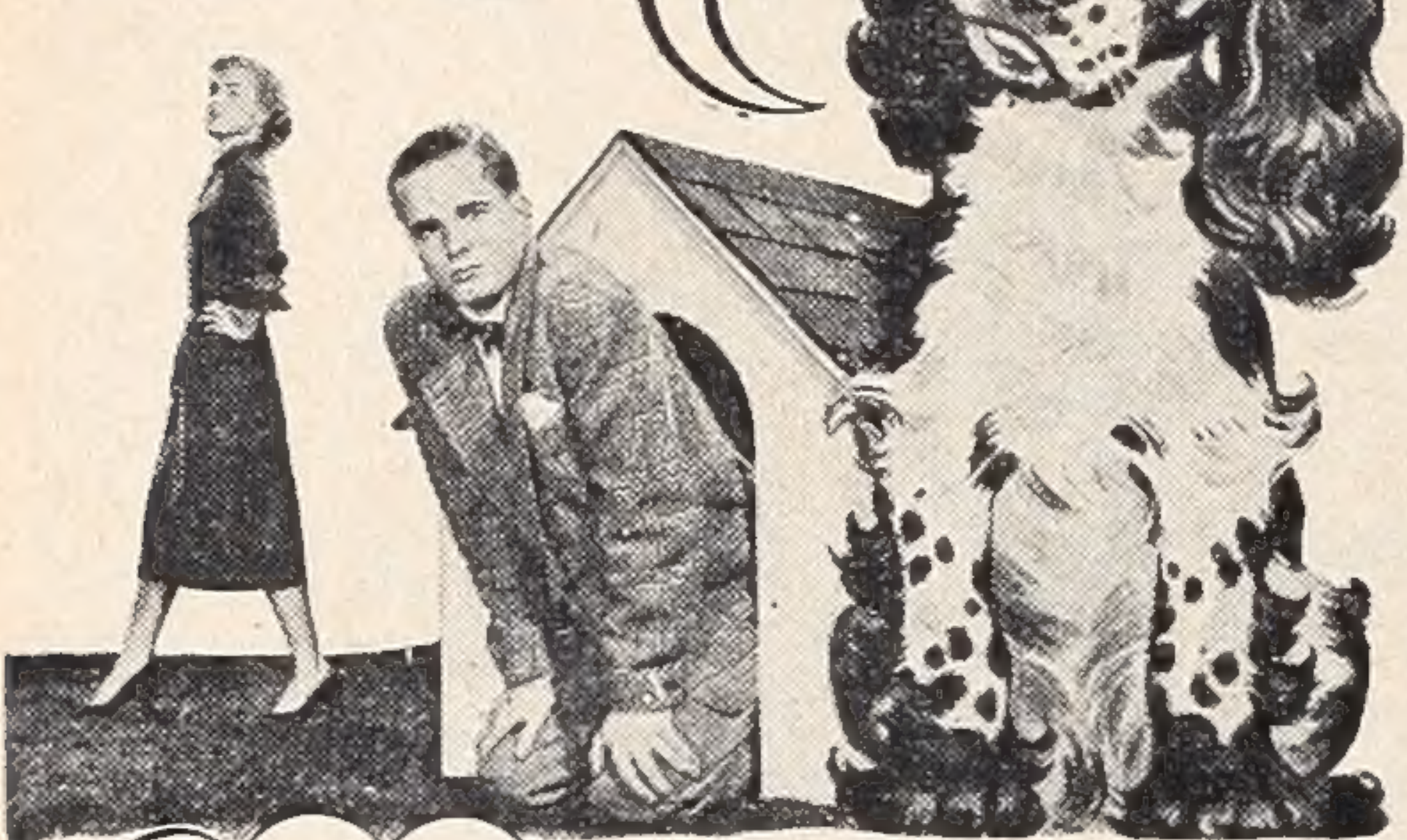
Before any date . . .

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

*... it's breath-taking!*



# She Sure Leads Him a Dog's Life!



**READER'S DIGEST\*** Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

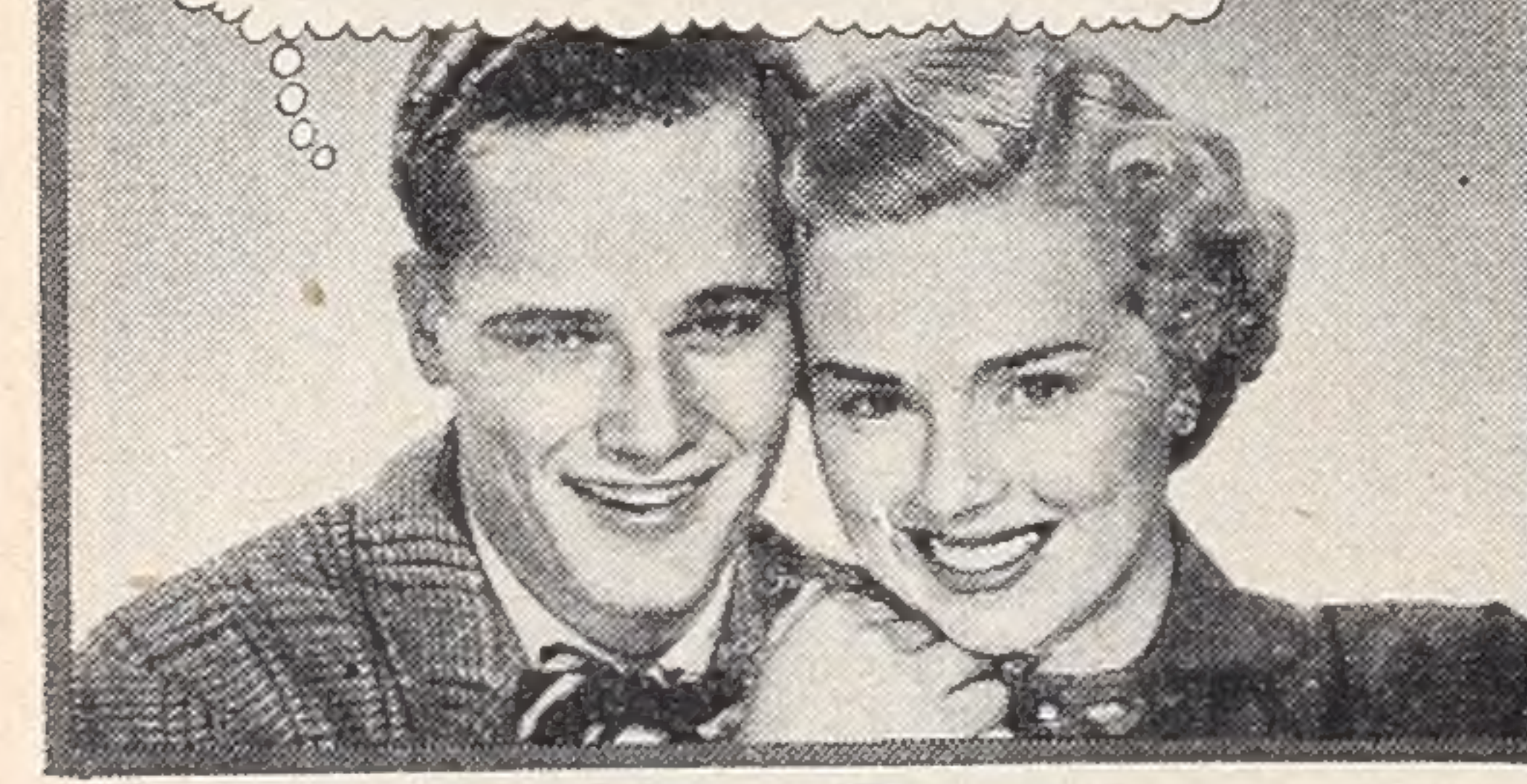
## COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

**LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream**

BELIEVE ME, USING COLGATE'S PAYS FOR I'M A LUCKY DOG THESE DAYS!



- ✓ Use Colgate Dental Cream To Clean Your Breath
- ✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
- ✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



**\*YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE - GOERS FOR 39 YEARS

# PHOTOPLAY

CONTENTS

OCTOBER, 1951

## HIGHLIGHTS

The Photoplay Scholarship Parade.....	37
London Letter on Liz Taylor.....	39
Many Brave Hearts (Howard Keel).....	40
Tales from Hollywood.....	44
That Old MacRae Magic (Gordon MacRae).....	46
Act Your Age, Joan Evans.....	48
Rhode Island Redhead (Van Johnson).....	50
How Ava Gardner Fooled Hollywood.....	52
Why Do They Hate Hollywood?.....	54
Your Chance to Win a Hollywood-designed Dress.....	56
Photoplay Sneak Previews "Here Comes the Groom".....	58
Pint-sized Paradise (Betty Hutton).....	60
Prairie Flower (Photoplay Pin-Up #9—Cyd Charisse).....	62
Photoplay Fashions.....	66
If You Want to Be Charming.....	82

## FEATURES IN COLOR

Howard Keel.....	40	Gordon MacRae.....	47
Elizabeth Taylor.....	44	Joan Evans.....	49
Deborah Kerr.....	44	Betty Hutton.....	60
Clark Gable.....	44	Cyd Charisse.....	62
Janet Leigh.....	45	June Allyson.....	64
Joan Crawford.....	45	Vera-Ellen.....	65
Alan Ladd.....	45	Jean Hagen.....	67

## SPECIAL EVENTS

Alice in Wonderland.....	88	Pool Party.....	84
Brief Reviews.....	102	Radioactive Romantic.....	22
Casts of Current Pictures.....	34	Readers Inc.....	8
French, Young and Pretty.....	36	Shadow Stage—Sara Hamilton..	24
Hollywood Party Line—		That's Hollywood for You—	
Edith Gwynn.....	17	Sidney Skolsky.....	16
Impertinent Interview—		What Hollywood's Whispering	
Aline Mosby.....	19	About—Herb Stein.....	18
Inside Stuff—Cal York.....	14	What Should I Do?	
Laughing Stock—		Claudette Colbert.....	13
Erskine Johnson.....	10	Your Photoplay Photoplays....	116

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Natural Color Portrait by John Engstead

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M-G-M's HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME MUSICAL...

FOR THE MILLIONS  
WHO LOVED  
"THE GREAT CARUSO"  
AND "SHOW BOAT"!

# Texas

Color by

# Carnival

Technicolor

Gorgeous Esther  
lassos handsome  
"Show Boat" star  
Howard Keel!  
What a gay cast  
for a gala screen  
delight!

**BULL'S EYE SONG HITS**  
"Young Folks Should Get Married"  
"Whoa Emma"  
"It's Dynamite"  
"Cornie's Pitch"  
"Deep In The Heart Of Texas"  
Hear the stars sing the  
hit tunes on M-G-M Records!

Red's uproarious  
as the carnival barker  
who becomes a millionaire  
for a day!

Howard Keel  
has love appeal!  
There's romance,  
rhythm, fun in  
this big show!

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**ESTHER**  
**WILLIAMS**  
**RED**  
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**HOWARD**  
**KEEL**

WITH **PAULA** **ANN** **KEENAN**  
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SCREEN PLAY BY **DOROTHY KINGSLEY** • STORY BY **GEORGE WELLS and DOROTHY KINGSLEY** • MUSIC BY **HARRY WARREN** • LYRICS BY **DOROTHY FIELDS** • DIRECTED BY **CHARLES WALTERS** • PRODUCED BY **JACK CUMMINGS** AN M-G-M PICTURE



*YOUNG ENOUGH TO LOVE.*

Only the truly young in heart... asking so much of life... giving so much of love—can know the full thrill of this experience!

MONTGOMERY

ELIZABETH

SHELLEY

in George

A PLACE





*Completely*

CLIFT  
TAYLOR  
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Stevens' Production of

IN THE SUN

Only these three brilliant young stars  
at their exciting best . . . could make  
these lovers come so powerfully alive!

with **KEEFE BRASSELLE** • Produced and Directed by **GEORGE STEVENS** • Screenplay  
by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown • Based on the novel, AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY,  
by **THEODORE DREISER** and the PATRICK KEARNEY play adapted from the novel.  
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1926-1951  
OF TALKING PICTURES

*It's the  
show-world's big, bright  
WARNER BROS.  
CELEBRATION  
with these Warner Bros.  
productions at your  
theatres now!*

ALL THE SEAS OF THE WORLD ARE ITS STAGE!

GREGORY PECK VIRGINIA MAYO  
"CAPTAIN HORATIO  
HORNBLOWER"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

DIRECTED BY  
RAOUL WALSH  
Screen Play by Ivan Goff &  
Ben Roberts and Aeneas MacKenzie  
From the Novel by C. S. Forester





EVERYONE'S HERO--AND ONE WOMAN'S IDOL!

# "JIM THORPE -ALL AMERICAN"

STARRING

**BURT LANCASTER**

AND CHARLES

**BICKFORD** STEVE COCHRAN PHYLLIS THAXTER

DIRECTED BY

**MICHAEL CURTIZ** EVERETT FREEMAN

PRODUCED BY

Screen Play by Douglas Morrow and Everett Freeman

Music by Max Steiner Jim Thorpe, Technical Advisor



THE LOVE STORY THAT RINGS VICTORY BELLS IN YOUR HEART!

## "Force of Arms"

STARRING

**WILLIAM HOLDEN** **NANCY OLSON** **FRANK LOVEJOY**

WITH GENE EVANS • DICK WESSON

DIRECTED BY

**MICHAEL CURTIZ**

PRODUCED BY

**ANTHONY VEILLER**

Screen Play by Orin Jannings Music by Max Steiner



"SEIZES A PLACE AMONG HOLLYWOOD'S RARE GREAT MOVIES!"

Look Magazine—typical of the  
praise pouring in from all sides!

## "A Streetcar Named Desire"

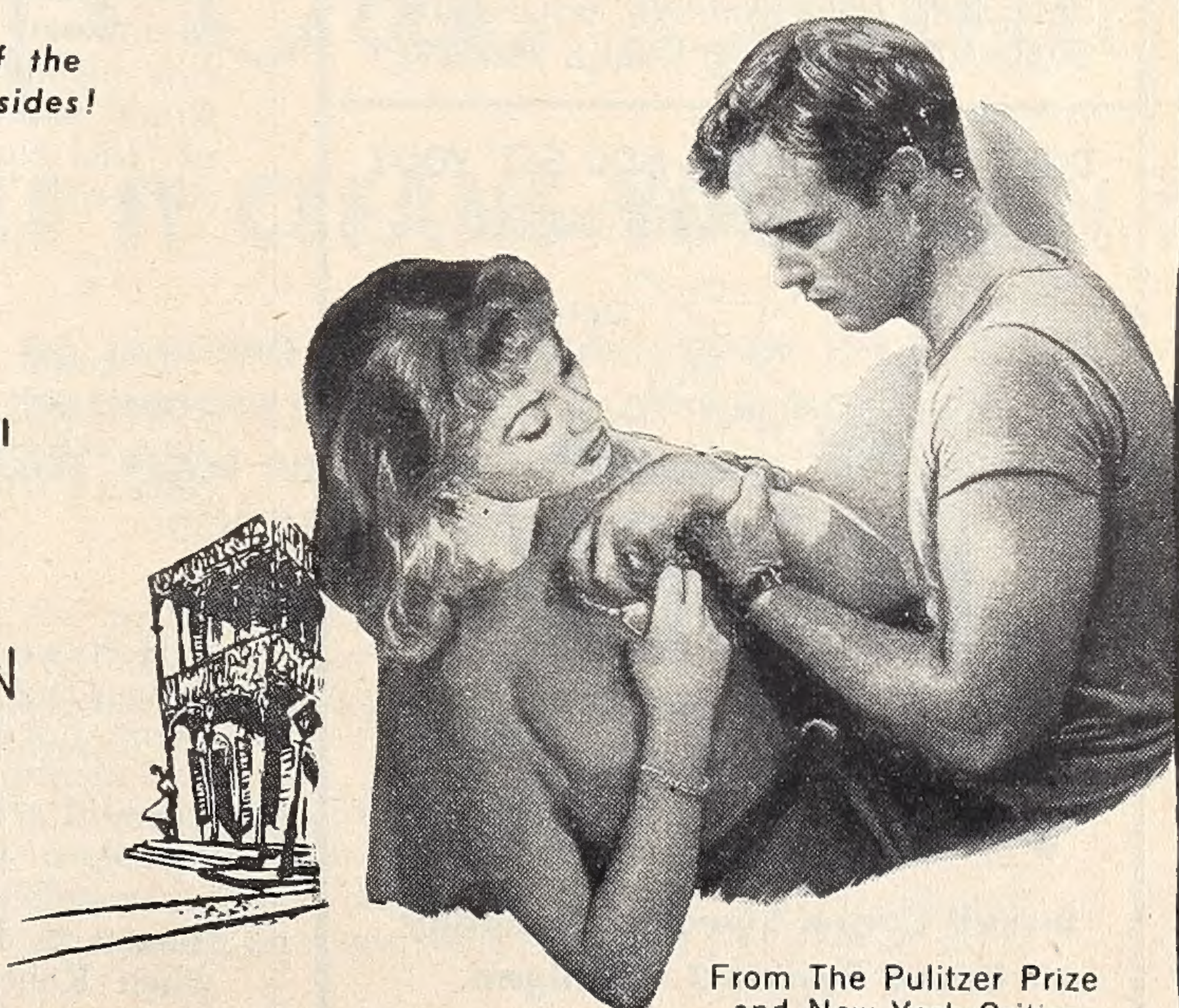
AN **ELIA KAZAN** PRODUCTION PRODUCED BY **CHARLES K. FELDMAN**

STARRING **VIVIEN LEIGH** **MARLON BRANDO**

WITH **KIM HUNTER** • **KARL MALDEN**

DIRECTED BY **ELIA KAZAN** DISTRIBUTED BY **WARNER BROS. PICTURES**

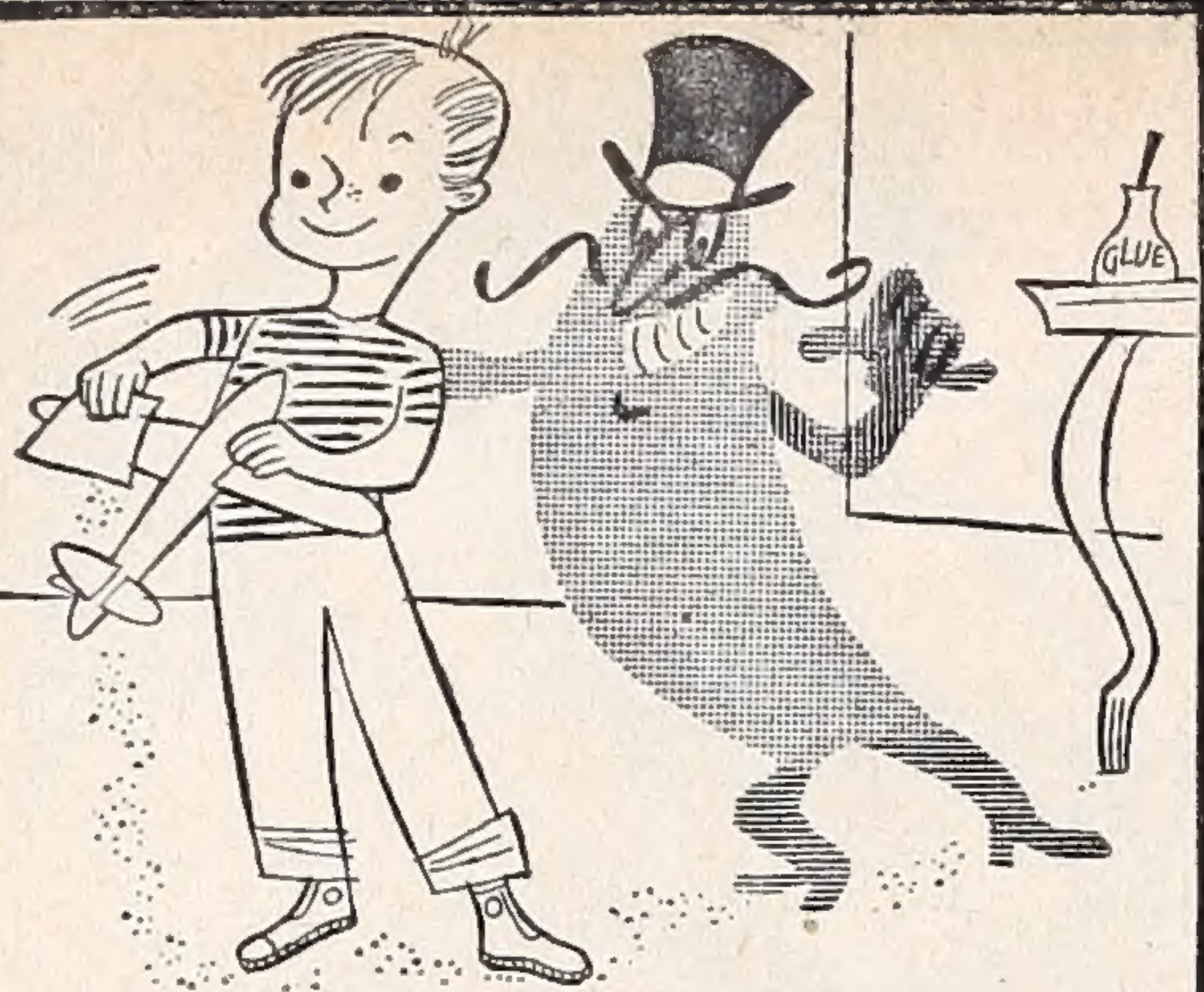
Screen Play by **TENNESSEE WILLIAMS** Based upon the Original Play "A Streetcar Named Desire," by **TENNESSEE WILLIAMS**  
As Presented on the Stage by Irene Mayer Selznick



From The Pulitzer Prize  
and New York Critics  
Award Play!



# READERS INC.



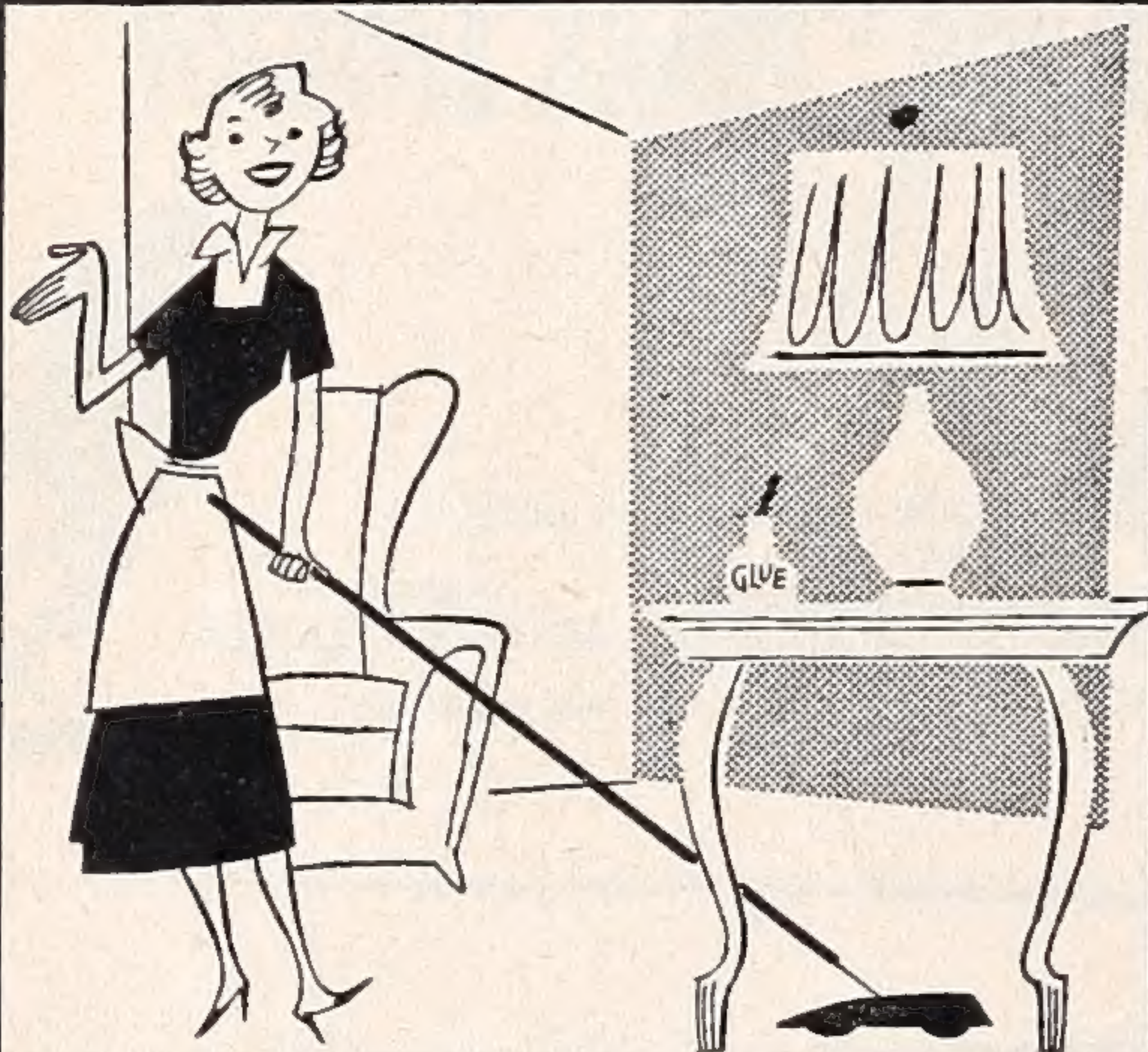
## I'M THE RUG-A-BOO!

I LIKE BOYS WHO MAKE AIRPLANES. IT MEANS  
LOTS OF NICE LITTER AND GRIT TO GRIND  
INTO MOTHER'S EXPENSIVE RUG.



## SCUTTLED!

BY A BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER! WHISK! THE  
DIRT IS GONE. SO'S MY CHANCE FOR FOUL PLAY.



MY BISSELL® MAKES QUICK CLEAN-UPS EASY—  
EVEN UNDER LOW FURNITURE. "BISCO-MATIC"™  
BRUSH ACTION NEEDS NO HANDLE PRESSURE!

DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU!  
GET A "BISCO-MATIC" BISSELL



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A little more in  
the West.

# BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company  
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

### Cheers & Jeers:

Why doesn't Marilyn Monroe wipe that sexy look off her face and give out with a good old down-to-earth American smile? She looks like she is just about to burst out crying in every picture I have ever seen her in. She is really beautiful—but why spoil beauty with a straight face?

JEANINE SUMMERFORD  
Houston, Tex.

May I wave my Festival of Britain Union Jack for all concerned with the Warner film, "Storm Warning," which I saw last night. This gripping American motion picture had me, to quote a British saying, "sweating cobs" throughout.

NEIL KITCHINGMAN  
Blackpool, England

Why is Hollywood flooding the market with war pictures? When we go to the theatre we go to forget the heartaches and misfortunes that surround us. More comedies and musicals are what we need.

MARGIE  
Bell, Calif.

Everyone has been so busy nixing Susan Hayward's beautifully mussed-up hair that they seem to have completely overlooked Jean Simmons's wild and woolly mop. At least Susan's hair-do is supposed to be considered sexy, but what's Jean's excuse?

SHIRLEY PALLATTO  
Xenia, O.

### Casting:

I have heard that Olivia de Havilland was going to do a movie of "Romeo and Juliet." I think this plot would make a wonderful movie, but I do not think it would be right for Miss de Havilland. She is a fine actress, but *Juliet* was fourteen years of age and Miss de Havilland is thirty-five. However, I believe that Debra Paget, Ann Blyth, Elizabeth Taylor, or Jean Simmons would be perfect for the role. Either Tony Curtis or John Derek would make a fine *Romeo*.

CAROL HEDLUND,  
Tacoma, Wash.

Since Clark Gable is now over fifty, wouldn't it be a good idea for M-G-M to groom handsome and muscular Ricardo Montalban for roles that Clark played? For instance, Ricardo and Lana Turner would make a sizzling team in a remake of "Red Dust" (the former Gable-Harlow starrer).

ROBERT MANDICH  
Newburgh, N. Y.

I would like to see a re-make of the grand old hit, "Seventh Heaven," with June Allyson and Farley Granger in the roles of *Diane* and *Chico*.

MILDRED RUTH POWELL  
Altoona, Pa.

Hollywood has made a lot of biography movies and cast them well. For example, Glenn Ford as Ben Hogan, Tony Dexter as Valentino, Mario Lanza as Caruso and Larry Parks as Jolson.

Now in two forthcoming pictures, they have spoiled a record. First, casting James Mason as Rommel in "The Desert Fox" when Robert Douglas looks enough like him to be his twin. Second, casting Will Rogers Jr. to play his famous dad when

Noah Beery Jr. looks more like Will Rogers than his son.

THALIA DUNN  
Loveland, Colo.

### Question Box:

Could you tell me who played *Casey* in "Take Care of My Little Girl" and a little about her?

MARGARET ANNE HENNESSEE  
Morganton, N. C.

(Carol Brannon. She has blonde hair, brown eyes, is married and has a baby son. She previously had featured roles in "Adventures in Baltimore," "Cynthia" and "Flame of Youth.")



I have just seen "The Great Caruso" and I was told that Mario Lanza didn't do any singing but Caruso records were played. Could you tell me if this is true?

MARGARET HALSTEAD  
Bloomington, N. Y.

(That was really Lanza you heard.)

Could you tell me how many times Janet Leigh has been married? Some people say that Tony Curtis is her fourth husband.

B. MULHOLLAND  
Philadelphia, Pa.

(Tony is Janet Leigh's third husband.)

I recently read that Farley Granger once had a crush on June Haver and I've been wondering ever since if they've ever been introduced. It seems to me that they'd be absolutely perfect together. Farley needs someone to tone him down. Devout little June is just the person to do it.

MRS. ED JOHNSON  
Shawnee, Okla.

(They met each other on the 20th Century-Fox lot when Farley was making "The Purple Heart" and dated for a time.)

Bob Wagner has been my favorite actor since I saw "Halls of Montezuma." I sat through his current picture "The Frogmen" twice but I couldn't recognize him. Could you possibly print a scene from that picture with Mr. Wagner in it?

JANET SIKORSKI,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.



(Wagner (left) played Lieut. Franklin. He was one of the men with Gary Merrill (right), who watched with concern when the speed boats of Frogmen went out on first mission in picture. We had trouble spotting him, too.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.



# Let Your Beauty be Seen...



## Palmolive Brings Out Beauty WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!

SO MILD . . .  
SO PURE!



**36 LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS IN 1285  
SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVED THAT PALMOLIVE'S  
BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER  
COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS**

Start Palmolive's Beauty Plan today! Discover for yourself—as women everywhere have discovered—that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings exciting complexion loveliness.

Here's all you do: Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute, three times a day. Then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out *your* beauty while it cleans your skin.

*For Tub or Shower Get  
Big Bath Size Palmolive!*

*Doctors Prove Palmolive's Beauty Results!*





## The "tissue test" proved to Lucille...



## that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

Do you feel that all cleansing creams are alike? So did vivacious Lucille Ball until she convinced herself with the "Tissue Test" that *there really is a difference in cleansing creams!*

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pore openings... lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



## Woodbury Cold Cream

*floats out hidden dirt...*

*penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten*

## LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local television station.)

Van Johnson asked a friend about the blonde he was with the night before. The friend replied: "She was the brunette you saw me with the night before that."

Dick Erdman tells about the actor who took his TV fan son to a movie theatre for the first time. The kid's comment was: "Gosh, Pop, they get good reception here."

Miriam Hopkins hired a French maid who told her when interviewed that she would not work for temperamental movie stars. Now Miriam is whispering to friends: "She still doesn't know I'm an actress. I'm giving my best performance."

Definition of a gentleman: A wolf with patience.

Someone asked Andy Devine if he had ever been nominated for an Oscar during his long movie career. "Nope," replied Andy, "the closest I ever got to an Oscar was loaning money to a couple of people who won 'em."

A London newsman is still blushing about asking Bette Davis for her recipe for lasting wedlock. She snapped: "Obviously I'm no authority. I'm on my fourth marriage."

They're telling about the housewife who keeled over when junior ran into the kitchen yelling, "Mummy, the vegetable man's outside."

She'd just seen "The Thing" the night before.

Lois Andrews's farewell party, before she left for a Hawaiian vacation, brought out six of her ex-boy friends, including former husband George Jessel. Cracked Lois: "If nothing else, this party proves I have ex-appeal."

Director Lloyd Bacon's comment after seeing one of those swashbuckling movies: "It buckled when it should have swashed."

Vic Mature, hailing the fact that Hollywood has never had a social 400: "It's wonderful. You never hear anyone in Hollywood say, 'She comes from a very nice family.'"

Dave Garroway knows a new perfume that drives women m-a-a-d! It smells like money

When Agent Al Melnick's tiny MG automobile stalled in Beverly Hills, Macdonald Carey advised him:

"Better not choke it. Just burp it."

Bob Hope's explanation of why a husband always notices another woman's clothes, but never his wife's gown: "When a man knows what's in the package, he doesn't care how it's wrapped."

Starlet to store clerk: "This sweater fits perfectly—I'll take a size smaller."

Gordon MacRae says he knows a psychiatrist who advertises: "Positive cure in two years or your mania back."



## ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

Colors gray hair,  
lightens or darkens existing color,  
or gives new color, if desired...

**NO OTHER HAIRCOLORING GIVES  
YOU SUCH GLAMOROUS  
NATURAL LOOKING HAIRCOLOR**



# ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

THE EASY "SHAMPOO-WAY" IN QUICK "SHAMPOO-TIME"!

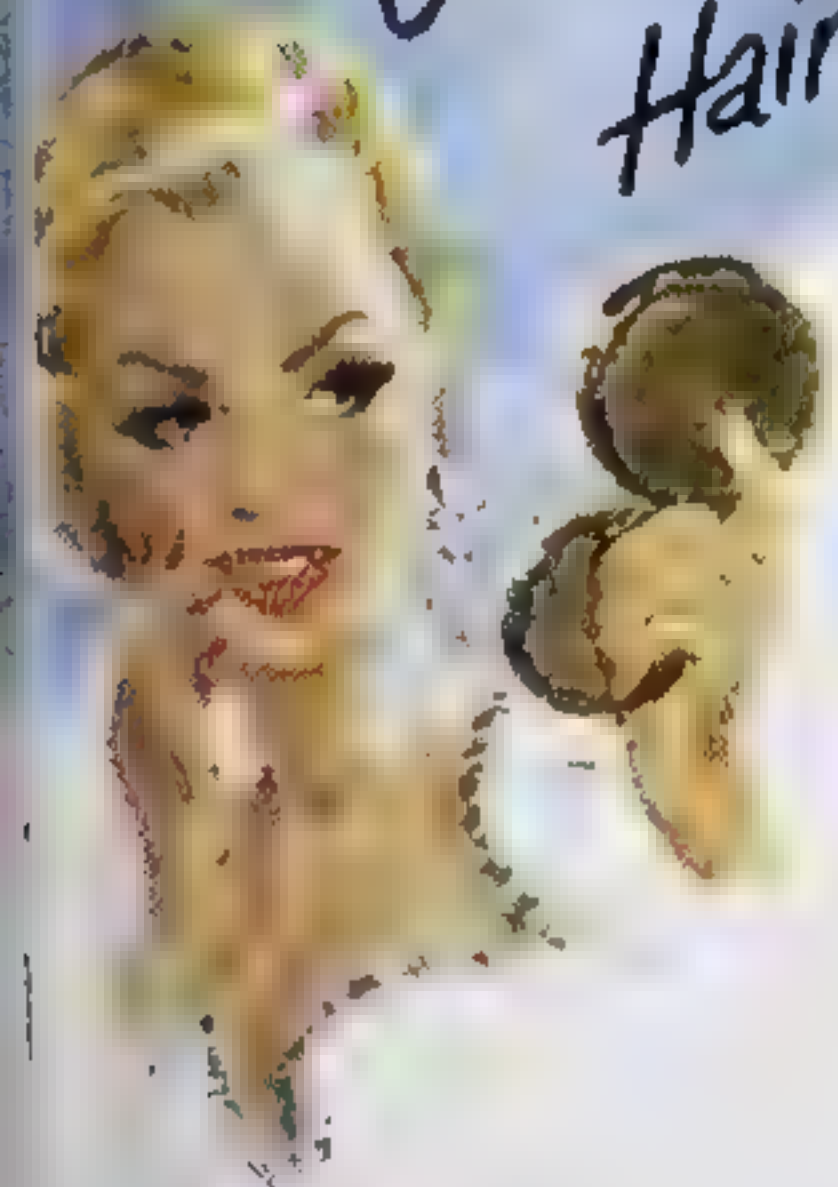
**PREFERRED BY PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS  
ROUX COLORS GRAY OR FADED HAIR—FASTER,  
EASIER THAN EVER...TAKES JUST MINUTES!**

Lovelier haircolor for *your* audience! Rich,  
*lasting* color to hold admiring eyes. It's *yours*  
—so easily, so swiftly, yet still *costs less!*

Enjoy the comfort of lovely new color  
"shampooed" into every  
visible strand in *just*  
*minutes.*

Years of tested experi-  
ence have gone into this  
exquisite hair cosmetic.  
It's sure, it's natural-  
looking, it's lovelier. And  
its name—ROUX—is  
your guarantee of tested  
dependability.

*How the Stars—  
Color your  
Hair!*



SEE HOW EASY IT IS FOR YOU TO HAVE  
LOVELIER HAIRCOLOR IN "SHAMPOO-TIME"



**1** Coloring mixture  
is poured from  
bottle on to hair.  
Fingers work it  
through.



**2** Then after a few  
minutes, the same  
with the ends.



**3** It's shampooed—  
that's all!

**SEE WHY ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO IS  
THE PROFESSIONAL COLOR CHOICE!**

- It's brushless—no fear of flat, painted look.
- It's resistant to sun, salt water and perspiration acids.
- It's lasting—won't wash out, fade or develop off-shade casts.
- It lightens or darkens haircolor several shades without prebleaching.

### 12 HEAVENLY COLORS

- No. 1 Black
- No. 2 Dark Brown
- No. 3 Brown
- No. 4 Light Warm Brown
- No. 5 Light Ash Brown
- No. 6 Dark Auburn
- No. 7 Light Auburn
- No. 8 Golden Brown
- No. 9 Ash Blonde
- No. 10 Reddish Blonde
- No. 11 Golden Blonde
- No. 12 Light Blonde

Use according to directions.



**PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS USE MORE ROUX THAN ALL OTHER COLORINGS COMBINED**

Visit your beauty salon—ask your hairdresser about ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

Roux Distributing Co., Inc.



**RHONDA FLEMING** Co-starring in the Pine-Thomas Production, "CROSSWINDS,"  
A Paramount Picture—Color by Technicolor



**RHONDA FLEMING, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl**, one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Rhonda Fleming uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

## The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest ... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Rhonda Fleming says . . . "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo" . . . you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

In a recent issue of "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Rhonda Fleming, lovely Lustre-Creme Girl, as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world.

**You, too,** will notice a glorious difference in your hair from Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager

to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse, dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen now glows with renewed sun-bright highlights. All this, even in the hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

**No other cream shampoo** in the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. Is the best too good for your hair? For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the most beautiful hair in the world"!



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

**Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair**





Claudette Colbert of  
"Let's Make It Legal"

# What should I do?

your problems  
answered by Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

About eight years ago I met a brilliant professional man in his early fifties. He was educated abroad, and—as an only child—always had many family advantages, and never had to share anything. His mother passed away about five years ago. When I met him I was a successful business woman. I am now in my late forties. This man suggested that my mother and I (my mother has always lived with me) move into his huge house, and that he and I be married in the fall.

My mother said she thought a married couple should have at least their first year without outside interference, so the three of us agreed to build an apartment for her as an addition to my fiance's house. Mother and this man disagreed about every step of the construction. By the time the apartment was completed, they weren't speaking. This man is still wonderful to me, but he has said frankly that he thinks my mother hates him and he loathes her. I have been wondering whether this marriage would ever work out.

My mother is in her early seventies and is in perfect health. She comes from hardy people who usually live well into their nineties, so she would have about twenty years of misery to face if I should decide to marry this man.

However, if we decide to move out now, we stand to lose over two thousand dollars which we invested in the apartment. Furthermore, I might find it difficult to secure employment again. I can't understand this man. He is still wonderful to me, but he can't abide my mother. Mother likes this man, and she is sweet and understanding and wants to do only what will be best for me, but she can't support herself, so she and I must remain together.

What can a woman do in a situation of this sort?

Diane V.

I suspect that the personality conflicts between your mother and your fiance could be difficult to express in words. Probably she is totally different from his own mother, so he rejects her in that role. Apparently you are an only child, so your mother has never had a son and cannot accept your fiance in that relationship. And I am somewhat disturbed to note that you have said nothing of your own attitude toward this man. You haven't stated that you love him.

Your attitude seems entirely self-sacrificing, and your chief interest seems to be, not in your own emotional problem, but in reconciling your mother and your fiance. That being the case, I must suspect that you had decided to marry for security. This seldom works out happily or anyone.

If you love this man and he loves you, the two of you should be able to work out a happy solution: Perhaps your mother should be installed in her own cottage and you should spend a certain period of time with her each day.

However, if you don't love the man, there is little point in trying to make ad-

justments because you have no basic understanding upon which to build. Better to make the best possible financial settlement on the apartment building and attempt to rebuild your life as it was before it was altered by your fiance.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a young man, twenty-one years old, and have been in the Navy two years. What I want to know is, what is the matter with me when it comes to women? While in school I played football, baseball, and all kinds of sports. And I might add, modestly, that my marks were quite high.

All through school and as far back as I can remember I've tried to be like a regular joe, and like my five brothers. But when it comes to girls, I am a first class flop! When (not often) I take a girl out to a movie, dinner, driving or dancing I can never think of anything to say. I'm stumped. She must think I'm a square, and usually such a girl drops me like a hot potato.

It is easy for me to write to a girl. I'm corresponding with one now, and have been for six months. I've never met her, but at the end of a pen I'm happy, talkative, and interested.

But as soon as I see this girl, I'm afraid it will be the same thing over again. What should I do to be like an ordinary and regular guy that girls like?

Martin L.

There's a very simple remedy for your problem. The reason you are tongue-tied on a date is that somehow you've acquired the notion that girls belong to some mysterious race from another world. Apparently you had only brothers in your family, no sisters. A sister would have proved to you that the difference between the interests of girls and men are in the minority.

Don't forget that, nowadays, little girls as well as little boys wear Hopalong Cassidy outfits, fight battalions of invisible Indians and have the same trouble with third grade arithmetic.

When you have a date with a girl, forget entirely—for the first hour of the date—that your companion is a girl. Pretend, instead, that she is your favorite brother, and talk to her exactly as you would to him: about life in the Navy, about funny things that have happened aboard ship, about what steps you are taking to improve your rating. And ask the girl the same general questions you would ask your brother: about a job, about the ball game, about politics.

Then, to remind the girl that she is a girl, pay her a compliment. If you like the color of her dress, say so. If you think her eyes are a lovely shade of brown, say so.

A combination of man-to-man conversation and well-planned flattery should make you the Lochinvar of your Naval base.

Claudette Colbert

(Continued on page 86)

If you knew  
what she knows



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*John and Loretta Agar spent most of their honeymoon backstage when John played opposite Joan Evans in "Peg o' My Heart." On opening night Carleton Carpenter and Debbie Reynolds couldn't wait for Joan to get out of her costume, but rushed back to congratulate her*

*Spotlight stealers: Since it's the thing for co-stars to attend premieres, Gigi Perreau, in first grown-up formal, and Jimmy Hunt figured they would, too*



## cal york's gossip of hollywood

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about Kirk Douglas being difficult—he helped her  
with her first important role in "The Big Trees"*



# INSIDE STUFF



*The French touch: Shelley Winters, Marge and Gower Champion were among many stars who cheered the Los Angeles debut of Paris sensation Josephine Baker*

● **Movietown Mutterings:** Now that Mr. Big has checked off the Culver City lot, Hollywood wonders which M-G-M stars will follow L. B. Mayer. Lana Turner hasn't signed her new deal, Esther Williams shows signs of stalling same and now they're beginning to bait Ava Gardner, who still has several years to go on her old contract . . . The plot of "The Long Dark Hall" is raising raised eyebrows. Even friends wonder how Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer could lend their talents and not feel self-conscious . . . Betty Hutton's bouncing much better since C. B. De Mille talked her out of seeing the daily rushes in the studio projection room . . . It's an old Hungarian custom to wrap yourself up in a down-filled quilt at sleepy-time. For a wedding present, his mother made one—for two—for Tony Curtis.

**Border-line Case:** "You mean you've *never* seen a bull fight?" Ann Sheridan just looked at Cal pityingly and further words failed her. But the following Sunday morning,



*On their toes: Janice Rule, a ballerina from Broadway, finally dances for the screen with Gene Nelson in "Starlift." He recovered from a badly strained back to do big gaucho number to tune of "What Is This Thing Called Love?"*



# that's HOLLYWOOD for you

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Sidney Skolsky



Sterling

Whenever I look at a picture of Jean Simmons quickly I think it's Elizabeth Taylor. But when I look at a picture of Liz Taylor quickly, I never think it's Jean Simmons. You figure it out. I can't . . . Arlene Dahl gives the *Tarzan* yell when she wants Lex Barker to come a-running . . . All movies look so old on television . . . Doris Day's face is either a smile or a grin . . . I'm tired, darn tired, of articles about Jan Sterling that are captioned or refer to her as "That Sterling Character" . . . I like to linger in the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel. It gives me that nice feeling of having just arrived in town . . . Joan Crawford is one of

the few actresses who still gives Hollywood glamour . . . And don't say today's actresses haven't the temperament the old-timers had. Lana Turner refused to play a scene with her leading man because his shoes weren't shined!

Janice Rule is the prettiest newcomer in pictures. She looks beautiful even with her hair in curlers . . . Whenever I see a night watchman in a movie I always settle back and wait for a robbery scene . . . Clark Gable will read any book or scenario if you tell him it's another "Gone with the Wind" . . . Bette Davis wears classy lingerie. "I may not look like the feminine kid," she says, "but I am" . . . Tom Jenk claims there are so many ups and downs in movie careers that he calls the town Hillywood . . . Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis together are the best example of cheesecake and beefcake. Incidentally, immediately after their wedding, Janet phoned Tony's mother and said, "Hello, Mrs. Schwartz. This is Mrs. Schwartz" . . . Starlets, who want to make good in Hollywood, should remember that good diction is not good acting.

When an actress tells me that she didn't get anywhere because she's not that kind of a girl, I know she's the kind of a girl who's minus talent . . . Watch for a bundle named Cleo Moore. Pound for pound, she makes Dagmar look round-shouldered . . . Mike Curtiz, discussing television and the movies, said, "I can see the handwriting on the rooftops" . . . Kirk Douglas acts just as hard in still pictures as he does in moving pictures . . . I wish I could tell you what Gene Kelly said to Vera-Ellen, but what I can tell you is that it made a sexier dancer out of her . . . Dan Dailey has been going out quite a bit with Ann Miller. Dan told me he likes Ann because she's unlike most actresses—she doesn't always talk about her career . . . Constance Smith has just about the whitest skin of any actress.



Kelly

When an actor wants to look and feel younger than he actually is, he wears a bow tie. A starlet who should know confided this to me . . . Farley Granger, discussing marriage, said, "Of course I want to get married. But what I have to offer as a husband is pretty much standard equipment" . . . Fine pictures about Something are now doing business because people want to escape from the escapes! . . . In "Aaron Slick from Punkin Creek," a quartette is seen singing, but the song they sing was recorded by ten people . . . A famous producer, after hiring a star, said, "We're overpaying him, but he's worth it" . . . Movies are better than ever but you can't prove it by the second feature . . . I'm glad Marion Marshall is getting the chance she deserves in pictures. She can be a star.



Powers

Whenever I meet Mala Powers at a party I think she is going to ask the movie stars for their autographs . . . Everyone likes Mario Lanza in "The Great Caruso" except the genuine Caruso fans . . . Whenever an actress wants to look exotic in a scene she wears long earrings . . . I'm waiting for Howard Hughes to make a sequel, call it "The Things," and star Jane Russell . . . The fashion designers predict higher hemlines and lower necklines. "I don't know where it's leading to," Scott Brady says, "but when it happens I want to be there" . . . The only thing padded about Marilyn Monroe are the shoulders in her suits, if

you happen to look there . . . The producer couldn't decide whether William Powell should wear his moustache in "Treasure of Lost Canyon." Powell shaved off his moustache to show how he looked without it. The decision was to wear the moustache. Then the make-up department had to paste one on him for the role. That's Hollywood for you.

Annie, Jeff Chandler and a group of friends lassoed this laddie and we were on our way to Tia Juana. Caramba—Scaramba, we wished we had kept our trap shut! Well, the pageantry and excitement got us too and we ended up tossing our tamales! Speaking of *el torro* (the bull, that is) just about everyone from Hollywood was there taking movies. In the first row behind the third barrier, we saw handsome Bob Stack with pretty Claudette Thornton. Kirk Douglas and Shelley Winters were in the same party. We aren't sure they were together; however, we are sure that Kirk was seen by everyone. He sat on the rail part of the time and faced the audience. After receiving the losing bull's ear, which is a red hot honor in below the border town, Senorita Sheridan entertained for Arruza, the greatest living matador. Included were those two famous Hollywood "matadors," Antonio Moreno and Gilbert Roland. Senor York says: "Viva la Mexico!"

Inside Hollywood: Gary Cooper wearing a pink tie with his dark blue shirt, dining in an inconspicuous corner of an inconspicuous Chinese restaurant. Publicly previewing her new dark hair, Patricia Neal sitting opposite . . . No one seems to know exactly what happened, but Gene Nelson's wife is no longer allowed to work out his studio dances with him. She is no longer on the studio payroll and some say the studio "welcome" mat seems to be missing . . . Virginia Mayo's sudden interest in night baseball games really puzzled Mike O'Shea. Then he discovered his beautiful wife loves to sit there and watch the screen of a drive-in theatre that adjoins the ball park.

In Case You Care: Peter Lawford has offered to give Howard Duff surf-board-riding lessons . . . Bette Davis, who has finally gotten around to writing her life story, has no intention of playing it herself or allowing another actress to bring it to the screen . . . Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker are so-o-o in love, they slip away in the midst of Hollywood parties to be alone—together . . . Some people have



Jeanne Crain's husband, Paul Brinkman gets his hair cut at studio—now their children insist on going there too.



bats in the belfry but Ray Milland has owls in his treetops and doesn't give a hoot who knows it!

**Mystery Manor:** Maybe their cats were having a night out, but there wasn't a purr or a peep the night the James Masons invited Cal for dinner. However, there were excellent paintings of their pets on the drawing-room walls. The artist? None other than the talented British actor himself. Mrs. Mason is a welcome addition in the Hollywood hostess department. She's gay, witty; the Chinese food served buffet style was intriguing to Deborah Kerr, Dorothy McGuire, Faith Domergue, who of course were there with their husbands. Cal's friendship with Jean Hersholt dates back to the days he worked with Marie Dressler, so it was wonderful seeing him again. Aside from his duties as *Dr. Christian*, the beloved Jean *donates* the rest of his services to the industry he loves. "This house was originally built by Buster Keaton," James Mason told us. "They say there's a room hidden under the swimming pool, but we've never been able to find the secret passageway!" Next time—Cal promised—he'd bring his fur-lined diving suit!

**Million Dollar Newsboy:** Farley Granger thought her face looked familiar the day rehearsals started on "Strangers on a Train." By lunchtime he learned her name was Laura Elliott, she was under contract to Paramount. Alfred Hitchcock had borrowed her to play (and *how* she played it!) the girl who gets murdered by Robert Walker. At the end of the day with rehearsals finished and everyone relaxed, Laura walked over to Farley. "You don't remember me, do you?" she bantered.

Embarrassed, he admitted he was sorry, he couldn't place her. "There's no reason why you should," laughed Laura. "You used to deliver our evening paper when I was a little girl living with my family in North Hollywood!" Casting an appreciative eye, Farley grinned, then answered: "I'll be glad to do it again—anytime!"



Pat Neal, a brunette now, chats between scenes with co-star Van Heflin on set of their picture, "Week-end with Father"

## hollywood party line



BY EDITH GWYNN



At Romanoff's following "Show Boat" premiere: Katie Grayson, Betty Hutton

with matching voluminous chiffon stole and ablaze with jewels—on the arm of her ex, Schuyler Dunning! The Gene Nelsons (his pretty wife in white, too, plus ermine stole), Marilyn Maxwell and Arthur Loew Jr., Ann Miller and Dan Dailey (who danced up to the mike when it was their turn), Ann Blyth with Scott Brady, Betty Hutton clowning with Groucho Marx on the way in, were just a few on hand. Some went on to a semi-private dinner dance at Mike Romanoff's, others bulged the walls of Mocambo later.

Almost as hectic was the gala "preem" staged for the opening of "Bright Victory." Fans had lined up along curbs and filled the bleachers hours before "curtain time." Janet Leigh in a simple, full-skirted evening dress of white ribbed silk, was wearing her hair slicked back tight with a large knot low in the back. A cute touch was the semi-circle of small white flowers down the sides of her head behind each ear. Scott Brady was with Dorothy Malone that eve. Sally Forrest, with Milo Frank, looked darling in a gown of pale pink net combined with deep red! Its long-waisted skin-tight bodice was pink, but the tiny shoulder straps were rose red. Over the huge skirt of pink net was a large drape of red net, caught up at the waist with a few large velvet roses. That's an idea for changing an old formal—with a few yards of contrasting material and a few hours of toil—into a beautiful new dress.

The vogue for separates still continues. Betty Hutton has a mad pash for blouses—whether for marketing or heavy-dating. One in her collection is a dead white silk jersey, with a high, soft cowl-neckline, short sleeves slightly gathered up toward the shoulder seams—no trimming, perfectly plain. This little number is perfect with daytime skirts or even with slacks and great hunks of costume jewelry. It looks just as good tucked into the filmiest of skirts. Another blouse is black lace over pink silk with a low square neckline, tiny puffed sleeves. Betty wears it with a full calf-length rose cotton satin skirt, or a black taffeta cocktail skirt.

One of the most beautiful supper-dances given in Filmville for many a moon was the affair designer Don Loper tossed for popular socialite Emmy Burlingham. Don took over the new private-party room at Romanoff's. As the 130 guests entered, they saw two enormous swans fashioned of various white flowers at each end of the bar. At each side of the few steps leading down to the dining-room, with its oval-shaped dance floor, was a boxed tree, the tree a solid mass of gardenias. The tables (for eight) were covered with navy blue cotton cloths, all with centerpieces of white blooms and candles. Whirling around till the wee hours were Cesar Romero, Connie Moore (in a gorgeous white chiffon Loper creation), Mrs. Darryl Zanuck (stunning in leaf-green taffeta), Norma Shearer, the Louis Jourdans, the Bill Powells. In the midst of the party Don presented Emmy with her birthday cake. It was made entirely of gardenias and when Emmy "cut" it, the "cake" fell apart—and there were little individual corsages of gardenias for every femme at the soiree! That's better than fat-making pastry, huh?

Speaking of cakes—Annie-pie Sheridan took Jean Simmons, Jeff Chandler and some other chums into the Brown Derby for lunch on her birthday and owner Bob Cobb promptly presented her with a cake in the shape of a hat. Not a derby—just a fancy lady's hat. But Ann's cake was edible—candy feathers and all.



# WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S WHISPERING ABOUT

BY HERB STEIN



Dale Robertson

Rita Hayworth's press splurge on her return to Hollywood. And just a coupla short years ago the fourth estate was lambasting her carryings-on. Ditto Ingrid Bergman, who'll get the same welcome when she returns. After a bit, folks forget . . . Marlene Dietrich's air interview with Louella O. Parsons in which Marlene gave out with tips on glamour and men but neglected to mention what her escorts through the years admired most about her: Her attentiveness on a date—none of that wandering-eye stuff at a night club, restaurant or party. Her optics stick on the man what brung her! . . . Former cowpuncher Dale Robertson, now headed for stardom at Twentieth, who won his contract kissing

Betty Grable, says, "I don't understand how actors can complain about their jobs. It's easier kissing Betty than wrestling steers." And more fun, too.

Nicky Hilton, Liz Taylor's ex, supposedly quitting Hollywood forever . . . Many think the complete sellout of Lamarr's possessions was a result of discussions with her psychiatrist—an attempt to block out her entire past . . . Will Rogers Jr. dumping twenty pounds so he can play the role of his famous daddy in the picture at Warner Brothers . . . Lester Lee turning over his new Christmas song exclusively to Frankie Sinatra. Titled "My Christmas Wish," no other vocalist can touch it for a year.

If Errol Flynn has his way, a full year will elapse before he makes another picture. First time that'll have happened since 1935. It's his very bad back . . . Maureen O'Hara's brothers making it on their own. Ace megger John Ford picked 'em for "The Quiet Man" from the Abbey Players, says they're two of the five top actors in Ireland today . . . Comic Lee Goodman's line when he's done partner Jimmy Kirkwood a favor and Jim asks how he can repay him. Snaps Lee, "Try money."

Irishman Dennis Day teaching Mitzi Gaynor Yiddish so she can taunt producer George Jessel . . . The fact that there isn't a First Lady in Hollywood today: Pickford, Swanson, Shearer, Garbo held the "throne" in their days. But who now? Loretta Young and Irene Dunne would certainly be in the running . . . Paulette Goddard's preference for sable, claims "mink is too common" (!) . . . Clark Gable planting one right on Brod Crawford's kisser at a restaurant—but the blow wasn't intended for Brod. Seems some visiting yokels were tossing vicious remarks at Gable, Crawford and other guys at their table, threatened to punch the screen tough guys. Gable, defending himself, let go with his still-powerful right and Crawford, trying to break the whole mess up, caught the blow.

## INSIDE

**Wonderful One:** Take Cal's word for it, those things they're saying behind Nancy Sinatra's back are all true! We found ourselves sitting next to her at Barbara Stanwyck's dinner party. Pretty, petite, Nancy spoke with warmth and enthusiasm about her home, children, those different classes she's attending at a local university. Not that we needed proof of her level-headed way of thinking. Nancy confided: "Just because my name was news for the moment, several producers wanted me to make a screen test. I have no talent for acting, I don't want to be an actress; there are hundreds of girls in Hollywood who are much better looking and need the work. Don't you think I was right to say—'No'?" Cal can only say that it would be difficult to imagine Nancy Sinatra not being right—ever.

**Round-up:** Gene Evans of "Steel Helmet" fame and Champ Butler, the Mocambo singing sensation, are both happy fugitives from parking lots. As a result, every movie-struck kid in town is trying to land the same kind of job . . . According to the critics, Yvonne De Carlo's operatic Hollywood Bowl debut in "Die Fledermaus" didn't give singers at the Met anything to worry about . . . An old fireplace from an old house in Portland, Maine, is being sent through the Panama Canal by Phyllis Thaxter's mother, for her famous daughter's home in Burbank . . . Now that the separated Jeff Chandlers have settled everything but the property settlement, the big guy calls on his kids and has dinner with his family several times a week . . . When Ann Sothorn announced she was returning to the New York theatre, her first congratulatory letter came from the maid who worked for her when she made her original theatrical debut in the Broadway hit "Of Thee I Sing."

**Tease for Two:** Dan Dailey, who didn't even know Ann Miller when M-G-M held



Joan Caulfield and Jane Wyman corner Dave Chasen in his Hollywood restaurant. Jane, who does some fancy stepping with Bing in "Here Comes the Groom," becomes a grannie in "The Blue Veil"



Just an old-fashioned girl: Dinah Shore's all dressed up for her part in "Aaron Slick from Punkin Creek." Alan Ladd cycled over to Dinah's set to say hello



# STUFF

his contract, is now calling for her at that studio when she works late . . . Lew Ayres, gray and distinguished looking, is now dating Coleen Gray, gay and not easily extinguished looking . . . Ann Blyth and Richard Clayton at the "Bright Victory" premiere, her first Hollywood date since returning from Europe . . . Vera-Ellen and A. C. Lyles entering the Cocoanut Grove as Denise Darcel and Rock Hudson leave it. Vera and Rock so happy to see each other, one wonders why they weren't together . . . Steve Cochran telling everyone who knows her that he'd like to date Joan Evans, while Joanie tells everyone who knows her, that she's plenty pleased to be dating her protege Lee Kirby.

**Names and News:** Celeste Holm surprised and shocked Hollywood with her "temporary separation" announcement from airline executive Schuyler Dunning. They have a three-year-old son, Danny. Celeste also has a growing son by a former marriage . . . After trouble, which included an official separation and a reconciliation, Gloria Grahame and Nick Ray, her director husband, have failed to save their marriage again. A property settlement is in the offing . . . Burt Lancaster became a father in Italy where he is making a picture, when his wife gave birth to a baby girl (their fourth child) in Santa Monica . . . Following her third operation since the Caesarian birth of twins, Mrs. Jimmy Stewart received a solid gold miniature bed pan for her charm bracelet—from you know what humorous husband . . . Lee Bowman is so sold on TV, he turned his back to movie offers while he was vacationing in Santa Monica this summer. Lee, who has been in pictures over fourteen years, now intends to spend all his time in the East, alternating between his radio role of *Jonathan Kegg* on "A Life in Your Hands," his TV series of *Ellery Queen*, and all and any guest shots that come along.

# IMPERTINENT

## INTERVIEW

BY ALINE MOSBY

U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Betty Grable, queen of the box office, dragged her weary and famous legs up to the boss's office last May and asked for a vacation. She got one—on suspension and minus her \$8,000-a-week pay check.

Miss Grable went home to rest and take in that mecca for tired movie stars, the horse races. But back at the Fox film factory, her absence was making the studio grow fonder—of two somebody else. Hollywood buzzed with the news that Susan Hayward and Mitzi Gaynor were being groomed to squeeze into Betty's throne. Susan was hurried into her first musical, "With a Song in My Heart." Miss Hayward, until now a moody emoter who never showed off her curves, was ordered to get her legs into shape. Susie even took home a pipe organ so she could exercise by pumping on the foot pedals. While Miss H. was pumping, we looked in on Miss G. to see how she was taking these "other women."

Betty, rested and suntanned, just grinned that her shape and dancing were always expendable, anyway. "Plenty of girls can do my work," she shrugged. "I think it's wonderful if the studio can get somebody else to do it. Anybody can be replaced, I don't care who they are. There's plenty of room for everybody."

Miss Grable says she's Mitzi's "most terrific booster," too. Mitzi made her debut in "My Blue Heaven" with Betty. "I told everybody at the studio that this girl will be a big star," she explained. "She was my own selection."

Betty insists she didn't give movies a thought after she worked her legs to the bone over a hot dance floor. "Everybody said I'd miss the movie business, but I never even thought about it. All summer I didn't even talk to anybody at the studio. I decided I'd wait until late fall to see if I had the urge to go back."

And what do Betty's replacements think? Miss Gaynor says wide-eyed that "Betty is wonderful" and can never be replaced. And Miss Hayward says if Fox wants another Grable they'd better get somebody else. Susie insists that "With a Song in My Heart" is her first and last attempt at being a song-and-dance beauty. "It was a challenge and I loved doing it, but never again," she said firmly. "It's the hardest work I ever did. I never knew what Betty and June Haver went through."

The studio is busy writing more musicals for Susie, though. And the set workers call her "Legs Hayward."

"Are they kidding?" she sniffed. "Don't get me confused with Betty and Rita."



Grable in "Meet Me After the Show"



Mike O'Shea's wife, Virginia Mayo, shows off pearl embroidered cardigan at charity baseball game between the Hollywood Stars and the Sacramento Solons



Chit-chat between friends: Spencer Tracy, in dressing-room on set of "The People Against O'Hara," has a lot to talk about with his old pal, Clark. Gable's quite a guy in "Lone Star"



**"For this woman—  
David, the  
Lion of Judah,  
conqueror of  
Goliath, broke  
God's own  
commandment!"**



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**Show Business:** Those behind-the-scenes stories that tug at the heart-strings, usually tie in with opening night and the curtain going up. With the very different Joan Evans, it was a very different experience. Naturally, when she appeared in "Peg O' My Heart" at the Ivar Theatre, the terrific little trouser was very sad because her mother couldn't be in the audience. It was a moment they had dreamed of, but illness is no respecter of sentiment. Joan played to capacity houses for week after week. Finally, on closing night the entire town had seen the show and there was a small audience. To the bright star it was the greatest audience of all, because the doctor had given her mother permission to be in front. Joan's performance that night was an inspiration.

**Untold Story:** Everyone in authority on the M-G-M lot was against making "The Great Caruso." But if it was the last thing he did, studio production head L. B. Mayer determined he was going to see his faith justified and bring the story to the screen. Endless opposition only strengthened the executive's ambition. Finally the picture was made and a great star, in the person of Mario Lanza, was born. Today "The Great Caruso" is one of the top money-makers of the year. L. B. Mayer, who made the best pictures and discovered the greatest stars in Hollywood history, is no longer on the M-G-M lot. Amongst his many memories is a letter from the younger man who succeeded him. Dore Schary, now in full charge of studio production, was one of those who was willing to admit that he was wrong about "Caruso" and Mr. Mayer was oh, so right!

**Peeks at Premieres:** Seen at "People Will Talk" at Grauman's Chinese Theatre: Scott Brady celebrating Dorothy Malone's arrival back in town, beaming brighter than a searchlight . . . Sally Forrest showing her engagement ring to

the fans in the bleachers, while Milo Frank pantomimes—"I gave it to her!" . . . Cary Grant (star of the picture) and Betsy Drake, asking co-star Jeanne Crain for a remedy for knocking knees . . . Tall, tantalizing Rory Calhoun holding his tiny missus (Lita Baron) up to the mike . . . the Louis Jourdans, K. T. Stevens and Hugh Marlowe and many more people will talk about this picture they can't forget.

Seen at "Bright Victory" at Carthay Circle Theatre: Patricia Neal with the Van Heflins without Gary Cooper . . . Ann Sothorn in red and white, Richard Egan in navy blue, looking patriotic but not platonic . . . the Audie Murphys, Howard Duff with a lovely looker, the fans screaming at the John Beals—"Where have you been?" . . . Peggy Dow with Walter Helmerich, who loved his girl friend's picture so much—he proposed that night! . . . Premiere night in Hollywood! It's the greatest show on earth.

**His and Hers:** When Lucille Ball and Anne Baxter had their babies first, they ganged up on Jane Powell. Each new mama sent a telegram of one word. The word was—"Well?" . . . Weighing in at seven pounds, six ounces, Lucie Desiree Arnaz arrived via Caesarean section and prouder parents you've never seen. "I don't think Desi could have waited another week," Lucille Ball told Cal when he called to congratulate her. "In the middle of the night he'd start yelling in his sleep. When I awakened him he'd look so startled and moan: 'Oh Lucie, I dreamed I was having the baby!'" . . . As calm as an atomic cucumber, John Hodiak took Anne Baxter to the hospital at 5 A.M. At two that afternoon, M-G-M sent him home after saying: "We need an actor—not a jitterbug!" Katrina Baxter Hodiak was born at 6:15 that night. Mama Anne says: "Father and daughter gave a great performance!" . . . Janie Powell and Geary Steffen bet good  
(Continued on page 23)



*For girls only: At home of Helen Rose, Metro designer, Sally Forrest is showered by Monica Lewis, Audrey Totter, Bunny Green, Frances Gifford, Marge Champion*



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"First, dry your lips with a tissue. Then apply lipstick to your upper lip. Begin at the center and work toward the outer corners, modeling the contour so that it is the most flattering to you...then fill in and blend.



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"Third, blot your lips with tissue until excess lipstick is removed. Then, moisten your lips for lasting lip loveliness."



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Sallow	<input type="checkbox"/>	Brown	<input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled	<input type="checkbox"/>	Black	<input type="checkbox"/>
Olive	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Deep Olive	<input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	
SKIN: Normal	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Dry	<input type="checkbox"/>	Light	Med. Dark
HAIR			
BLONDE	<input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	<input type="checkbox"/>
Light	Dark	Light	Dark
BRUNETTE	<input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD	<input type="checkbox"/>
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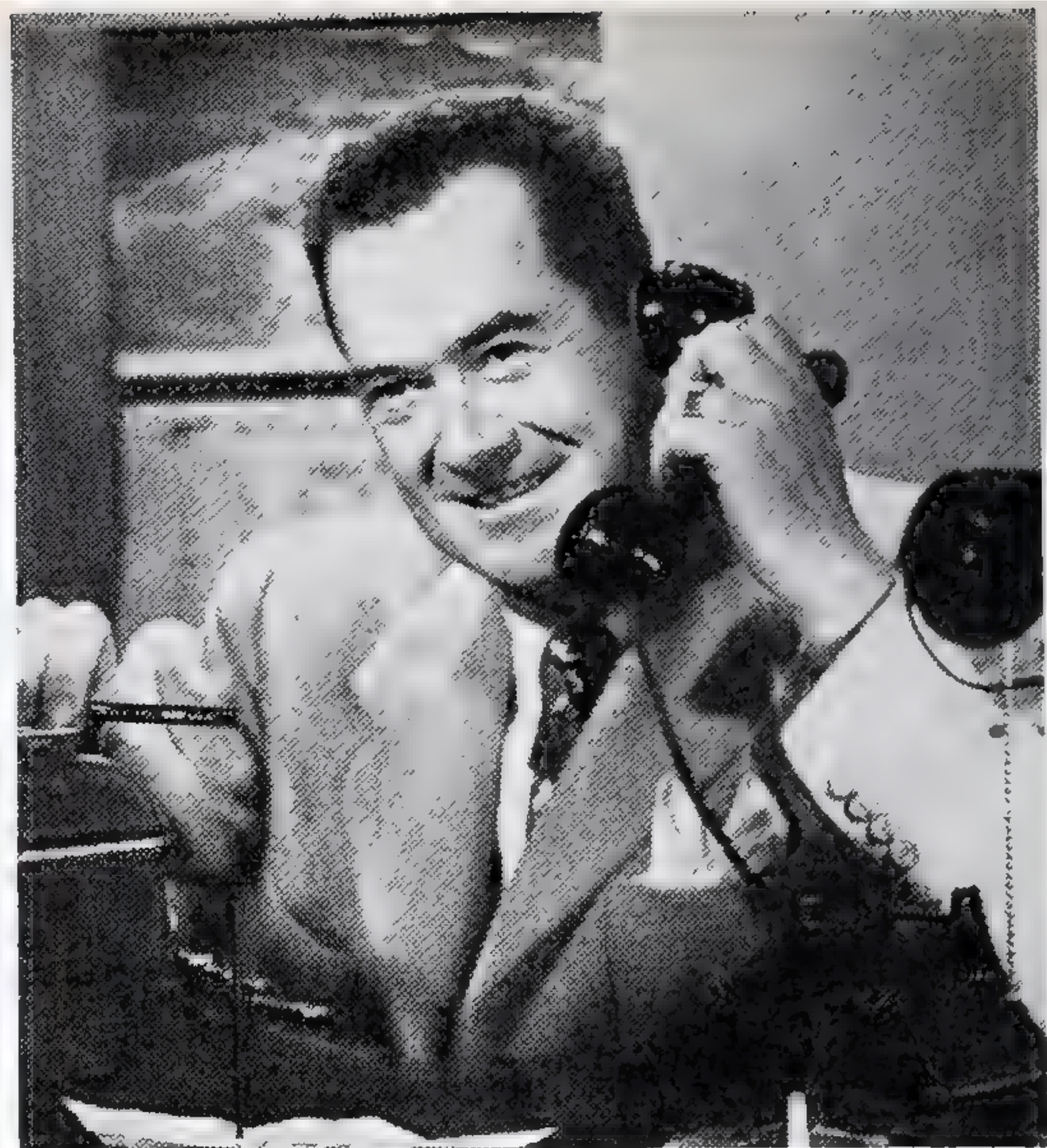


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Frank Lovejoy is next in "Force of Arms"

## Radioactive romantic by Beverly Linet

● When Frank Lovejoy made his screen debut nearly three years ago, several thousand housewives were thrown into a tizzy. The face was unfamiliar but that voice was as well known as the postman's or the next-door neighbor's. And so it should be. Frank was a veteran of over 4,000 radio shows. On soap operas or science fiction serials—the magic words around the networks were "Call Lovejoy."

Frank, who spent fourteen years shuttling between Radio City and the New York stage, decided upon an acting career when he was still in his teens. He was a runner for a Wall Street brokerage firm until the crash of '29.

"I saw an awful lot of naked emotions then," he said. "Learned how people react to situations—what shows on their faces, what doesn't. How their voices co-ordinate with their facial expressions."

Always looking for new fields to conquer, Frank came to Hollywood on the invitation of Stanley Kramer—then a little-known producer. He was to play the lead in the screen version of the novel "This Side of Innocence," to go into immediate production. So he was told. But somewhere along the line things got fouled up.

He sat around collecting thousand-dollar-a-week checks for a year. This may not sound so bad but for a guy as active as Frank had been, it was sheer torture. Other jobs were offered but he could do nothing about them until his year's option expired. Almost the very hour it did he was on the air as the hero of "Night Beat."

Again he was approached by Kramer, now famous for "Champion." Would he consider the role of Mingo in "Home of the Brave?" He could, he did, and he became one of the most sought after character leads in pictures. He's in demand for tough sergeant and newspaper-man parts, but doesn't mind that too much. However, he hopes he'll never portray a "lady killer." Early in his stage career he was called upon to slug his leading lady. His mother was in the audience opening night and when she went backstage afterwards she reprimanded him: "How could you do a thing like that? You know you were brought up better than to strike a lady."

Frank has two children, Steve and Judy. Joan Banks, to whom he's been married for eleven years, is an actress in her own right and recently took time off from household duties to play Peggy Dow's sister in "Bright Victory."



# INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 20)

friends, the Marshall Thompsons, a Beachcomber dinner that their baby would arrive first. The stork cooperated, they won. Gerhardt Anthony Steffen III arrived in a seven-pound, two-ounce beautiful bundle. The neighbors on Janie's block stayed up half the night waiting to hear the good news . . . Richard Basehart and Valentina Cortesa, who were married last March, believe in doing their Christmas shopping early. They're hoping it will be a boy come December.

**Around the Town:** The Larry Parks sampling the sensational New England dinners at Tony Allen's Village Green restaurant . . . Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger going mad for Tony Martin at his brilliant Coconut Grove opening. Dan Dailey getting into the act by taking over the drums . . . Jane Wyman and John Payne, who started out working together at Warners, now going together and obviously enjoying their dialogue so much more . . . Bob Wagner sipping a soda with Susan Zanuck at Wil Wright's ice cream parlor.

**Cal Regrets:** With many others in the motion picture world, Cal mourns the passing of Robert Flaherty. Producer of such distinguished films as "Nanook of the North," "The Louisiana Story," and "Moana," Bob Flaherty did not make his pictures in Hollywood. He preferred to film stories against actual backgrounds. Sometimes this took him to the bayous of the south, sometimes to the icy wastes of the north. But in all he did his contribution to the movies was good.

**Guys and Dolls:** No, Cal wasn't invited (for obvious reasons) but we got a first-hand report from our famous leg-man, Tony Curtis, when thirty-five of her girl friends gave a shower for Janet Leigh. The festive affair took place on a Sunday afternoon at the home of the Gower Champions. While Gene Nelson, Lex Barker, Craig Stevens, A. C. Lyles, Far-

(Continued on page 97)



Here are June and Dick Powell at work backstage at Lux Radio Theatre. Next month in Photoplay you'll see them at home with the children, in color. There's a wonderful story about them, and June, with Baby Richard, is the cover girl

## Now! Easier, surer protection for your marriage hygiene problem



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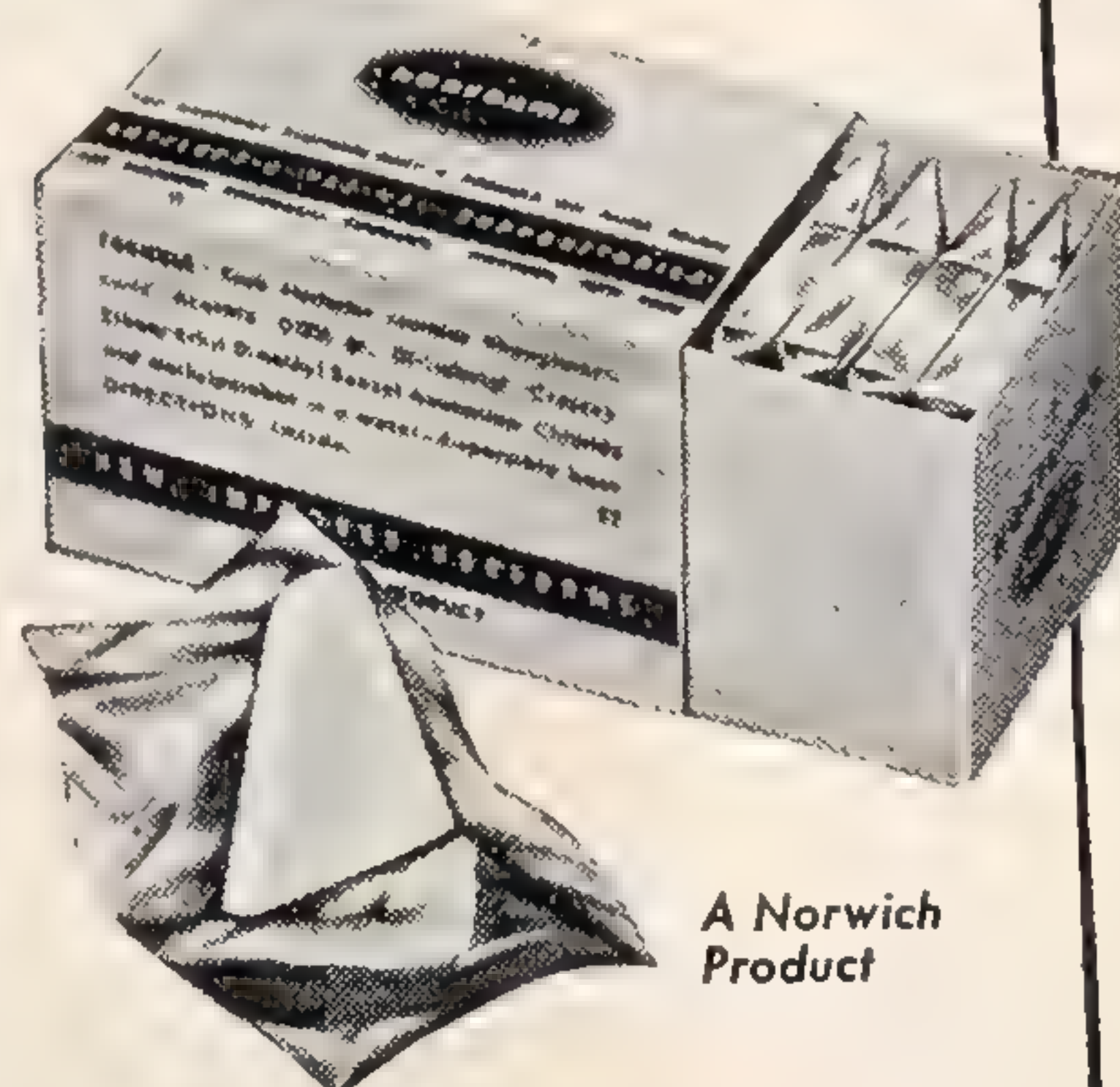
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*Donna Reed and John Derek bring romantic flavor to a disillusioning expose of the college football scene*

### ✓✓ (A) Saturday's Hero (Columbia)

**O**UCH! Sport fans are in for another disillusioning expose when college football comes in for an open sewer job. Lengthy, with repetitious plays, scores and locker-room scenes, the story of a Polish-American lad who pins his ideals on a tradition-ridden school that not only breaks his bones, but his heart, is an interesting and well-told tale. Handsome John Derek, who seems to have but one-and-a-half expressions, a scowl and faint smile, plays Steve Novak who goes to college on a football scholarship. John does a good job of it. Donna Reed plays the niece of Steve's sponsor, hard-headed Sidney Blackmer, and the girl Derek falls for. Unfortunately, Donna's role is so ambiguously written, one can't make out whether she's hard, cold and brittle, or warm, scared and loving. Alexander Knox is a likable professor, Otto Tennant the varsity coach, Mickey Knox John's brother, Sandro Giglio his Poppa, Elliott Lewis the publicity hound.

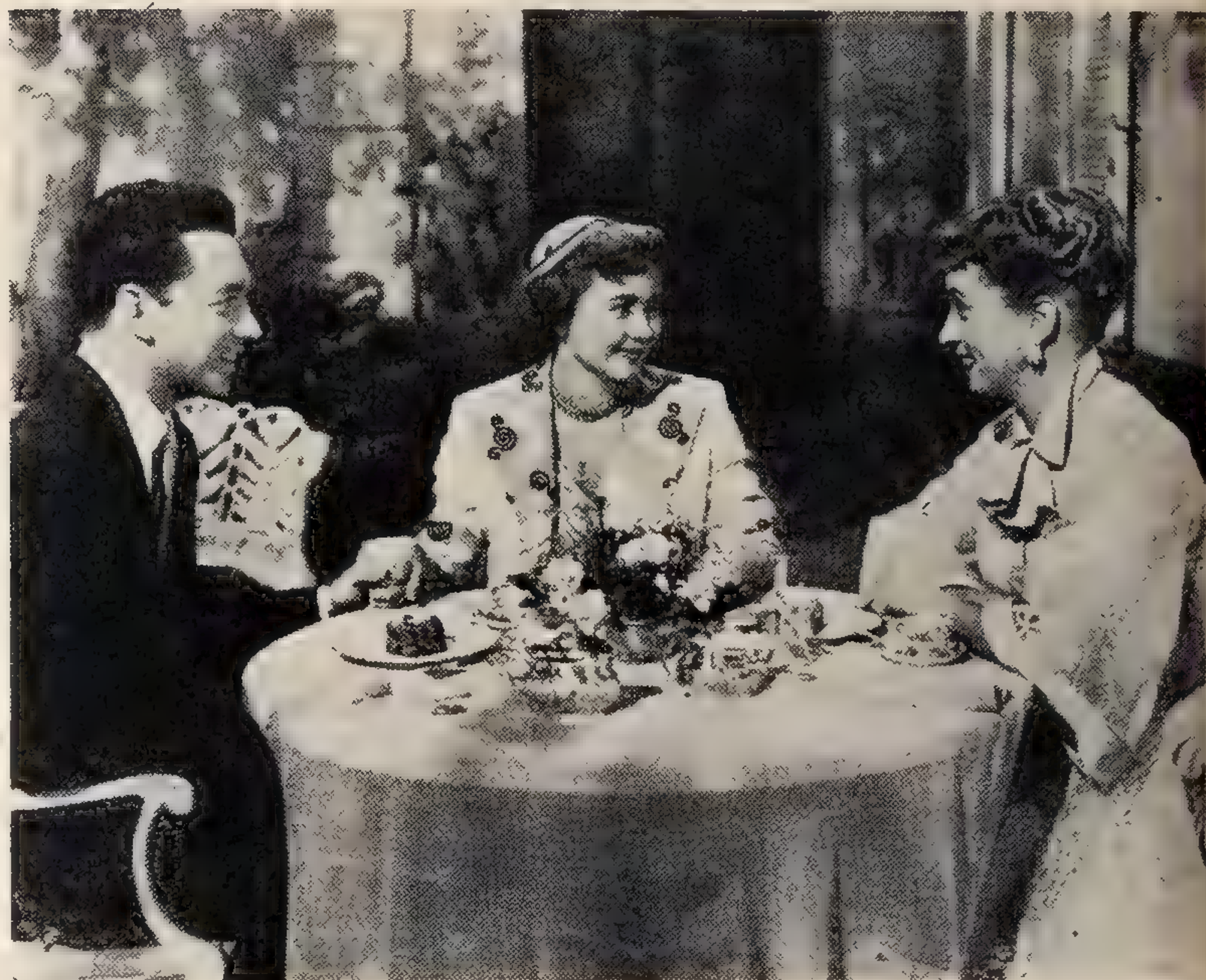
Your Reviewer Says: A touchdown on the side of truth!

**Program Notes:** For two long months before shooting began John Derek was taught football strategy by Paul Cleary, All-American end, and Mickey McCardle, famous U.S.C. quarterback. Derek literally threw himself into the role unmindful of cuts, bruises and a stomped-on face . . . Donna Reed's tests proved so good she not only won the role but a long-term Columbia contract, as well. This is Donna's first role since the birth of her baby a year ago. In private life Donna is Mrs. Tony Owen . . . Radio fans will be interested in viewing the famous Frankie on the Phil Harris show in the person of Elliott Lewis who plays Derek's newspaper friend, and plays it straight in this one . . . After his successful Broadway show, "Come Back, Little Sheba," that won him several awards, Sidney Blackmer trekked to Hollywood for his first movie in a long time . . . A glimpse of Pomona College (Bob Taylor's alma mater) is seen now and then as well as Pasadena's famous Rose Bowl and the Los Angeles Coliseum.

# SHADOW

✓✓✓ OUTSTANDING

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR



*Vic Damone, Jane Powell and Danielle Darrieux meet in Gay Paree and music and love are the order of the day*

### ✓✓ (F) Rich, Young and Pretty (M-G-M)

**F**LASHES the name on the screen—Vic Damone—and the balcony goes wild. In view of the fact Vic had never before appeared in movies, the good-looking kid does all right for himself and in such company as Jane Powell, Wendell Corey and Danielle Darrieux, too. Vic and Jane, who grows cuter by the minute, proved such a charming pair of sweethearts, no one minded that Vic plays a Frenchman without a trace of French accent. The story has Jane visiting Paris with her Texan father, Corey, and her faithful companion, Una Merkel. There, Jane makes a great discovery. Miss Darrieux, a beautiful night-club entertainer, turns out to be her mother, who years before had left her baby and husband in Texas to return to her native Paris. Jane makes another discovery, too. She prefers Vic to Richard Anderson, the boy she left in Texas. The songs are delightful with Jane and Vic singing several numbers and Miss Darrieux and Fernando Lamas charming in their numbers.

Your Reviewer Says: Young, gay, amusing.

**Program Notes:** All the marching and drilling of a military boot camp became so much malarkey to G. I. Vic Damone when word of his first preview reached his military camp. Drafted after his first movie, Vic is sure of a welcome back to Hollywood when his stint is over . . . Wendell Corey was voted by the cast as "the man with the bluest eyes in Technicolor." Corey, who usually plays more serious roles, loved the title . . . Miss Darrieux, the vivacious French star, plays her first Hollywood role since before World War II (see page 36) and Fernando Lamas, the Argentinian, is seen for the first time in a Hollywood movie. To round out the come-backers and newcomers, Jean Murat returns to the screen for his first role since "Carnival in Paris" and Una comes back for the first time since "The Bride Goes Wild."

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 34. For Best Pictures of the Month and



# STAGE

BY SARA HAMILTON

**F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY**  
**A—FOR ADULTS**



*Jimmy Stewart, Marlene Dietrich, Glynis Johns provide laughs as they fly through the air in unpredictable plane*

## ✓✓½ (A) No Highway in the Sky (20th Century-Fox)

**I**T'S amusing, ridiculous and entertaining and yet—we hesitate to say this—it's about a plane's tail falling off. And in mid-air, yet. It's Jimmy Stewart, of course, who is responsible for the entertaining aspects of the film. Jimmy, who believes a certain type of metal can be shattered by too much vibration, causing a plane to lose its tail, flies off to Labrador to investigate a plane wreck which he believes will substantiate his theory. Imagine his horror to discover the plane he's on is the exact detailable type. On board is Hollywood actress Marlene Dietrich to whom he confides his fears after thoroughly alarming the plane's crew and hostess, Glynis Johns. After an emergency landing, Stewart wrecks the plane rather than let it proceed. Jack Hawkins is the handsome head of the research department and Janette Scott Jimmy's erudite offspring.

Your Reviewer Says: Comedy moves into the field of science.

**Program Notes:** Everything happened to Jimmy Stewart while making this film in England. First, he was hospitalized with pneumonia which delayed shooting, causing the actor to be stranded in London and away from his family over the Christmas holidays. Then Mrs. Stewart, whose illness had taken her back to Hollywood, telephoned Jimmy in London that he was going to become the father of twins . . . Marlene Dietrich was the only other American in the film. Marlene, a naturalized American, was beamed all over town by handsome English actor Michael Wilding . . . Glynis Johns was born in South Africa and is one of England's finest stage and screen actresses. Henry Koster became Jimmy's favorite director when they made "Harvey" together in Hollywood and it was Stewart's request that Koster work with him on this film. The same technical staff that made "The Mudlark" worked on this one, too.



*Ann Blyth and Claudette Colbert in a tense story of a nun who tries to prove a doomed girl innocent of murder*

## ✓✓ (A) Thunder on the Hill (U-I)

**A** FLOOD covers the English countryside sending the citizens of surrounding villages and travelers in the valley to the hilltop convent and hospital of Our Lady of Rheims. Among those seeking shelter is Ann Blyth, on her way, with guards, to be executed for the murder of her brother. So firmly convinced of Ann's innocence is Sister Mary, played by Claudette Colbert, chief of the hospital staff, and so unceasing are her efforts to prove that innocence, she faces severe chastisement from the Mother Superior, Gladys Cooper and near death from the real murderer. The setting lends an atmosphere of strange in-harmony to the tune of murder but the plot sequences are so logically worked out and the Sisters endowed with such human qualities, the story takes on an unusual and fascinating air. Robert Douglas, Anne Crawford and Phillip Friend are splendid additions to the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A different and well-acted story.

**Program Notes:** Miss Colbert, while wearing the impressive white habit of Sister Mary Bonaventure, was notified by the association of greeting-card salesmen that she had been elected "Miss American Valentine of 1951." Miss Colbert also wears the honorary title of mayor of New York City, fire chief of Philadelphia and den-mother of the Brownies . . . Ann Blyth is no sticker either when it comes to titles, having been named honorary mayor of Toluca Lake, Bob Hope's community . . . Robert Douglas carted the cast over to his home, during a lull in shooting, to view his trophies which include such horrors as the hatbox Robert Montgomery carried in "Night Must Fall" (and you know what was in that), the hand-axe Edward G. Robinson used in "The Hatchet Man," the tire jack John Garfield wielded in "The Postman Always Rings Twice" . . . The sound department decided the convent bell didn't sound enough like a convent bell so the tolling of another bell was dubbed in, if you please.



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her nail polish  
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New, scientific conditioner develops healthier, stronger, lovelier nails.



### ✓✓ ½ (F) Here Comes the Groom (Paramount)

**A** ZING-BING comedy that fairly sings along once it gets going and a real natural for Crosby, too. Only catch is that Franchot Tone is such a handsome, congenial rival for the motherly affections of Jane Wyman one sort of hates to see him lose out—even to a newer, looser, juicier Alexis Smith. Bing plays a newspaperman in Paris who fathers a brood of war orphans, two of whom, Jacky Gencel and Beverly Washburn, refuse to be shaken off. Delaying his trip home to marry Jane while he scours France for the kids' birth certificates, Bing finally arrives in the U.S.A. to discover his weary fiancée is about to marry her rich boss and proper Bostonian, Franchot Tone. Bing has less than a week to convince Jane she should marry him; otherwise the children must return to France. And so the rivalry goes between Franchot and Bing with many a song, a step or two and a lot of nonsense to provide fun and frolic for one and all. The kids are Frenchily cute, the song "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening" right catchy, Wyman a divine comedienne, Bing as relaxed as an old jellyfish and—well, what more do you want? Connie Gilchrist and James Barton are Jane's parents and Robert Keith, Bing's boss.

Your Reviewer Says: Très light, gay, cheer-up-able.

**Program Notes:** The telephone conversation between Bing and Keith was new and novel, with each actually talking to the other at the same time—across the street from each other by special wire. Director Frank Capra felt it gave more realism to the scene . . . The moving elevator in which Jane and Bing do a dance moved neither up, down nor sideways. It was all done with sliding doors, so the studio assures us . . . A special French teacher was obtained for ten-year-old Jacky Gencel, who has appeared in sixteen French films . . . Thirteen-year-old Anna Maria Alberghetti, who sings "Caro Nome" like an angel, created a sensation in her Carnegie Hall debut in May 1950.

### ✓½ (A) Little Egypt (U-I)

**T**HERE is more conversation than swinging and swaying in this fanciful, humorous story of how the famed hootchie what-do-you-call-it was introduced to America. It turns out that Mark Stevens, in a way, was responsible for the Terpsichorean gyrations that shook Chicago to its stockyards during the Columbia Exposition in 1893. Purporting to be a semibiographical take-off of the real *Little Egypt*, the story begins with Stevens, a shady promoter recruiting talent in Cairo for the Chicago Fair, attempting to shake off Rhonda Fleming, a stranded hootch dancer in Egypt who is in reality an American-born miss. Following Mark to Chicago, Rhonda poses as a Royal Princess and is promptly taken up by Chicago society. But jealousy gets the better of Miss Fleming when Mark's engagement to Nancy Guild is announced, and, as a sort of revenge, Rhonda goes into her dance and lands in jail. All sorts of characters, Oriental, sentimental and detrimental, romp in and out yakking their heads off, but for all that, it's a tongue-in-the-cheek cutie. Charles Drake plays Nancy's patient suitor and Tom D'Andrea, Mark's friend.

Your Reviewer Says: An eyeful, we'll say that much.

**Program Notes:** From Beverly Hills high school to "Little Egypt" seems a mountain-goat leap, but Rhonda Fleming achieved it in a few graceful bounds. With a black wig

covering her copper-colored hair, Rhonda became a convincing Egyptian, or Hollywood's conception of one, at least. When it was announced Rhonda would play Egypt, mementos of the real dancer poured in from Chicago . . . Despite the seminakedness going on, Mark Stevens kept strictly to business, conducting his business affairs from his dressing-room. With his manager, Mark is a partner in an automobile dealership, a packing company and real estate property near Denver, Colorado.

### ✓✓ (A) The Secret of Convict Lake (20th Century-Fox)

**T**HAT different movie you've been shopping for! Here it is, folks. A dramatic, action-packed story with a brooding kind of suspense. It tells the saga of twenty-nine escaped convicts, five of whom survive the wintry blizzards to seek refuge in a mountain settlement. The men of the settlement are away on a silver strike and the women, including Gene Tierney, Ethel Barrymore, Ann Dvorak, Barbara Bates and Ruth Donnelly, reluctantly give the convicts shelter from the cold. The convicts have been led to this mountainous spot by Glenn Ford who is seeking revenge on Rudy Schaeffer (Harry Carter) who is away with the men. Ford claims it was Rudy's lie that sent him to prison for murder. Gene Tierney, who believes Ford, decides to help him. The other convicts believe Ford has killed for money and mean to get it. Zachary Scott is outstanding among the outlaws. Richard Hylton as the crazed youth is impressive.

Your Reviewer Says: A whale of a good movie.

**Program Notes:** Ethel Barrymore celebrated her fiftieth year as a star during the filming and her fifty-seventh in show business. To prove she has no notion of taking it easy, Miss Barrymore worked in two pictures simultaneously, "Kind Lady" at M-G-M and this one, commuting the twelve miles between studios every day. In her spare time she read scripts for other films and listened, over her dressing-room radio, to baseball scores . . . Miss Tierney, who is usually chic and beautiful on the screen, wore little make-up and, like the other women, toted around the traditional 1871 costumes consisting of corsets, flannel underwear, two petticoats, high-laced shoes, woolen stockings and long-sleeved woolen dresses.

### ✓½ (F) Cattle Drive (U-I)

**T**HE come-uppance of a spoiled brat who is completely regenerated in a two-week cattle drive is a nice little Western, pleasant, well acted and entertaining. Dean Stockwell is the lad who is left stranded in the Western desert when he alights from his father's private railroad car (papa Leon Ames is president of the road) and is unknowingly left behind. Discovered by cowhand Joel McCrea, member of the cattle drive, young sass-box is taken along. There are exciting moments when McCrea and Dean capture a wild steed and later when the cattle stampede all over the blooming wide, open spaces. Chill Wills and Harry Brandon are among the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A relaxing Western.

**Program Notes:** For three hours every day fourteen-year-old Dean Stockwell climbed into the back seat of a studio Cadillac with his school teacher and took to book learning while the cows and cowboys faced the camera without him. Dean and Joel became friends during the making of "Stars in My Crown" and spent many hours talking of Africa, the place Dean hopes one day to visit. Because  
(Continued on page 28)



# "Be Lux Lovely"

*says*  
**Virginia Mayo**

Co-star of  
**"PAINTING THE CLOUDS  
WITH SUNSHINE"**  
A Warner Bros.' Production  
Color by Technicolor

**"Lux Soap facials do wonders for my skin..."**

"Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says lovely Virginia Mayo. "Here's all I do: I cream the rich lather well into my skin—it's active lather—so good for the complexion."

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"It's amazing the way these Lux Soap facials give skin fresh new beauty!" Virginia says. You, too, can be Lux-lovely! Try the fragrant white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use.

*9 out of 10  
Screen Stars use  
Lux Toilet Soap*



Says model Dolores Parker:

"My hair must always  
look 'pretty please'"

her camera curls stay free  
of broken ends with

DeLong

the bob pin  
with the stronger,  
smoother grip



You too, can always have lovelier,  
longer-lasting hair-do's. But be sure  
to use De Long bob pins. The  
stronger, smoother grip means longer  
lasting curls... greater freedom  
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(Continued from page 26)

Joel has been there twice and because he's the kind of horseman Dean longs to be, the lad thinks he's wonderful... Chill Wills, Dean's chuck-wagon pal in the movie, was also the voice of "Francis," the talking mule. Wills claims half the time now he forgets whether he's talking as "Francis" or himself... The whole "Cattle Drive" company traveled to Las Vegas and trekked two and one-half hours inland into the very heart of Death Valley for scenery worthy of the Technicolor camera and then darned if they didn't spray about 10,000 square yards of canyon wall a pretty canyon red.

#### ✓✓ (A) The Law and the Lady (M-G-M)

NOT for two short seconds did any of this ring true nor did Greer Garson convince anyone, even the popcorn vendor, that she was an unreformed lady's maid turned crook. Nevertheless, the picture has much in its favor—spritely dialogue, for one thing, Marjorie Main for another and clever Michael Wilding, who is an asset to any picture except when he Britishes his dialogue into an incomprehensible mish-mash. And for good measure there is FERNANDO LAMAS (in capitals, dear printer) who created a big "O-o-o-h" among the younger set at his first entrance and a round of applause at his exit. Now please, M-G-M, don't muff this one. Cast him right an' you've got yourself a gold mine.

Your Reviewer Says: Costume jewelry comedy. Not real but amusing.

Program Notes: Hollywood eagerly awaited the arrival of popular Michael Wilding who has been a hit in London for several years. Once here Wilding had eyes for no one but Marlene Dietrich who happened to be in Hollywood at the same time. Their two-someness continued throughout the making of this film, after which Mr. Wilding requested a divorce from his wife in England... Tall, dark and handsome Fernando Lamas, who plays the Spanish rancher, arrived in Hollywood a year ago from his native Argentina where he was a popular star. He has made two movies in Hollywood—this one and "Rich, Young and Pretty" (See page 24), a title which did not refer, you understand, to Senor Lamas... Miss Garson worked under distress as her husband, Buddy Fogelson, was convalescing from a serious illness. The black hair-do worn by Greer was voted most unbecoming by the preview audience.

#### ✓✓ (F) Mister Drake's Duck (U.A.)

WHIMSY-POOH all over the English countryside! Yet, despite the improbability of a duck laying a uranium egg, it's a delightful, nonsensical movie. It all happens when Douglas Fairbanks Jr., as Mr. Drake, takes his American bride, Yolande Dolan, to honeymoon on his farm in Sussex, England. Through a slight error Yolande buys five dozen ducks at an auction and, as a result, life suddenly becomes involved when it is discovered one of her fine feathered friends has a gold mine—no, a uranium mine or some such thing—in her egg-laying apparatus. Once this priceless bit of information becomes known, the Army with tanks, the Navy with sailors and the Air Corps with planes move in on the honeymooners and "Operation Chickweed" begins. What's more, the daily callers, handyman Peter Butterworth, village bank manager Reginald Beckwith and Ministry Official Wilfred Hyde-White, are required to remain at the farm throughout the "Operation." Even after the "priceless" duck is finally segregated there's a gimmick. But wait until you see!

Your Reviewer Says: Nonsense, but such fun.

Program Notes: Yolande Dolan is a miniature United Nations all by herself. Her mother, born in Paris, married Irish-American James Dolan in Canada and migrated to the States where Yolande was born. In a New Jersey hospital, no less. After her actor-father's death in Hollywood, Yolande used the money she earned as an Earl Carroll chorus girl to attend drama school in Hollywood. Eventually she grabbed a small part in the Hal Roach film, "Turnabout" and later understudied the star role in the road company of "Born Yesterday." The night she finally played Billie Dawn, Garson Kanin cabled London he'd found the star for the London production. Yolande so wowed the British audiences she's been there ever since (five years) going from one stage and screen hit to another. Over there, they love "YoYo," as they call her... Douglas Fairbanks Jr., who had received the equivalent of a British knighthood, requested that all Americans who had been similarly honored, be included on the Royal Scroll, or whatever. His request was granted. When questioned, Douglas didn't think it odd he wear a natty blue suit throughout most of the film although playing a hard-working farmer. Custom, and all that, you know.

#### ✓½ (A) The Magic Face (Columbia)

WHAT really happened to Hitler will crop up in story or play form for many years to come, we suppose, but none will be more fantastic in theory than this one. Hitler, so we are told in this movie, was killed midway in the war by an actor who then proceeded to impersonate Der Fuehrer until the fall of Berlin, fooling his chiefs-of-staff and even Adolph's mistress, who happened to be the actor's own wife. Incredible as it seems, Luther Adler, both as the real Hitler and the impersonator, does a credible job of it. In fact, Mr. Adler is quite an impersonator and it is during a stage performance in Vienna that Hitler first sees Adler, billed as Janus the Great. He gets a big German load of Adler's pretty wife Patricia Knight and likes her so well he makes her his willing mistress. Herr Hitler's annexation of the actor's wife precipitates the events that lead to his ultimate destruction and, believe it or not, to our winning the war. And thank you, Mr. Adler.

Your Reviewer Says: Unlikely but interesting throughout.

Program Notes: Foreign correspondent William L. Shirer, who saw Berlin "before and after" and whose gripping book "Berlin Diary" was a best seller several years ago, acts as narrator of the story. In fact, the story opens with Patricia Knight relating the fanciful story to Mr. Shirer who relays it to us. Miss Knight was at the height of her on-again-off-again marriage to Cornel Wilde during the filming, which may have accounted for her seeming nervousness. The camera hasn't been too kind to Pat who is much prettier off screen... The picture was filmed in Vienna where there was no shortage of "types," with many former SS men looking for bit roles. Nazi uniforms popped out of attic trunks all over town... Adler, who takes off Mussolini, Haile Selassie, and Neville Chamberlain as well as a valet and prison warden, had the local players spellbound with his accomplishments.

#### ✓½ (F) On Moonlight Bay (Warners)

OOOPS, sorry, but the moonlight sort of faded out in this musical with familiar bits and pieces constantly reminding (Continued on page 30)





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(Continued from page 28)

ing one of too many former movies. The stars are top-notch, the songs nostalgic and the production thoughtfully mounted but for all that, it just can't seem to get up the go to git. Gordon MacRae is a handsome lad with a voice to match and Doris Day cute and vivacious but the material handed the popular stars in this one has cooked too long in Hollywood's oven to be successfully camouflaged under Technicolor gravy. Gordon plays one of those 1918 college seniors who "free-thinks" and doesn't believe in marriage. Doris, a tomboy who loves to play baseball, is the girl who unwinds his mental and cardiacal processes. Billy Gray is the inevitable little brother, Leon Ames and Rosemary De Camp play Doris's parents, Jack Smith her stuffy suitor, Mary Wickes the maid.

Your Reviewer Says: Something for every member of the family.

**Program Notes:** Three small children stood on the edge of a built-in bay on a Warner Brothers' sound stage and watched a handsome college lad paddle a beautiful blonde in a canoe. The instant the scene was over they called, "Now, Daddy, now?" So, Gordon MacRae, the college kid, kept his promise and took his three children canoeing . . . Doris Day needed no rehearsing for her role of ball player. Doris played second base on the girls' team at her Cincinnati grade school and batted over .300 . . . One of the smaller boys used in the snowball-tossing scene got carried away with it all and let Doris have a beauty right in the eye. The make-up man had to paint out the shiner before Doris could face the camera again.

### ✓✓ 1/2 (F) The Well (U.A.)

A GRIPPING movie, a different movie and an entirely probable one in view of certain events recorded in newspapers. Here's what happens. A five-year-old negro girl disappears on her way to school and a white man, Henry Morgan, who has befriended the child, is held as her kidnaper. When Morgan's uncle, Barry Kelly, and a power in the town, attempts to "fix" things, riots between negroes and whites break out all over town. Alarmed at the seriousness of the brawls, Sheriff Richard Rober persuades Mayor Tom Powers to call out the state militia. And then suddenly the panic is averted. The child is discovered in an abandoned well. From then on racial riots cease as both negroes and whites unite to save the child. Gwendolyn Laster is the child. Maidie Norman and Ernest Anderson play her parents.

Your Reviewer Says: Suspenseful and something to think about.

**Program Notes:** Actor Henry Morgan has reached a state of complete frustration with fans constantly confusing him with the radio comic of the same name. It was worse when the comedian invaded Hollywood for a movie a few years ago. "So you're funny man Morgan," people would say upon being introduced to this Morgan. "Gee, you don't look funny at all" . . . Gwendolyn Laster was chosen for her ability to run and walk naturally while a camera was moving and turning directly in front. Many of the children tested grew so engrossed in the mechanism moving ahead of them, they forgot to act naturally.

### (F) Pardon My French (U.A.)

THE idea is fair—that of an American school teacher who inherits a French chateau full of squatters—but when that's said, all's said. The story stands still for long, interminable moments, or lazily crawls

to a conclusion that everyone knew was coming in the very first reel. Merle Oberon as the teacher is woefully miscast. Paul Henreid plays a musician with five unkempt children. Paul seems to be Chie Squatting Bull himself and of course, eventually saves his untidy friends from eviction and wins Miss Oberon.

Your Reviewer Says: It doesn't really come off.

**Program Notes:** This was Miss Oberon's first picture after the tragic loss of her fiancé in a plane crash in Europe . . . The picture was filmed entirely in the south of France with shots of the Cannes Yacht Club in the distance. The interior scenes were made within the old Chateau de Castellera . . . Paul Henreid, who was born in Trieste, felt right at home in the foreign atmosphere. Most of the performers who played squatters and extra parts were natives gathered from the surrounding villages.

### ✓ 1/2 (A) Mr. Imperium (M-G-M)

DESPITE the top names and the Technicolor grandeur that sweeps from the Mediterranean shores to Palm Springs gardens, the story itself never jells. Lana Turner, a proven actress who is seldom given material worthy of her talent, looks beautiful and does more than her share to tote that bale of nonsense. Ezio Pinza, the rave hit of Broadway's "South Pacific," is just another middle-aged actor trying to prove himself, so far as this movie is concerned. Certainly his magnificent voice is woefully neglected, the few songs given him far below his vocal ability.

Things perk up a bit with the advent of Marjorie Main into the story. Marjorie plays a Palm Springs landlady with little Debbie Reynolds as the prying-spying niece. Prime Minister Sir Cedric Hardwicke behaves a little like a portfolio without minister and Barry Sullivan is seen so seldom, who knows how he behaves, if at all.

Your Reviewer Says: Beautiful but numb.

**Program Notes:** Throughout the filming of "Mr. Imperium," whispers and rumors seeped through sound stage walls that all was not well between Lana and Ezio but as usual the rumors remained just that. Miss Turner worked long, strenuous hours while feeling far from well. It was shortly after the completion of the picture that she lost her expected baby . . . The biggest problem for the location crew was to keep clear sections of the much traveled highway between Pasadena and Palm Springs in order to catch Lana speeding along at the wheel of her car . . . The set became a second home to Debbie Reynolds, who didn't want to miss a single thing behind or before the camera. There's no maybe about Debbie when it comes to her career.

### ✓✓ (F) Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell (20th Century-Fox)

IT'S a mite disillusioning to discover our old friend, acid-tongued Lynn Belvedere, has a heart after all. For frankly, we prefer the old boy the other way, know-it-all with a rusty hinge for a heart. But no. Here we have him, still Clifton Webb, of course, in a humorous enough comedy about an old folks' home and how he decides to make the lives of the inmates brighter and happier. To accomplish this Belvedere pretends to be seventy-seven years old and enters, along with havoc and pandemonium, the aged folks' home. Aided by his manager, Zero Mostel, he does bring happiness, not only to the old folk but to the young minister in charge, Hugh Marlowe.

(Continued on page 32)





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(Continued from page 30)  
lowe and the pretty nurse, Joanne Dru.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy yourself.

**Program Notes:** Hugh Marlowe and Clifton Webb became fast friends during the shooting, with Hugh and his pretty wife, actress K. T. Stevens, visiting Webb and his adoring mother Maybelle and vice versa. Zero Mostel skinned both knees and tore his trousers when some wag on the set pulled out the box from under him as he climbed over a wall for a scene. Shooting was held up as a fuming Zero was patched up . . . Joanne Dru was going through court litigation during the shooting, suing ex-husband Dick Haymes for back alimony.

## ✓✓½ (A) David and Bathsheba (20th Century-Fox)

**B**ENEATH the impressive weight employed in the telling of the Biblical story of King David and Bathsheba (the woman he loved and another man's wife) there runs a contrasting simplicity that reduces the principals involved in this century-upon-century-old triangle to plain human beings, whose emotions and frailties are understandable to all of us today. Gregory Peck is a stalwart, handsome David, once a shepherd boy anointed by God to succeed Saul as King of Israel. Susan Hayward is a beautiful Bathsheba, wife of Uriah whom David orders killed. Raymond Massey seems curiously ineffective as Nathan, the prophet. David's atonement and forgiveness are beautifully revealed but the overlong story, wrought with a heaviness of hand, causes much of its effectiveness to be lost. Kieron Moore plays Uriah, Jayne Meadows is Michal, David's vengeful wife.

Your Reviewer Says: Spectacular.

**Program Notes:** In a rocky valley near Patagonia, Arizona, selected for its sun-baked hills, resembling those of Palestine, were shot the scenes of David as a boy, killing Goliath, and the shepherds with their flocks . . . During the filming, Gregory Peck was given a new eight-year contract with 20th Century-Fox, who feel he is their greatest asset today. Gregory is the "memory champion" of Hollywood, never forgetting a line of dialogue. For one scene in "David," Peck delivered seven and one-half pages of intricate dialogue without an error . . . The older generation will be pleased to know the man behind the beard and regal trappings of Saul is their former favorite, Francis X. Bushman.

## ✓✓ (A) The Mob (Columbia)

**C**UTSY and fisticuffly are the words for "The Mob" with Broderick of the police department out-thinking, out-matching and out-slugging smooth and murderous waterfront crooks. Witnessing a murder, Crawford is tricked into believing the murderer a police officer. To make reparation, Crawford goes underground, pretends to be a toughie on the lam from New Orleans, secures a job as a dock worker and, by making himself generally obnoxious, comes to the attention of the mob and eventually to the long elusive head man. Suspense rides high throughout the action-packed story and the scientific methods of police in action should prove frightfully discouraging to the on-the-lam set everywhere. Betty Buehler plays Brod's fiancée, Richard Kiley plays Clancy, Otto Hulett, Lt. Banks, and Matt Crowley is Smoothie, the bartender.

Your Reviewer Says: Rugged as all outdoors.

**Program Notes:** Several sequences of the

film carried Broderick Crawford back to his old knockabout days when Brod actually worked as a stevedore . . . Betty Buehler made her movie debut in the film, having gone straight from New York television to movies. Betty underwent a process of unglamorization before leaving New York, letting her blondined hair go back to its natural brown and yanking off the phony lashes. "Carrying glamour to Hollywood is like carrying coals to Newcastle," Betty said.

## ✓✓✓ (F) Rhubarb (Paramount)

**H**ERE'S an off-beat movie for you and one you'll howl, or should we say meow, over? It's about a cat, you see, that inherits \$30,000,000 and a Brooklyn baseball club. Gene Lockhart, an eccentric millionaire, admires the spunk and courage of a mangy cat that steals golf balls from the local green and hides them. Desiring the cat for his own, he gives the job of catching it to his press agent, Ray Milland. After a battle, the cat is captured and his new owner surprises one and all by making Rhubarb his heir and disinheriting his own daughter—a cat of another sort. Since Milland is appointed the feline's guardian, it's up to him to appease the ball players who object to being owned by a cat. And, to top off his troubles, Ray's fiancée, Jan Sterling, becomes allergic to Rhubarb and to anyone who has come in contact with him. Well, sir, it's a riot on wheels. Elsie Holmes plays the disinherited daughter and Bill Frawley the club's manager.

Your Reviewer Says: Fur and fun fly in all directions.

**Program Notes:** After studio bosses had looked at what seemed a thousand cats during a six-months search, a housewife in San Fernando Valley telephoned them that she had the very Rhubarb they were looking for. The cat had wandered into her garden, cut and bruised from a series of brawls which indicated it was a feline with the necessary spunk. The studio took one look and agreed. Then began the long period of training. But don't think he lost any of his back fence gumption in the process. He daily bit Ray Milland, clawed Gene Lockhart and spat on director Arthur Lubin. A special apartment on Van Ness Avenue, close to Paramount studios, was provided for Rhubarb and his stand-in, with a caretaker to carry him back and forth to the studio each day. A vet gave him a daily check-up as the cat's well-being meant many bags of solid gold catnip to Paramount during the shooting . . . Ray Milland, who began his fifteenth year with Paramount, claimed he never worked with a more masterful scene-stealer . . . Jan Sterling was so pleased that her husband, Paul Douglas, consented to play a mere bit role, she was happy all through the picture.

## Best Pictures of the Month

David and Bathsheba  
Here Comes the Groom  
The Well  
No Highway in the Sky  
Rhubarb

## Best Performances of the Month

Bing Crosby in  
"Here Comes the Groom"  
Jimmy Stewart in  
"No Highway in the Sky"  
Clifton Webb in  
"Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell"  
Gregory Peck in  
"David and Bathsheba"



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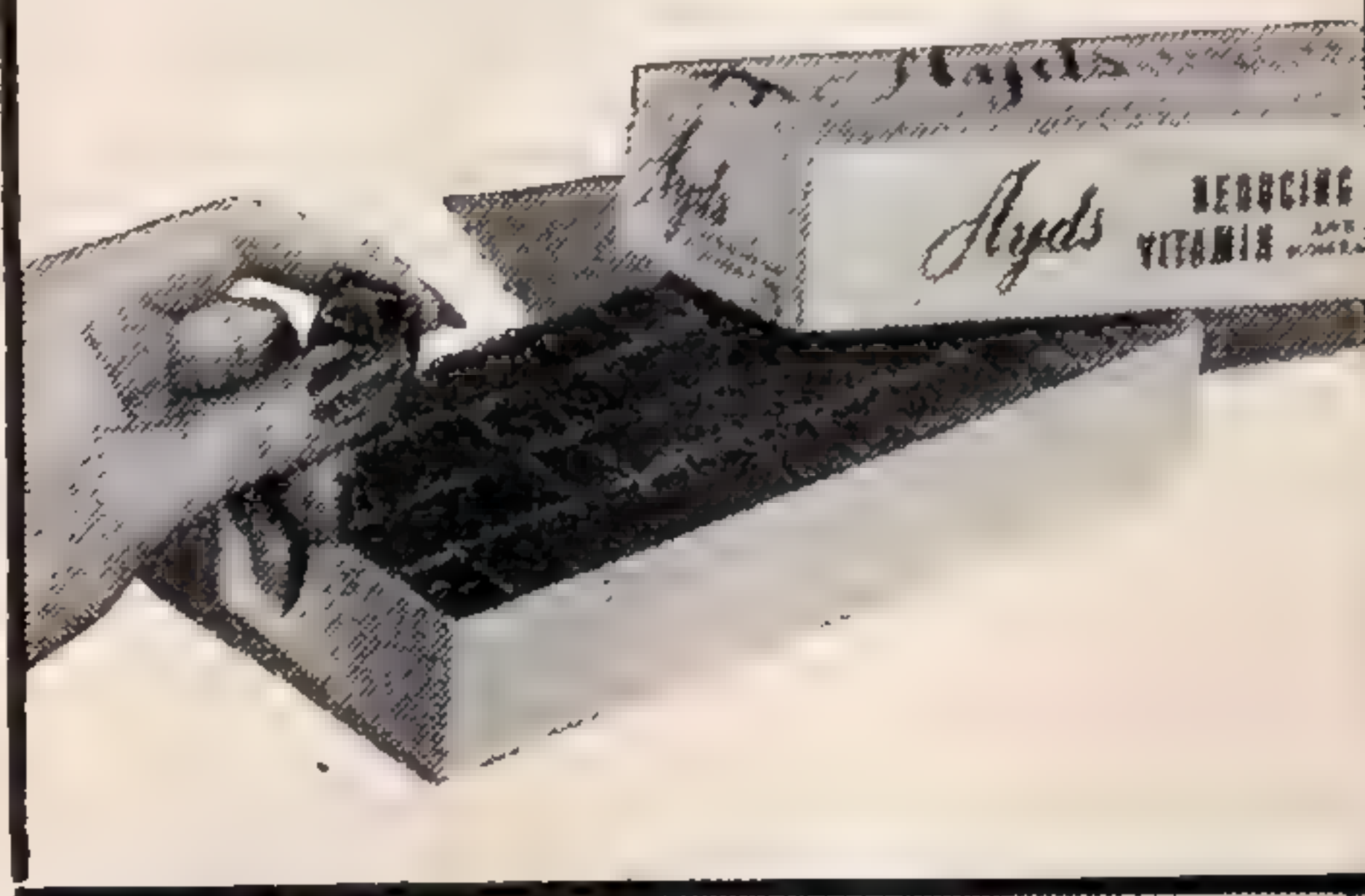
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## Casts of Current Pictures

**CATTLE DRIVE—U-I:** Dan Mathews, Joel McCrea; Chester Graham, Jr.; Dean Stockwell; Dallas, Chill Wills; Mr. Graham, Leon Ames; Jim Currie, Henry Brandon; Cap, Howard Petrie; Careless, Bob Steele; Conductor O'Hara, Griff Barnett.

**DAVID AND BATHSHEBA—20th Century-Fox:** David, Gregory Peck; Bathsheba, Susan Hayward; Nathan, Raymond Massey; Uriah, Kieron Moore; Abishai, James Robertson Justice; Michal, Jayne Meadows; Ira, John Sutton; Joab, Dennis Hoey; Goliath, Walter Talun; Adulteress, Paula Morgan; King Saul, Francis X. Bushman; Jonathan, Teddy Infuhr; David (as a boy), Leo Pessin; *Specialty Dancer*, Gwyneth Verdon; Absalom, Gilbert Barnett; Priest, John Burton; Old Shepherd, Lumsden Hare; *Egyptian Ambassador*, George Zucco; Amnon, Allan Stone; Samuel, Paul Newlan; Jesse, Holmes Herbert; Executioners, Robert Stephenson, Harry Carter.

**HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount:** Pete Garvey, Bing Crosby; Emmadel Jones, Jane Wyman; Wilbur Stanley, Franchot Tone; Winifred Stanley, Alexis Smith; Pa Jones, James Barton; Ma Jones, Connie Gilchrist; George Degnan, Robert Deith; Bobby, Jacky Gencel; Suzi, Beverly Washburn; Theresa, Anna Maria Alberghetti; Mr. McGonigle, Walter Catlett; Uncle Prentiss, Nicholas Joy; Uncle Elihu, H. B. Warner; Uncle Adam, Ian Wolfe; Aunt Abby, Maidel Turner; Aunt Amy, Adeline de Walt Reynolds; Mr. & Mrs. Godfrey, Alan Reed; Minna Gombell; and Dorothy Lamour, Phil Harris. Louis Armstrong, Cass Daley, Frank Fontaine.

**LAW AND THE LADY, THE—M-G-M:** Jane Hoskins (Lady Loverly), Greer Garson; Nigel Duxbury, Michael Wilding; Lord Minden, Michael Wilding; Juan Dinas, Fernando Lamas; Mrs. Worstin, Marjorie Main; Lady Duxbury, Phyllis Stanley; Inspector Monohan, Rhys Williams; Tracy Collans, Hayden Rorke; Miss Pamela, Natalie Schafer; Mr. Caighn, Ralph Dumke; Mrs. Caighn, Margalo Gillmore; Princess, Soledad Jiminez.

**LITTLE EGYPT—U-I:** Wayne Cravat, Mark Stevens; Izora, Rhonda Fleming; Sylvia Graydon, Nancy Guild; Oliver Doane, Charles Drake; Max, Tom D'Andrea; Cyrus Graydon, Minor Watson; Pasha, Steven Geray; Mrs. Doane, Verna Felton; Cynthia Graydon, Kathryn Givney; Shuster, John Littel; Prosecutor, Dann Riss; Moulai, Leon Belasco; Meheddi, Jack George; Judge, Ed Clark; O'Reilly, John Gallaudet; Spinelli, Freeman Lusk.

**MAGIC FACE, THE—Columbia:** Janus The Great, Luther Adler; Vera Janus, Patricia Knight; William L. Shirer, Himself; Carla Harbach, Ilka Windish; Hans Harbach, Heinz Moog; Warden, Peter Preses; Heinrich Wagner, Manfred Inger; Major Weinrich, Jasper Von Oertzen; Franz, Charles Koening; Hans, Toni Mitterwurzer; Mariana, Annie Maier; Himmeler, Sukman; Goering, Herman Ehrhardt; General Rodenbusch, R. Wanka; General Von Schlossen, Willner; General Heitmeier, Michael Tellingier; General Steig, Hans Sheel; General Halder, Bell.

**MR. BELVEDERE RINGS THE BELL—20th Century-Fox:** Lynn Belvedere (Oliver Erventer), Clifton Webb; Miss Tripp, Joanne Dru; Rev. Charles Watson, Hugh Marlowe; Emmett, Zero Mostel; Mr. Beebe, Billy Lynn; Mrs. Hammer, Doro Merande; Miss Hoadley, Frances Brandt; Mrs. Sampler, Kathleen Comegys; Mrs. Gross, Jane Marbury; Mr. Cherry, Harry Hines; Reporter, Warren Stevens; The Stahmer Twins, William and Ludwig Provanzik; Mrs. Petit, Cora Shannon; Kroeger, J. Farrell MacDonald; Martha, Cecil Weston; Father Shea, Thomas Browne Henry; Policeman, Hugh Beaumont; Reporters, Ray Montgomery, Don Kohler; Mailman, Edward Clark; Pharmacist, Norman Leavitt; Librarian, Dorothy Neumann; Bishop, Harry Antrim; Hotel Manager, Harris Brown; Kramer, Guy Wilkerson; Curtis, Ferris Taylor; Harris, Luther Crockett.

**MISTER DRAKE'S DUCK—U.A.:** Don Drake, Douglas Fairbanks Jr.; Penny Drake, Yolande Donlan; Major Travers, Howard Marion-Crawford; Mr. Boothby, Reginald Beckwith; Mr. May, Wilfrid Hyde-White; The Sergeant, John Boxer; Reuben, John Pertwee; Higgins, Peter Butterworth; Captain White, Tom Gill; Brigadier, A. E. Matthews.

**MR. IMPERIUM—M-G-M:** Fredda Barlo, Lana Turner; Mr. Imperium, Ezio Pinza; Mrs. Cabot, Marjorie Main; Paul Hunter, Barry Sullivan; Bernard, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Gwen, Debbie Reynolds; Anna Pelan, Ann Codee.

**MOB, THE—Columbia:** Johnny Damico, Broderick Crawford; Mary Kiernan, Betty Buehler; Thomas Clancy, Richard Kiley; Lieutenant Banks, Otto Hulet; Smoothie, Matt Crowley; Gunner, Neville Brand; Joe Castro, Ernest Borgnine; Sergeant Ben-nion, Walter Klavun; Peggy, Lynne Baggett; Doris, Jean Alexander; Police Commissioner, Ralph Dumke; Tony, John Marley; Cilio, Frank de Kova; Russell, Jay Adler; Radford, Duke Watson; Gas Station Attendant, Emile Meyer; D.A., Carleton Young.

**NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY—20th Century-Fox:** Mr. Honey, James Stewart; Monica, Marlene Dietrich; Marjorie Corder, Glynis Johns; Dr. Scott, Jack Hawkins; Elspeth Honey, Janette Scott; Shirley Scott, Elizabeth Allan; The Director, Ronald Squire; Peggy, Jill Clifford; Capt. Samuelson, Niall MacGinnis; Dobson, Kenneth More.



**ON MOONLIGHT BAY**—Warners: Marjorie Winfield, Doris Day; William Sherman, Gordon MacRae; Hubert Wakely, Jack Smith; Mr. Winfield, Leon Ames; Mrs. Winfield, Rosemary De Camp; Stella, Mary Wickes; Miss Stevens, Ellen Corby; Wesley, Billy Gray; Dogman, Henry East; Jim Sherman, Jeffrey Stevens; The Barker, Eddie Marr.

**PARDON MY FRENCH**—U.A.: Paul Rencourt, Paul Henreid; Elizabeth Rockwell, Merle Oberon; Bleubois, Paul Bonifas; Mme. Bleubois, Maximilienne; Poisson, Jim Gerald; Rondeau, Alexandre Rignault; Mobet, Martial Rebe, Yvette, Dora Doll; Mme. Mobet, Lauria Daryl; Inspector, Lucien Callamand; Francois, Victor Merenda; Marie-Claire, Gilberte Defoucault; Jacqueline, Marina; Michel, Gerard Gosset; Andre, Albert Cullz; Marcelle, Nicole Monnin; Pierrot, Andre Aversa.

**RHUBARB**—Paramount: Eric Yeager, Ray Milland; Polly, Jan Sterling; T. J. Banner, Gene Lockhart; Myra Banner, Elsie Holmes; P. Duncan Munk, Taylor Holmes; Len Sickles, William Frawley; Orlando Dill, Wallard Waterman; Dud Logan, Henry Slate; Doom, James Hayward; 1st Ballplayer, Anthony Radecki; 2nd Ballplayer, Leonard Nimoy; Oggie Meadows, James J. Griffith; Shorty McGirk, Struther Morton; Reporter, Roberta Richards.

**RICH, YOUNG, AND PRETTY**—M-G-M: Elizabeth Rogers, Jane Powell; Marie Devarone, Danielle Darrieux; Jim Rogers, Wendell Corey; Paul Sernac, Fernando Lamas; Claude Duval, Marcel Dalio; Henri Milan, Jean Murat; Bob Lennart, Richard Anderson; Glynnie, Una Merkel; Andre Milan, Vic Damone

**SATURDAY'S HERO**—Columbia: Steve Novak, John Derek; Melissa, Donna Reed; I. C. McCabe, Sidney Blackmer; Megroth, Alexander Knox; Eddie Abrams, Elliott Lewis; Coach Tennant, Otto Hulett; Belfrage, Howard St. John; Gene Hausler, Aldo Dare; Francis Clayhorne, Alvin Baldock; Bob Whittier, Wilbur Robertson; Moose Wagner, Charles Mercer Barnes; Joe Mestrovic, Bill Martin; Joey Novak, Mickey Knox; Poppa, Sandro Giglio; Manuel, Tito Vuolo; Red Evans, Don Gibson; Vlatko, Peter Virgo; Jameson, Don Garner; Butler, Robert Foulk; Turner Wylie, John W. Baer; Dr. Comstock, Mervin Williams; John Fitzhugh, Peter Thompson; Toby Peterson, Noel Reyburn; Ted Bricker, Steven Clark.

**SECRET OF CONVICT LAKE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Canfield, Glenn Ford; Marcia Stoddard, Gene Tierney; Granny, Ethel Barrymore; Greer, Zachary Scott; Rachel, Ann Dvorak; Barbara Purcell, Barbara Bates; Limey, Cyril Cusack; Clyde Maxwell, Richard Hylton; Susan Haggerty, Helen Westcott; Harriet, Jeanette Nolan; Mary, Ruth Donnelly; Rudy, Harry Carter; Matt Anderson, Jack Lambert; Millie Gower, Mary Carroll; Pawnee Sam, Houseley Stevenson; Steve Gower, Charles Flynn; Mike Fancher, David Post; Jack Purcell, Max Wagner; Tom Fancher, Raymond Greenleaf; Luke Haggerty, William Leicester; Tess, Frances Endfield; Bartender, Bernard Szold; Sheriff, Ray Teal; Jerry, Tom London.

**THUNDER ON THE HILL**—U-I: Sister Mary, Claudette Colbert; Valerie Carns, Ann Blyth; Dr. Jeffreys, Robert Douglas; Isabel Jeffreys, Anne Crawford; Sidney Kingham, Philip Friend; Mother Superior, Gladys Cooper; Willie, Michael Pate; Abel Harmer, John Abbott; Sister Josephine, Connie Gilchrist; Melling, Gavin Muir; Nurse Phillips, Phyllis Stanley; Pierce, Norma Varden; Nurse Colby, Valerie Cardew; Mrs. Smithson, Queenie Leonard; Mr. Smithson, Patrick O'Moore.

**WELL, THE**—U.A.: Carolyn, Gwendolyn Laster; Ben Kellogg, Richard Rober; Mrs. Crawford, Maidie Norman; Grandfather, George Hamilton; Mr. Crawford, Ernest Anderson; Mickey, Dick Simmons; Stan, Lane Chandler; Peter, Pat Mitchell; Schoolteacher, Margaret Wells; Woody, Wheaton Chambers; Frank, Michael Ross; Chet, Russell Trent; Hal, Allen Mathews; Fred, John Philips; Art, Walter Morrison; Casey, Christine Larson; Quigley, Jess Kirkpatrick; Gleason, Roy Engel; Gaines, Alfred Grant; Milkman, Ed Max; Baggage Man, Guy Beach; Wylie, Robert Osterloh; Claude Packard, Henry Morgan; Sam Packard, Barry Kelly; Chip, Walter Kelly; Lois, Mary Ellen Kay; Sally, Beverly Jons; Student, Elzie Emanuel; Mayor, Tom Powers; Dr. Billings, Bill Walker; Lobel, Douglas Evans; Manners, Sherry Hall.

**AMERICA'S Disabled Veterans**

**NEED YOUR SUPPORT AND HELP TO PROTECT OUR REHABILITATION PROGRAM**

**First in war—First in peace ... our disabled veterans**

National Headquarters • Cincinnati, Ohio




# I dreamed I was bewitching in my maidenform bra



Every little star is winking—even the man in the moon is carrying a torch! They're enchanted, entranced by a magic someone. "Who-o-o-o?" All the night owls know the answer... *me*... bewitching everyone in my charm of a Maidenform\* bra.

Shown: Maidenform's Allo-ette\* in black satin. Also available in broadcloth and nylon taffeta, marquisette or lace...

from \$2.00. Send for free style booklet, Maidenform, N. Y. 16.

There is a maidenform for every type of figure!

See Faith Baldwin's best loved stories on TV.

Tune in Maidenform's Theater of Romance, Saturdays at mid-day, ABC-TV coast-to-coast network.

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Maiden Form Brassiere Co.



"I'm in love with a wonderful bra!"



The Lovable  
Girl-of-the-Month

Painted from life  
by William Wills



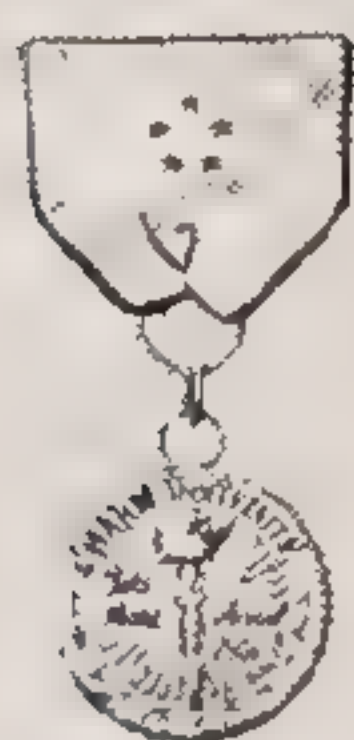
alluring new

*Ringlet*

by Lovable

At last...true spiral-stitch bras dream-designed with your budget in mind! Round 'n round whirls the RINGLET single-needle...shaping, firming, moulding the precise 4-section cups into the loveliest uplifting bras in all femaledom. And the fit won't ever wash out! Fine rayon satin, nylon or broadcloth...value-priced everywhere at a low, low \$1.50. Other Lovable styles \$1 up. Also in Canada.

WINNER OF  
CHARM INSTITUTE  
GOLD MEDAL



for superiority in  
fit, styling, value!

Any way you  
figure, it's



THE LOVABLE BRASSIERE CO., DEPT. P-10, 180 MADISON AVE., N. Y. C. 16

Danielle Darrieux



## French, young and pretty

● She was heralded as being the greatest gift from France since the Statue of Liberty. The critics adored her. Audiences did, too. She promised to be the most important stellar import since Garbo. Yet Danielle Darrieux, in 1938, forgot a five-year million-dollar contract, packed her forty-seven trunks and bid a not too fond adieu to Hollywood. She would be happy, she made it clear, if she never saw California again.

Now Danielle, just thirty-four, is again to be seen in an American picture, "Rich, Young and Pretty." And again she is enchanting audiences with the vivacious charm that has made her a Continental favorite ever since her debut at fourteen in "Le Bal," after answering a magazine ad for a child actress.

What induced her to return for the role of Jane Powell's mother, no one knows. She's not saying. Perhaps it was an impulse to return and conquer. Perhaps she was intrigued with the idea of appearing in a Technicolor musical.

The reason for her departure thirteen years ago was Universal's signing her first husband, Henri Decoin, to a writer's job without the slightest intention of letting him do much writing. This treatment of Henri, Danielle resented.

They were divorced in 1941, and soon after this it was reported that he openly stated she was entertaining the Nazis.

Danielle was cleared of all collaboration charges when she told her story. She entertained German soldiers, she explained because only by agreeing to perform for them could she obtain permission to see and later marry her fiance Porfirio Rubirosa, a German prisoner. This marriage for which she again risked her reputation and career—and which marked her for death by the French underground—also was to end in divorce when Rubirosa fell in love with heiress Doris Duke.

Now Danielle is back in Paris. But she intends to return to Hollywood soon when she's free of French picture commitments. As before the war, she's France's number one star. She lives with her husband Georges Mitsinkides in a rambling 18th Century house completely surrounded by magnificent gardens. Her home is a virtual menagerie with three dogs, three cats and innumerable birds everywhere. She rarely talks about herself personally but is quick to describe her travels and the countries she's visited.

Her tastes are typically French. She enjoys being a celebrity, likes highly seasoned food and having breakfast in bed and is a stickler for femininity.

Her only regret is that she hasn't as yet had a child—which would bring her the greatest happiness of her life.



*Soon the search will be over. A talented girl will take her place as the winner. But close behind her are talented hundreds who will continue going their way*

THE chosen three in Photoplay's Scholarship Contest soon will be on their way to the Pasadena Playhouse, to their final auditions before Ethel Barrymore, Gregory Peck, Joseph Mankiewicz, Stanley Kramer, Hollywood Editor Lyle Rooks and Dean Thomas Browne Henry.

At this writing these three finalists are about to be chosen from the five hundred would-be actresses recently auditioned throughout the country in one of the most thorough and exhaustive talent searches ever undertaken. For those who go to California have to be the best, the most deserving, the most talented. Audition board ratings are being studied, recordings replayed, letters re-read, pictures reviewed, school records and recommendations checked. And the group narrows, slowly, but excitingly.

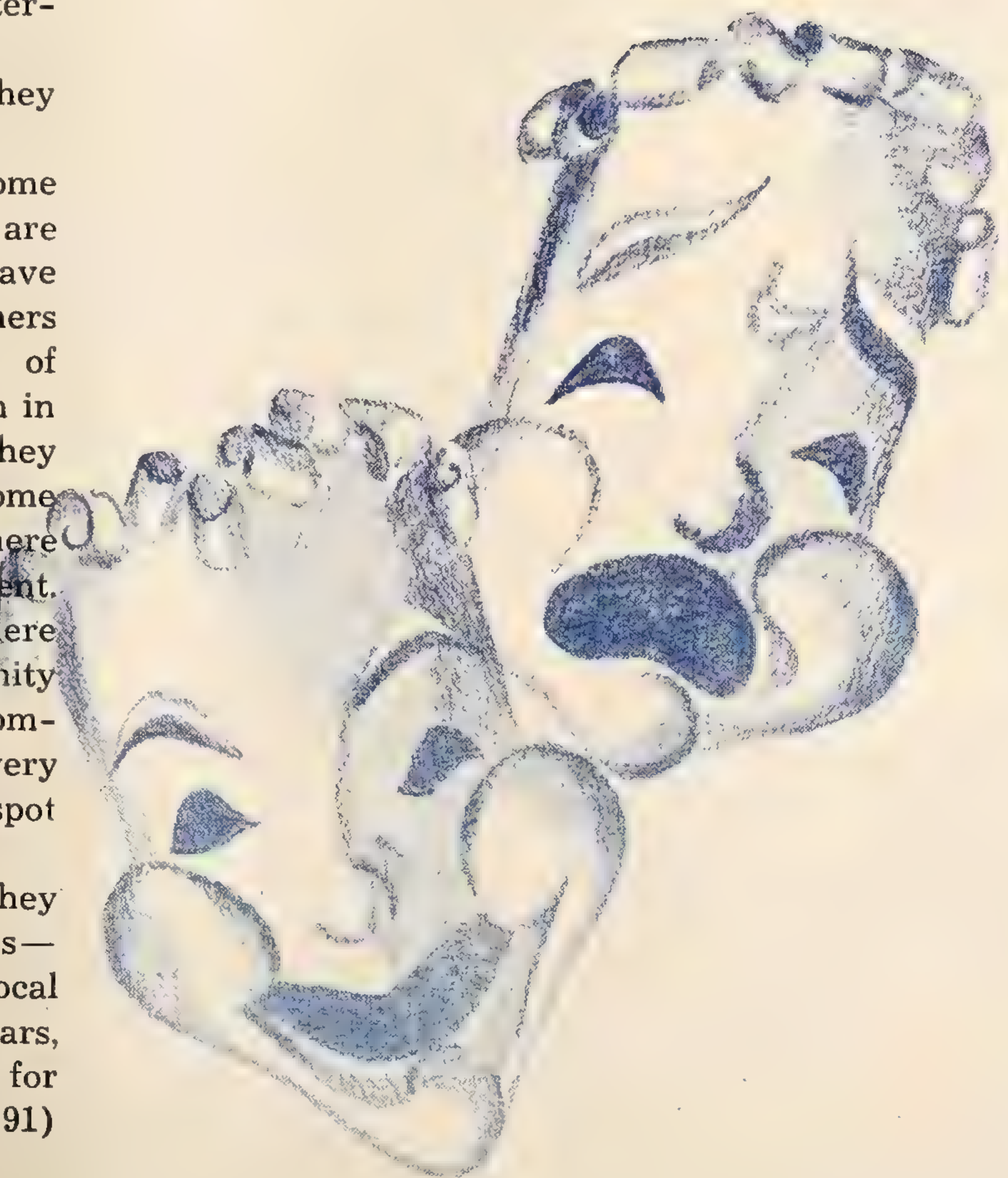
The three aren't the only lucky ones. Also on their way now—to a place in the dramatic profession, are the hundred top running contestants selected from the audition group. For they, too, have proven they have what it takes in determination, talent and ingenuity.

Who are these girls? What are they like? Where do they come from?

They are everyone—and anyone. Some are barely seventeen years old. Some are about to turn twenty-five. Some have brand-new high-school diplomas, others have sheepskins marked Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts. They were born in Texas, Rhode Island and China, too. They live in all forty-eight states. They come from large metropolitan areas where competition is keen and ever present. They come from villages so small there is no competition and no opportunity either. But one thing they have in common—somehow, someway, almost every one has maneuvered herself into a spot close to her chosen profession.

If there was no summer theatre, they organized non-professional groups—through church, Y, or school. If the local playhouse was crammed with name stars, they signed up as apprentices, hoping for only a walk-on. (Continued on page 91)

## the photoplay scholarship parade





THIS IS A PICTURE OF A **GUY** MAKING LOVE?  
(That's what he thinks!)

THIS IS A PICTURE OF A **DOLL** TAKING OVER!  
(As every woman knows!)



**H**e has a girl...a date at the altar...and a radio program! She's got a program that's older than Eve's!



FRED  
**MacMURRAY** • ELEANOR  
**PARKER**

**A  
MILLIONAIRE  
FOR**

**Christy!**

with  
**RICHARD CARLSON** • UNA MERKEL  
CHRIS PIN MARTIN • DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE • KAY BUCKLEY  
Produced by BERT E. FRIEDLOB • Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL  
Screenplay by KEN ENGLUND • Original Story by ROBERT HARARI  
Music by VICTOR YOUNG • A THOR PRODUCTION  
Released by TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

**CHRISTY'S  
MAN-DATES**



"Any secretary with !! and () () can get any guy in a ,

"How can a girl send \$100 a week home on a \$50-a-week salary?

"This is the story of Operation Mink --and how to get one! (Never mind the gag about how the minks get them!)"



**Candid Picture of the Month**

**with a  
London  
letter  
on Liz**

*Which shows even staid  
old England can't change  
Hollywood's barefoot girl*

● It couldn't be. . .

It wasn't possible. . .

Everybody in the luxurious lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel looked at Elizabeth Taylor, then looked again. There she stood in her bare feet! Not because she is proud of her feet. Like most of her generation, Liz wears size seven.

The sight of her barefooted in public wouldn't have given any of her family or friends the slightest pause. She's forever (Continued on page 108)

*In formal lobby of Beverly Hills  
Hotel, Liz informally greets  
Vincente Minnelli, Stanley Donen*









# Many Brave Hearts

by IDA ZEITLIN

*Black dust everywhere,  
sifting in from the coal  
mines. But never enough to  
dim the spirit of a town  
—or the boy it bred*

It happens every so often. It happened in the opening scene of "Annie, Get Your Gun." Out strode this character, big, bold and easy, laughter in his roving eye and music in his throat:

Who's got the stuff that makes  
the Wild West wild?  
Who pleases every woman, man  
and child?

A current went zinging from screen to audience. Spirits lifted to the magnet of voice and presence alike. They'd never seen nor heard of the guy but, within seconds, contact had been established. The affair was on. Rhett moved over to make room for another romantic Butler in the person of Howard Keel.

Now the most dazzling "Show Boat" of them all rolls along, with Keel aboard as *Ravenal*, and the customers holler for him louder than ever. Out at Warners a while back nobody hollered when one Harry Keel, on vacation from "Oklahoma!," showed for his scheduled test. They just peacefully turned him down. Ditto Hal Wallis. So much for the blind spots of executives. At M-G-M, watching the Warner test, Arthur Freed's vision was 20-20.

Howard Keel: Excitement in song

Blackwell Jr.



*As a shoe shiner, young Harry Keel earned passes to the local motion picture theatre*



*The Keel home in Gillespie which mother supported as the town's paperhanger*



*Coal mine No. 3. Every woman and child in Gillespie kept their ears tuned to the mine whistle. Three blasts meant an accident*

*photoplay feature attraction*



# Many Brave Hearts

*Howard Keel, looking back over his years of struggle, thinks of a crack of Grandma's: "You know, there's just one trouble with this life. You've got to live it all before you know how to live it."*



*First big car. His mother sent this snap home to show their luck had turned at last*



*As Curley in "Oklahoma," with Betty Jayne Watson. He repeated role on London stage*



*Until late teens, he sang only where nobody could hear him. A true bass, in baritone roles key is lowered for him. Above in "Carousel"*

*"There's my Frank Butler. Get him."*

They got him and changed his front name to Howard. "Howard, Hezekiah or Huckleberry Finn," said the new boy, "I don't give a hoot. But Keel I keep."

A true bass, his voice has never been properly heard on stage or screen. In baritone roles, they lower the key for him. Till his late teens, he sang only where nobody could hear him. Then he began meeting people who urged him to study. Some he eyed balefully, convinced they were handing him a





*While in London he made first picture, "The Small Voice" with Valerie Hobson*



*Mom and small, twinkly Grandma Osterkamp, who kept Keel family alive with food from farm, visit Howard, Kathryn Grayson on "Show Boat" set*

*"Even if the kids have to do without, one parent should be at home," says Howard, with ex-dancer wife, Helen Anderson*

line. Others meant well, he decided, but had holes in the head.

Keel rises six feet four, and the first thing to hit you about him is his masculinity. Beside him, his fairhaired wife looks like an exquisitely molded half-pint. Helen Anderson was a dancer in "Oklahoma!" Her marriage to Keel in January, 1949 and the birth of their daughter a year later, wrote *finis* to her career. One reason lies deep-rooted in her husband's childhood. Keel's touch is light for the most part, but on this subject he talks with deadly earnestness. "If it's humanly possible, even if the kids have to do without, one parent should be at home. Otherwise it's murder—"

Helen's of Swedish extraction, and they named their baby Kaiya Liane. "Which was darn clever of us," her father points out, "since we didn't discover till later that Kaiya means happiness." Because he's a perfectionist who refuses to compromise, they live in a rented house. When they find one that suits them from nook to cranny, they'll buy. "I was born," says Keel dryly, "with a lump of coal in my mouth. But tastes develop. Also we're furnishing (Continued on page 109)





# Tales

*"Lead on, MacDuff," said Deborah Kerr.  
And Duffy's heart did a Highland fling.  
Grandfather Fala had the President  
—but Duffy's a ladies' mon!*

Smith



*Gigi might still be answering to "Toots" if Liz Taylor hadn't been given a role in an outdoor picture*  
Apger

ASK any Hollywood star what thrills him—next to signing a big contract—and he will tell you that it's the small sincere wag of a welcoming tail when he comes home at night after a day at the studio.

Ask any Hollywood star where to expect a loyalty he can count on—and he will tell you that it's his for life in the watchdog lying on his hearth.

Ask any Hollywood star where she can look for enduring love and she will tell you that she has found it in the staunch heart of her dog.

The answer is always the same.

It's Fido—just a pooch with a busy tail—who chews up expensive furniture—bites the gold heels off mules—and sometimes brings the police (Continued on page 76)



*If Clark Gable had listened to Bob, right, he wouldn't have been up a tree!  
Dachshund, Rover, is new Gable pet*  
Hubbell



# from Hollywood

BY BETH BROWN

*Meet Jezebel, the tire-terror . . . Tchaikowsky, the frustrated actor . . . Cliquot, who loves pretty clothes. Meet all the dogs whose hearts belong to their star owners*

*Cliquot, Joan Crawford's poodle, may have a passion for pretty things—but on Saturday night he's just like any other dog! —*

*Thomas*



*Jezebel may be all the world to Alan Ladd but to the neighbors she just means—a flat tire!*

*Smith*

*When Janet Leigh gets up to dance—Lass is no gentleman! Father of gold-and-white Lass and Co-ed is famous Lassie*

*Apger*



*When he smiles, he makes you happy. When he sings,  
you want to hum. With Gordon MacRae it's that certain  
something that puts you under his spell*

# THAT OLD MACRAE MAGIC

BY ELSA MAXWELL



*Gordon, with Meredith, Gar, Sheila and Heather, likes to get up early, put on old shirt, slacks and have a catch with the kids before breakfast*



*With Heather, Sheila at pool of new home. Says Gordon, "For me a young marriage was right—I wouldn't have made the same progress as a bachelor"*

THERE is an august quiet about the big "front office" of Jack Warner. The walls are soundproof. The carpets are heavily piled. The heavy doors swing silently. Only one thing shatters this quiet, ever—Jack Warner! Just as he shattered it that spring day back in 1946.

"Where's that would-be actor Bill Orr asked me to see?" he suddenly bellowed. "If he thinks I'm waiting around for anyone looking for a job. . ."

Jack's secretary, who had gone down the hall, didn't answer.

But Gordon MacRae did. "I've been here an hour," he said. And he grinned.

"Who let you in?" By this time Jack was slightly red in the face, furious that his secretary was not there to protect him from intruders.

"I'm Gordon MacRae. We have an appointment," Gordon was very casual, very calm.

"By this time," says Jack, telling the story, "MacRae thought I was crazy."

"I am Gordon MacRae, sir," Gordon persisted.

Jack (Continued on page 103)

*Smilin' through:  
Gordon MacRae appears  
next in "Starlift"*

*Fink and Smith*







*A warning to Joan Evans from a woman who watched other girls grow up too fast—and come to unhappiness*

## *act your age, JOAN*

BY HEDDA HOPPER

ONE of the tragedies of Hollywood is the toll so often taken of the girls who are forced to grow up too fast.

Look at Judy Garland. Barely in her 'teens when Metro signed her, she grew up like lightning. When most kids her age were doing algebra and American history she was doing night clubs and jam sessions (along with her algebra and history, of course, which California state law demands). At seventeen she was well on her way to the sensationally unhappy publicity heaped upon her last year when she attempted to take her life . . .

Look at Deanna Durbin. She never had time to be a normal teenager and now—at twenty-nine—she is reported to be less happy in her third marriage than she hoped to be. And, instead of being the bright singing star she should have been, she is an almost forgotten star . . .

Shirley Temple took a few years of something very close to a living (Continued on page 95)



*Without Joan's background it is doubtful she could have survived her first year in Hollywood. It was tough. Above, with actor Lee Kirby. Right, beside fireplace of apartment in parents' home*







*When Joan arrived in Hollywood she was just fourteen. But in the following year she matured at least three years.*  
Fink and Smith



*Today, Joan, who has just passed her seventeenth birthday, has the looks and poise of a young woman of twenty! Her latest film is "On the Loose"*  
Smith









BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

*They said Van was a "wartime personality kid,"  
that he wouldn't last when the actors came marching home. They  
didn't reckon on Van becoming an actor, too*

● He abhors hill-billy programs.

He is an habitual ashtray emptier and believes that snobbery is a symptom of inner fright.

He was christened Charles Van Dell Johnson.

His hair is the color of an adolescent blush and he loves to run the vacuum cleaner because he finds it the greatest relaxation. "You think of absolutely nothing." He is 6' 2".

He feels "Go for Broke" gave him the biggest and most needed boost of his career. His wartime popularity hit a slump with the coming of Farley Granger and John Derek—but now his fan mail is on the rise again. This time, however, the interest is for Van Johnson, the actor, rather than Van, the personality kid.

He is fond of bow ties, skiing and anchovies. He doesn't believe in fortune-tellers but enjoys listening to them.

He smokes four or five cigarettes a day.

He is completely baffled by machinery and thinks the most beautiful sight he has ever seen was Sun Valley—"Just before dawn—the stars and moon shining—the lights still on—horses and sleighs moving about. . ." (P.S. He was on his honeymoon.)

He's a fair horseman and (Continued on page 70)



*Van and Evie Johnson. He married a brunette—but blondes—Wow!*



# how Ava Gardner fooled Hollywood



*As a Southern belle, Ava has chance to show her dramatic talents in "Lone Star." Top picture, with Clark Gable. Second, in costume for role. Opposite, with Frank Sinatra —no longer dodging the reporters*

THE first question any editor or reporter visiting in Hollywood asks is, "What's new? Who's exciting?" Usually there's a difference of opinion. But this summer wherever you asked this question the answer was the same:

"Ava Gardner!"

"She is," some would add, "far and away the most beautiful girl in town. Her bone structure is better than Taylor's, really. And her figure is better than Grable's!"

Others would say, "She always was beautiful. But she's learned to act. As *Julie* in 'Show Boat' she turns in a great performance. The studio is all out for her. She can write her own ticket."

Or: "She's a man's woman; loaded with sex appeal."

A year ago it was a different story. Wherever you went then people shook their heads and told you, solemnly, that Ava was through, absolutely finished, unless she would agree to tell Frankie goodbye and settle down to good hard work and study.

Then the Technicolor "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" and the Technicolor "Show Boat" revealed Ava as the beauty she actually is, with her green eyes, smoky dark hair and smooth pallor. Then Nancy Sinatra, realizing her marriage to Frank belonged to the past but not to the future, consented to a divorce.

Amazing how fast a tide can turn. . .

The Hollywood premiere of "Show Boat" was a brilliant gala. The forecourt of the Egyptian Theatre was banked with great bales of cotton. Negro boys jigged to the music of a banjo. A mike was set up (Continued on page 81)





*"She's through!" Hollywood said*

*a year ago. Today she's*

*the talk of the town*



BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

# Why do they hate Hollywood?

*People have all sorts of reasons for leaving Hollywood. But Greer Garson's is unique. She prefers Buddy Fogelson's cattle!*



*Olivia de Havilland and Marcus Goodrich made a play for Broadway, learned facts about Hollywood*



*Marlon Brando was far from dazzled until he found gold in the Hollywood hills. Now Broadway's lights have grown dimmer*



*Rex Harrison, with Lilli Palmer, was bitter. But time, it seems, has ripened his taste for Hollywood*



*Sheilah's mad enough to pound out some home truths about the stars who work on the cash—and carry it elsewhere—plan*



*Hollywood was impressed—but Judy Holliday wasn't. And not even Oscar could make her forget a past experience. Above with husband; Jose Ferrer; her parents*



*Farley Granger fell in love with Paris—now Hollywood's just a pay station*

THE first time Farley Granger saw Paris, he whooped, "This is for me." Now you have to tie him down to keep him in Hollywood between pictures. When each last foot of film is canned, when the final piece of publicity has been performed, Farley boards the nearest plane for Paris, and lives there happily ever after on his Hollywood dollars—until Mr. Sam Goldwyn sounds the tocsin to call him back to work.

Farley isn't the only star who makes his money in Hollywood but, given one choice, spends it elsewhere. It's become very chic to take the "Hollywood is provincial" attitude, to say, "Between pictures I must have the stimulation of New York or Paris, London or Rome—where people are more cosmopolitan, where the culture is older."

Take Judy Holliday. At the very instant when Hollywood awarded her its highest honor, the gold Oscar for the Best Performance (*Continued on page 90*)



*If you want to be dressed like a star—*

*just tell us what*

*a wedding dress means to you*

Now comes the chance of a lifetime, a chance to have a wedding dress—or a cocktail dress, or a dance dress or an afternoon dress—created especially for you by Edith Head, star designer at the Paramount Studios, and custom-made to your measurements in the Studio's fine workrooms.

Ordinarily, Edith Head designs only for stars like Jane Wyman, Elizabeth Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Corinne Calvet, Betty Hutton and Mona Freeman, among others. They agree, all these stars, that Edith knows how to bring out a girl's greatest beauty.

Now, for the first time, someone who is not a star will have the benefit of the Head talents. For when Edie, as the stars call her, in a romantic mood over the wedding dress she designed for Jane Wyman, the Cinderella bride in the new Bing Crosby picture, "Here Comes the Groom," agreed to participate in this contest, the editors of Photoplay went into immediate action.

All you have to do to stake your claim to this dress, or any one of the six other prizes listed on the facing page, is write a letter, of one hundred words or less, telling what a wedding dress means to you.

What could be easier? A wedding dress is the stuff of dreams to all women, whether they look forward to one, plan one, or remember one they wore years ago. Your letter will be judged for the thought it contains, not for literary style. Which means that anyone who ever has dreamed about a wedding dress is a likely winner.

Get busy! But before you put one word on paper read the rules on page 81 carefully.

← *Edith Head, star designer at Paramount Studios, who will create a dress especially for winner. Above, her sketch of wedding dress Jane Wyman wears as Cinderella bride in "Here Comes the Groom." Right, → Jane Wyman in scene from picture*







## 7 exciting prizes

### Grand Prize:

1. A wedding, evening, cocktail or afternoon dress designed and made especially for the winner by Edith Head, Designer for Paramount Studios

### Other Prizes:

2. An afternoon dress designed especially for the winner by Edith Head and made in New York of William Heller worsted jersey  
(See the Fashion Section, Pages 66 to 69, for illustrations of the following prizes.)
3. Ben Kalish rabbit jacket in beige, gray, black, navy or brown
4. Sherbrooke cravenetted suede cloth coat in purple, gray, beige or copper
5. Seasonaire two-toned gray rayon flannel suit
6. Nan Buntly suit in gray rayon flannel or red, tan, green, dark brown rayon sharkskin
7. Bobbie Brooks bolero suit in light or dark gray or brown flannel

### entry blank:

Attached is my letter, of 100 words or less, telling what a wedding dress means to me

Name

dress size

Street

City

State

Mail to Photoplay Wedding Dress Contest,  
Box 1543, Grand Central Station,  
New York 17, N. Y.

your chance to win

a Hollywood  
designed Dress





*will stop at*

*Bing Crosby and Jane Wyman turn  
a wedding march into a riotous race and prove  
that even in his private life, a newspaperman  
nothing to scoop the other fellow*

*photoplay sneak previews*

# ***"here comes the groom"***

■ Bing's new movie is full of laughs and fun and music — just what movie-goers have been waiting for.

Jane Wyman sings along with Bing. And Bing dances along with Jane.

When director Frank Capra hired two famous wrestlers to coach Jane and Alexis Smith in the not un-gentle art of wrestling, the girls collected plenty of laughs — and plenty of bruises.

The fabulous voice of Anna Maria Alberghetti, thirteen-year-old Italian soprano, is heard for the first time on the screen in this wonderful Paris-to-Boston merry-go-round.





*In Paris, reporter Bing Crosby, leaving for U. S. and marriage to long-suffering fiancée, is delayed when he decides to adopt war orphans Beverly Washburn, Jacky Gencil. Furious . . .*

*. . . over fresh delays, not knowing reasons, Jane Wyman proceeds to carry out threat to marry someone else, becomes engaged to her wealthy boss, Franchot Tone*



*Bing discovers dowdy Alexis Smith is carrying torch for cousin Franchot. He and editor Robert Keith give her quick glamour course. She learns . . .*



*. . . fast! When she makes a play for Franchot at wedding rehearsal, the hair begins to fly as two girls wrestle*

*But Bing's orphans have to have a mother. His final gag wins the girl—and Bing's the groom!*

*Bing's blissful as they drive away—he has a wife and the orphans have a mother. But Jane has the last laugh!*









# PINT-SIZED PARADISE

BY LYLE WHEELER

Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios

Bouncy, exuberant, delightful Betty Hutton has changed her style! Not her uninhibited singing, nor her unparalleled zest for living, but her sophisticated mirrored and peach-colored modern studio dressing-room on the Paramount lot has given way to one in a charming, informal French Provincial style. It's as suited to Betty as her own close-cropped blonde curls. Though it looks just right for her, Betty didn't select one item. You'd swear she did, and she feels as though she did, because she adores everything about her pint-size setting. This proves that Ray Morey, set decorator, knows Betty, almost better than she knows herself. It also proves that a tiny apartment can have just as much style and appeal as a larger home, that size doesn't mean a thing.

The ideas incorporated in Betty's dressing-room (Continued on page 105)



Louvered shutters, when closed, give privacy to sleeping alcove. For dining, Betty pulls up fold-away tables, uses couch as comfortable bench

Below, bar-alcove end of living-room. French Provincial desk, left, conceals speaker connected to phonograph in Betty's dressing-room behind doors in rear



Photographs by de Gennaro

Tiny kitchen is behind bar, with cabinets under counter. Shutters hide refrigerator-stove combination

Cramped for space? No room to decorate? Betty Hutton's home on the

lot proves size doesn't mean a thing



Walls, living-room sofa are covered in same green tweed. Novel lamps have shades hung from ceiling so separate bases can be changed. Betty's in "The Greatest Show on Earth"



photoplay magazine

# *Pin up #9*

color photograph by Peskin



*Cyd Charisse*



# prairie Flower

BY MAXINE ARNOLD



*As a child, Cyd was so thin her parents started her dancing, to build her up. Today, she's 5' 6½" tall, with pin-up proportions that add up to 118 pounds. Cyd appears next in "North Country"*



*On their rare days off together, Cyd and Tony Martin like to sit in the sun by the pool and listen to the ball games*

● Cyd Charisse is often accredited with being Spanish, Italian, Russian and French. When she goes through Gallup, New Mexico, she gets a cut price on turquoise. Recently a Cherokee fan wrote expressing approval, "That I was finally playing myself in the role of an Indian girl, with Stewart Granger, in 'North Country.'"

"Despite the fact 'enchilada' is about the extent of my Spanish and I can count to ten in Russian—but nobody ever wants to count to ten in Russian," she laughs.

Small wonder that at times this beautiful ballerina feels like a maid without a country. But Cyd Charisse would have you know that she hails from the wi-i-i-de open spaces. From Amarillo, Texas—and how wide and how open can they get?

On occasion Cyd has even had difficulty persuading the home folks that she's a Texan. They eye her as a beautiful stray, a movie maverick in their midst. But (Continued on page 93)

*In Hollywood, the accent's on her acting.*

*But dark-haired, exotic Cyd Charisse*

*still has her heart in her dancing feet*

*Tony Jr. startled his dark-haired, dark-eyed parents by being a blue-eyed blond!*







*Photograph by Engstead: June's in "Too Young to Kiss"*

# June Allyson

*Sunshine on a wheatfield . . . tomboy in a pink negligee  
. . . determination cloaked in humor . . . a kitten,  
chasing an autumn leaf . . . the appeal of a loving heart*



# Vera-Ellen

*The most popular girl in the high-school year book*

*... bare feet on a grassy slope ...*

*waves breaking on golden sands ... a china doll in gingham slacks*

*Photograph by Fink and Smith: Vera-Ellen's in "Belle of New York"*





# photoplay fashions

*Designed for the girl who  
must count the cost—a  
wardrobe with that luxury  
look at a low, low price*



● Fooled? So were we, when we saw this debonair jacket that looks like a million and is really rabbit fur. Without the belt it's a neat little straight box jacket. By Ben Kalish, it's luxury at your price—\$59.95 plus tax. In beige, gray, black, navy, brown, 10-18. Tweed skirt, \$12.95, Veumont beaded cloche, \$6.95. Complete ensemble at all Peck & Peck stores

● Below, **Jean Hagen** in original coat designed by Helen Rose for her role in M-G-M's "No Questions Asked." At right, the Sherbrooke adaptation, in cravenetted suede cloth, good for any weather. News note is Milium lining which keeps you warm in winter, cool on warmer days. In a new fall color—purple—with velvet collar and cuffs. Also in gray, beige, copper, 8-18. Around \$49.95 at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C., Davison, Paxon, Atlanta, Ga. Velvet accessories—Freidman Lobel bag. Dani hat

*Photographed by Engstead*



Above ensemble modeled by M-G-M's bright young star, **Phyllis Kirk**

*For stores nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 80*









*Richly rewarding with suits is this  
calf pouch bag with handy flap closing.  
By Companion, it comes in all solid  
colors, around \$7.98, plus tax. Also  
available in gray or brown flannel*

• A small price to pay for  
sophistication: Suit, right, strikes →  
the right fashion note with its  
softly rolled collar, yoke in two  
tones of gray, and curved, padded hipline.  
Skirt is slim. A Seasonaire suit in  
two-toned gray rayon flannel, 10-20,  
it's a smart buy at around **\$35.00**. At  
Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y.



Suits on this page modeled by **Gene Tierney**  
star of Warners' "Close to My Heart."

• Suited to your purse: Be smart for your money  
in suit, left, with its slightly flared  
skirt, short fitted jacket with notched  
collar, self buttons. In gray rayon flannel  
or red, tan, green, dark brown rayon sharkskin,  
10-18, 7-15, by Nan Buntly. Under **\$22.00**  
← at Saks 34th, New York, N. Y.



## name your suit!

Sally Forrest appears next in RKO's "Hard, Fast and Beautiful"

- You're in the money with this youthful bolero-type suit. In all wool gray flannel, so important this fall, the jacket is straight cut, unlined, with button trim, mandarin neck. Slim skirt is peg-topped, with hip pocket. By Bobbie Brooks in light or dark gray or brown, 7-15, at around **\$17.95**. At McCreery's, New York, N. Y. Debway hat.



Photographs by Dirone

Add a polish with leather: Handsewn glacé shorties come in all colors. By Superb, around \$7.50. High-heeled calf pump has self-bow, perforated detail. By Trim Tred, around \$12.95

For stores nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 80







## NEWS! Barbizon makes Blouses, too!...

Yes, Barbizon... makers of those beautiful, wonder-fitting "Body-Contour"\* Slips now brings you the ultimate in classic tailored shirtwaists... perfect in every detail from the daintiest stitching and mother-of-pearl buttons to the smart, convertible collar and the French cuff-link cuffs. In pristine white, pure silk crepe Dosché... the fabric Barbizon weaves to such perfection. Ask for Barbizon "Tops" in your regular dress size, at your favorite store. 10 to 20 and 38 to 44. Short Sleeves \$7. Long Sleeves \$8.

*Barbizon*... Makers of Famous "Body-Contour"\*  
Lingerie and Blouses

(Continued from page 51) wears a St. Christopher medal around his neck. He deplores double features.

His favorite restaurant is any hot-dog stand. He is loath to criticize others.

He loves candy, carries no money clip and cherishes a wooden elephant presented to him by a group of fans who have since become his personal friends. He has never played golf.

He never wears garters.

He is even-tempered, was especially good at spelling in school, and has just bought a home in Beverly Hills which contains no swimming pool or tennis court.

He never reads poetry and believes that good taste is a product of instinct more than of education. His eyes are blue and he weighs 185 pounds.

He is a clock-winder, a good swimmer, always punctual and if he hadn't become an actor he would like to have owned a drugstore.

He is bored at baseball games, invariably hums the latest Cole Porter tunes, and never carries a nail file or comb.

HE CAN never remember beyond the first number and first initial of his car license plate. He likes avocados, believes in astrology, and was born in a two-story frame house in Newport, R.I., where his father, Charles E. Johnson, was and still is a very good plumber.

He can't stand small towns.

He took care of his own clothes as a youth and up until he got his big break. "I can still iron a shirt—and that's the test of a good ironer."

He readily admits to a mistake, likes a cocktail before dinner, seldom drinks after and his outlook on life is chiefly characterized by tolerance and his favorite guide: "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you." He is righthanded and attends an Episcopal church every Sunday.

Van Johnson is called Buster by Clark Gable and Junior by Spencer Tracy.

He never speeds, has no extravagances and his observation about the weaker sex is: "I married a brunette, but I love blondes, and redheads! Wow!!"

He is known as a heavy tipper but never gambles or risks money. He was born on August 25. He played football on the high school team and married Eve Abbott Wynn in an elopement to Juarez, Mexico, on January 25, 1947.

He does not read the comic strips.

He cannot stand television.

His childhood idol was Tom Mix, he dislikes radio political commentators, and prefers belts to suspenders. "Keeps my stomach in." When asked what he remembered most vividly about Europe, he replied: "Vivien Leigh."

He is the father of a little girl, christened Schuyler Van. He is constantly watering the plants in the house and his favorite quotations are: "A place for everything and everything in its place" from the play, "Craig's Wife," and "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today," which he learned from his father.

He never wears an undershirt.

He is an exceptionally good dancer, likes cold showers and cannot bear listening to people "tearing somebody apart."

He doesn't believe anything is a bargain. He has a good memory for names, has trouble remembering telephone numbers and bet but once on a horse race—six dollars—and lost "... I never got over it."

He has no taste for puttering around a garden. He likes walking in the rain, prefers suits of light-weight gabardine in natural beige, and deplores the influence of radio, syndicated columns and digest magazines: "People don't get a chance to



think any more. "Thinking" is manufactured for them."

He was very girl-shy as a boy.

He speaks no other languages, has a camel's-hair coat which he only wears in his work, and thinks slacks unattractive on women: "Unless they look like Katharine Hepburn."

He has a keen sense of humor and is adept at shorthand which he learned at high school. He still employs shorthand in making notes on scripts.

He dropped the Dell in his baptismal name when he started school. His latest picture is "When in Rome."

He wrote three short-short stories while in high school but, "They always came back." He is a solid mass of freckles.

He has a very special admiration for Tom Lewis, husband of Loretta Young, loves all kinds of seafood, and is superstitious about passing a salt cellar and three-on-a-match.

He likes concerts but never goes to any. He likes a generous application of garlic in salads, and bemoans his shortcomings as a businessman. "It really doesn't interest me."

He doesn't like prizefights or wrestling.

He is a silver-wiper in hotels and restaurants—a throwback to his struggling days when he wasn't sure of cleanliness in the eating places he could afford. He is essentially an optimist.

Van Johnson modestly claims that he is "the luckiest guy in the world," prefers a trench coat to an overcoat, and hopes someday to make a boat trip around the world, visiting China, Japan and Sweden.

He loves to take pills and will swallow anything prescribed by the doctor, and when visiting a zoo he lingers longest where the elephants are.

He has never played cards. "I don't know one card from another."

He is particularly fond of Latin-American music, has normal eyesight and firmly believes that environment is more important than heredity. He takes an aspirin after late nights out.

He chews gum and thinks "Battleground" his best picture. He never took a girl to a dance until his junior year at high. He first evinced interest in acting when he was in grade school, setting up a "theatre" in the Johnson backyard and charging an admission of one cent.

He would like someday to learn French, Italian and to play the piano.

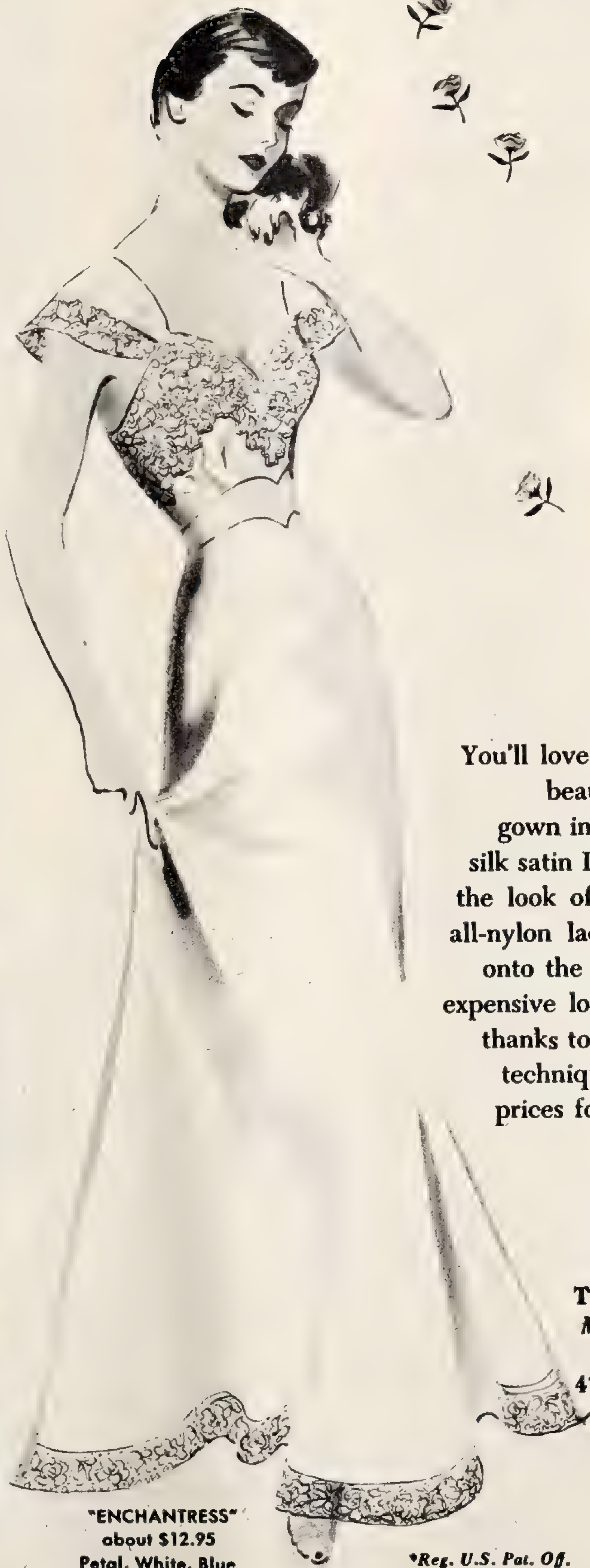
He sleeps "like a rock."

He is not impulsive, was a chronic day-dreamer at school, (Continued on page 73)



Tea for two: Van Johnson with Photoplay writer and columnist Edith Gwynn

## Barbizon presents a MIRACLE in SILK



"ENCHANT"  
about \$7.95  
Petal, White,  
Black

You'll love the miraculous beauty of this slip and gown in Barbizon's own pure silk satin Dosché. Here is the look of French handmades with all-nylon lace exquisitely embroidered onto the precious silk. Here is the expensive look of custom-fitting, thanks to Barbizon's "Body-Contour" technique. You'll love the surprise prices for this luxurious lingerie!

### Barbizon

THE BARBIZON CORPORATION  
Makers of Famous "Body-Contour"

Lingerie and Blouses

475 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"ENCHANTRESS"  
about \$12.95  
Petal, White, Blue

•Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Diana Lynn in the original  
dress designed by Helen Rose  
for her role in M-G-M's  
"The People Against O'Hara"

photoplay  
pattern  
of the month

● A dress with a flattering future, its simple lines are good on any figure. And you'll be in style as long as it lasts! A cute trick—and you can make it separately—is the saucy scarf necktie. Soft, slightly flared skirt is four-gored, with hip pockets. Zipper back makes it a dream to slip into. Wonderful in Heller's worsted jersey. And don't miss see their houndstooth check pattern  
For detailed pattern drawings see page 80

Photoplay Patterns

Box 229, Madison Square Station  
New York 10, New York

Enclosed find fifty cents (\$.50) for which please send me  
the Diana Lynn "The People Against O'Hara" pattern #3  
in size 10 - 12 - 14 - 16 - 18 - 20.

Name.....Size.....

Street.....

City.....State.....Age.....

NOTE: For speedy delivery, enclose  
five cents extra for special handling.



(Continued from page 71) and thinks the gesture of men removing hats in business elevators "impractical and an awkward nuisance."

He is a bathroom bowl-wiper-out, always leaving them spick and span. He has no illusions about one day writing a book or directing a picture. He once worked for nine dollars a week, plus room and board, as a master of ceremonies, dancer and singer at a Catskill resort theatre.

He is at heart a sentimental idealist and has a curious faculty for remembering in detail what people wore the first time he met them and the last time he saw them. He never gets moody: "My old Swedish blood, I guess."

He loves all kinds of animals and hopes someday to own a French bull terrier. He has a "photographic" mind and studies his dialogue in the mornings.

He tires easily at sports.

He is not addicted to collecting anything. "It isn't good when possessions possess

"A good actress is one who admits she's still learning to act."

... BARBARA STANWYCK

you." He is fond of dry wines.

He has never carried a fountain pen, has few regrets in life, and at eighteen worked for his father as a bookkeeper. He plays a fair game of tennis and never wins because he insists on playing against crack players.

He is a good spectator at golf and hockey matches and when attending a stage performance never leaves his seat until the final curtain. He will eat anything prepared with cheese.

His only hobby is home movies which he splices himself. He dabbles at painting but seldom finishes one unless he accomplishes it in one sitting. He once was one of the "Eight Men of Manhattan," a New York night-club show.

He is fond of potatoes *au gratin*.

He suffered terrible stagefright on the night he made a personal appearance with "Battleground" at the London opening.

He likes deep-sea fishing, is a prodigious reader of old and new film scripts, and sees at least three feature films a week.

He is constantly dreaming that he is back in the chorus and that he cannot remember the routines. He once visited the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., and cannot erase from his memory Lindbergh's plane, "The Spirit of St. Louis" and Mary Pickford's curls.

He prepares a proud breakfast of eggs scrambled with paprika and watercress. He exercises with barbells but they bore him. He always puts on the suit hanging on the left end of his clothesrack; when retiring he hangs it on the right end, and thus keeps his wardrobe rotating.

He likes hot-rock steam baths and thinks the growing number of college graduates is not necessarily a sign of our increasing culture. He has no desire to own a boat.

He likes writing letters which he always types. He has visited the Metropolitan Museum but once. He would rather live in Beverly Hills than anywhere else, and for no reason at all he feels he is completely devoid of confidence, and because of this he never feels he has done a good job on the screen. "I die a million deaths thinking I've failed."

Van Johnson tried out for each play at high school, but never succeeded in making the grade—the school dramatic coach simply couldn't see him.

THE END



formfit LOOK

Life BY Formfit

WHY FORMFIT IS FIRST CHOICE ...

## For Fit, For Comfort, For a Sweetheart of a Figure

More women *demand* Formfit than any other make. And the *tailored-to-fit* perfection of Formfit's Life Foundation tells you why! It's the only garment combining in *one piece* the wonder-working features of both Life Bra and Life Girdle. Molds your entire figure in one youthful, unbroken line. Keeps bust high, young, separated . . . waist and hips, slimmer, smoother. All with glorious free-action comfort! So get in trim—all your clothes will look *so much* smarter over a Life Foundation. Be fitted at any of the better stores. A Sweetheart of a Figure *can* be yours!

**Life Foundations from \$10.95**

THE FORMFIT COMPANY  
CHICAGO, NEW YORK

ONLY FORMFIT MAKES *Life* BRAS, GIRDLES, FOUNDATIONS





suit  
by  
Swansdown



"Basic success of a smart outfit is your choice of a shoe. Wear one that fits the occasion—*smartly!* I chose these eight when the makers of Trim Tred shoes asked me to select my favorites from their new fall line, which includes almost a hundred different fashion-ripe styles. You'll get compliments everytime you wear them!"

*Jacqueline Dempsey*

Fashion Editor, PHOTOPLAY

**Fancette** • A flaring vamp for ankle interest; open toe, open heel for real walking comfort.



**Daisylee** • Lacework in leather 'cross your peek-a-boo toes in this dressy shell pump by Trim Tred.



**Carla** • All that's grand is in these operas—fit, style, comfort! Choice of heel heights, too.



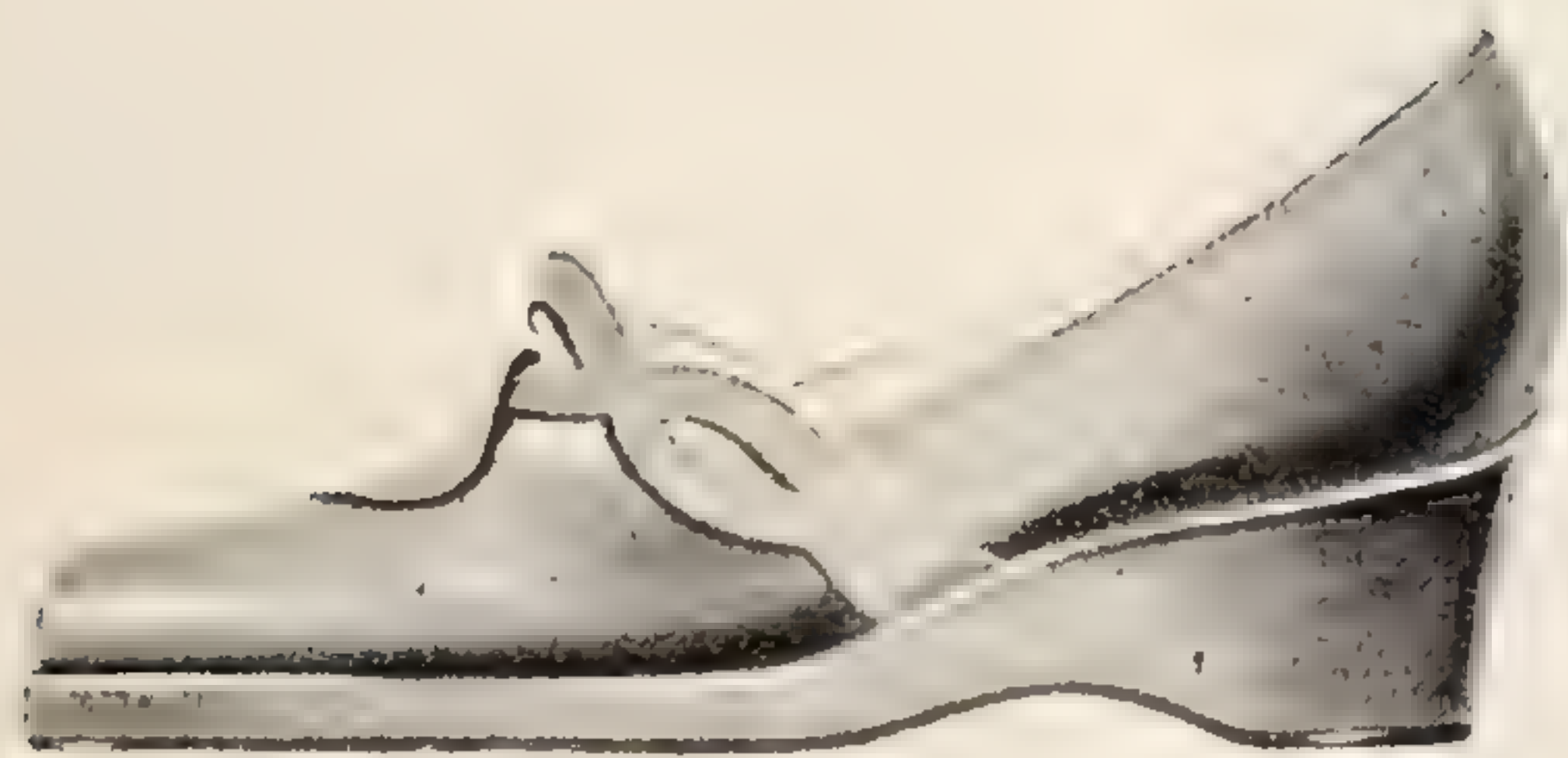
**Debbie** with a lush bow at the throat and a flair for fit—because they're fully elasticized, you see!





# selection of *Trim Tred* shoes for fall!

**Picardy** • A gay little casual for light-hearted leisure. Soft-toed and smart, born for comfort!



**Herald** • Cleverly trimmed in rich nylon braid; dramatic pump—a shoe to be treasured!



**Iris** wraps your feet in luxury leathers, tailors your toes with button decor.



**Goddess** • Platform silhouette that rises smartly to any occasion. Your choice of heel heights.



dress by Curlye



shoes shown are available in generous range of leather colors and finishes to complement your new fall wardrobe

## *Trim Tred* shoes

\$8<sup>95</sup> to \$12<sup>95</sup>

For Dealer nearest you, write: Roberts, Johnson & Rand, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.



(Continued from page 44) to the door with a summons because his bark annoys the neighbors.

Dogs fill a great need in the lives of many people. But they fill a greater need in the complex lives of the stars. It's small wonder there's a solid bond between the movie actor and his four-legged partner.

No wonder the dog in Hollywood puts on the Hollywood dog!

Some of the lucky pooches—such as Daisy of the *Blondie* series, who's just a mongrel (with her own big bank account!)—ride around in private station wagons. Some of the canine celebrities, like Lassie, have their own personal valets. Like the children of the rich, many a Hollywood dog goes to private school and patronizes the best of beauty parlors. Some of them work for a living and others stay at home. . .

Take Duffy, for instance.

He lives with Deborah Kerr. Duffy is a Scottie. He was born at Hyde Park. His grandfather was the famous Fala.

The tiny pup was given by the President to his son Elliott. Any other pup would have been pretty proud to be a member of such a prominent family, living at the White House and meeting all sorts of folks in high society, senators, ambassadors and royalty from abroad. But not Duffy.

Duffy was a sad little fellow. Kings and queens and big politicians did not impress him. He went around worried. He had a personal problem, a biting secret which made his nights long and sleepless. You see, when you are the grandson of a famous grandfather like Fala—you're always taking a back seat. You're the dog who gets the pat and not the bone—the dog who is always being told by the cameraman to please, please step out of the camera range while they shoot Fala's portrait.

Please don't get the idea that Duffy didn't love his grandfather, Fala. A dog's life is rooted in enduring affection and Duffy never forgot that Elliott was his master.

Then one day, the White House kitchen buzzed with undue excitement. A big movie star was coming to Hyde Park. Duffy didn't know what a movie star looked like. But he knew what the stars looked like—for he often lay on the grass at night peering up at the sky and dreaming of going away—some place far away—where he would be the one and only in someone's home and heart.

At ten o'clock that morning, the car pulled up to the door and Duffy ran out with the others to get an eyeful of Jupiter or Mars or Venus. Yes, there stood Venus—but on the earth and in the flesh—the most beautiful dazzler he'd ever seen. Her name was Deborah Kerr.

Duffy looked at Deborah. Deborah looked at Duffy. Then a strange thing hap-

pened. In a flash—just like that—Deborah held out her arms and Duffy jumped right into them. His heart was beating hard as he melted into her embrace. Not a word was said, yet he knew at once that he had "come home." But could he stay here? What would his master say?

Elliott, having witnessed the strange miracle of a small dog and a great star falling in love with each other at first sight, had no choice. He had to be generous. When Deborah left, he asked if she would care to take a certain little package with her. That little package was Duffy.

Of course Duffy wasn't named Duffy then. But when Deborah was taking the pup back home with her, leading him through the station on a leash, suddenly a line came to her, paraphrasing from one Shakespeare's "Macbeth": "Lead on, Mac-Duff." And right there and then the pup was formally christened. Only later did Deborah learn that the first Scottie that President Roosevelt owned was named Duffy, too.

And so, today Duffy lives in Hollywood, boss of his own domain. He no longer shines by reflected glory.

**CLARK GABLE'S** dog is a German, short-haired pointer named Bob. Bob is twelve years young.

Although Bob shares the limelight of a great star, they have a secret passion in common. Work has its place in their lives and Gable is a dependable worker. But between pictures, he gives way to the wanderlust that has made him restless all his life. Gable loves the wide open spaces of lonely places and often takes Bob with him.

The two have shared many an exciting hour together in the distant reaches of the wilderness. They have had some exciting experiences and several close calls with death. They have shared some humorous moments, too. One of these bears telling:

It happened on their last hunting trip in the mountains of Mexico. They had made camp for the night and had settled down for a comfortable sleep under the stars. All was quiet and peaceful. Suddenly, Clark stirred awake. He felt restless. He longed to get up and be on the go.

Jack Conway, the movie director, had accompanied him on the trip. Clark shook Jack awake. They would take a short moonlight stroll together. Of course, Bob wanted to go, too. But Clark commanded him to stay behind and guard the camp. Bob protested with all his canine heart. Clark was adamant. Bob must remain.

Well, the night faded into dawn and there was no sign of the two adventurers. Dawn faded into noon. Where were those fearless men? Finally, at two o'clock, they staggered back into camp, punch-drunk from lack of sleep, from hunger and weariness.

Their clothes were torn, their faces scratched, their expressions sheepish.

It seems that a big grizzly bear had picked up their scent soon after they left camp and had chased them over a mile along that moonlit trail. They finally scrambled up a tree. The long night dragged—the long hours passed. The bear did not give up. Not until the hot noon sun was high in the sky did he go away.

The camp guide listened to their story without a word. But Bob's face broke into a canine grin of large proportion. Good sport that he was, Clark admitted openly that the bear would never have attacked them if Bob had been with them.

The dog who rushes to answer the front doorbell at Joan Crawford's house is a French poodle named Cliquot.

Cliquot is a lively young fellow. Hollywood suits him to a T. There's always some excitement going on and Cliquot just loves to be in the middle of things. He loves good food, silk covers on his dog bed and believe it or not—pretty clothes.

No ordinary leash or harness for Cliquot. He must wear something special and be groomed right to the teeth.

Of course, although a fashion plate, there's still some "dog" to Cliquot. Joan doesn't need a calendar to tell her what day of the week it is. She needs only to look at her white poodle who keeps changing to deeper and deeper shades of dirty gray as Saturday bath day approaches.

It's lucky for Cliquot that he selected Joan Crawford as his mistress. She has a wonderful style sense. Not long ago, she called Cliquot to her bedroom for a private consultation. A dressmaker was present. Cliquot was measured for a new outfit that was going to be the last word in canine haberdashery.

The outfit was finally finished. A private rehearsal was called. Cliquot could scarcely sleep that night, waiting for dawn to break so he could get dressed and go to the studio with Joan. They arrived on the set. And did eyes pop! Joan marched in first—wearing a beautiful red and white sweater—and right at her heels was none other than your friend Cliquot—in a red and white sweater to match.

Jezebel—Jez for short—is a caramel-custard-colored female boxer. She was presented to Alan Ladd by Y. Frank Freeman, head of Paramount Studios. But at the time, Alan had no idea that Jezebel's favorite dish would be tires *a la carte*.

Now these cannot be ordinary tires, secondhand, let's say, lying on some secondhand lot—or even at home, in the Alan Ladd garage. No, Jez prefers tires on an automobile that is in use, preferably on one that is standing in a driveway with the motor running. It could be Alan's car,



take a chance . . . take **3** chances

on getting your favorite stars into

Photoplay's color parade

Send your votes in now for

Your favorite actor

Your favorite actress

Your favorite Pin-up Girl

Mail to: Readers Poll Editor, c/o Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

My name

My age



with Alan already late for the studio. Or, better still, it could be a car belonging to a neighbor living down the street. A flat or two is nothing in Jezebel's life. But it's everything in the life of the man down the street who has to punch a clock at the office.

There have been some heavy arguments on Alan's street. Nobody knows why Jez chews tires. Perhaps they take the place of chewing gum. It's anyone's guess. Time and again, Alan has been politely invited to give up his dog. But he refuses on the grounds that he loves her.

Now Alan's a guy who also loves his sleep. When Alan is sleeping, the whole house walks on tiptoe. But just let Jez "want out" and not so much as a boo out of Alan. He leaps to his feet to take her down the street for her airing. The last time this happened Jez kept pulling towards the driveway of a neighbor's house. Alan couldn't understand it then. But he did the next day. He got a bill for the new tires on the neighbor's new car.

**JANET LEIGH** early in her career was assigned to the motion picture, "The Hills of Home" featuring Lassie, the well-known canine star.

Lassie's name led the cast of characters. Lassie boasted seven stand-ins. Janet had a lesser billing. Janet had a single stand-in. Janet was no star. But Janet did not complain. Like everyone else in the world, she had only to be introduced to Lassie to fall in love with this magnificent collie. Here was an animal of matchless beauty who walked the earth with dignity, quiet, calm; a sermon in manners and morals.

Lassie approved of Janet, too. And, when the picture was finished there was a surprise gift for the girl who did not think it beneath her to play second fiddle to a dog. In the litter of beautiful newborns was one particularly striking puppy. This puppy was given to Janet. Janet named it Lass. The first picture in which Janet starred in her own right called for a singing and dancing role. Long months of rehearsal lay ahead, grueling work on the dance floor and at the piano. For some strange reason, Lass did not approve of Janet's dancing. She would leap upon her mistress almost with violence, tripping her up and bringing her down to the floor. Fin-



*Tchaikowsky realized a doggy dream when he won role with Steve Cochran in "Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison"*

Starring You . . .

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Secret of its success is the  
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(not four, but six) scientifically cut gores  
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For a look of luxury beyond their price...for lots of easy comfort and smart style...wear Grace Walkers. Their sensible price makes it easy to build a shoe wardrobe on a budget. See Grace Walkers at your favorite store, or write us for nearest dealer's name.

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*For graceful walking*

# Grace Walker

ally Janet was forced to lock her up when she practiced her dance steps. But oddly enough, Lass seemed to approve of her singing. Janet no sooner began to rehearse her singing roles than the dog turned from *Hyde* to *Jekyll* and sat quiet, with warm approval in her eyes.

That same approval went out to Tony Curtis, whom Janet married in June. Lass approved of the match right from the start. As a matter of fact, Tony, who's crazy about dogs, approved of Lass. And, since the community property law in California calls for fifty-fifty ownership of all real estate, bank accounts, jewelry and pets—Tony now owns half of Lass and diligently airs his 50 per cent.

**E**LIZABETH TAYLOR is the mistress of a toy French poodle named Gigi.

Liz, Gigi and Peggy Rutledge, secretary-companion to the star, live in their own apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. When Liz is working at the studio, Peggy is busy answering fan mail at home. Gigi is just as busy in the wardrobe division. He loves to invade the closets and disarrange bags and boxes. Shoes are his favorite target. By the time he is finished with his little job, there are shoes all over the house. It sometimes takes hours to find them all and match up the missing pairs.

People often ask Liz how she came to name him Gigi. When Liz lived in England, it was customary for children to call all horses gee-gee. When Liz began to ride her own horse, whether it was brown or black, male or female, Gee-gee was always its name. Then Liz was transplanted to America.

She was now in California—a very bright star in pictures. And one fine day, she found herself mistress of a fine dog. For weeks Liz called her new pooch Honey. Then she changed it to other endearments such as Sweetie-pie, Toots and Trinkets. Her friends all teased her. These were no names for a growing dog of such high pedigree. Why not give him a name like Champion? Or Gallant? Or Jade?

But Liz shook her pretty head. Time went on and still her dog answered to a string of pet names but had no name of his own.

Then one day, Liz was slated for a Technicolor picture which called for outdoor shots full of mountains, meadows—and horses! She was back in the days of Gee-gee. Gee-gee! Here was the name for her dog.

The spelling of Gee-gee has changed to conform with his elegant French manners.

There's music in the air over at Steve Cochran's house. It's Tchaikowsky playing the piano!

Tchaikowsky is a mongrel, twelve years old. But he does not look his age. Also, he does not happen to be man's best friend. He and Steve have had bitter arguments.

Tchaikowsky had always been of the firm conviction that he was gifted with great acting ability. Steve, on the other hand, not only doubted his acting ability

but refused to have more than one actor under the same roof.

So, one morning, Tchaikowsky decided to take a drastic measure. He ran away from home and stayed away for five days.

He visited the studios where Steve had worked. He dropped in on directors who knew him. He paid a call at the agency which handled Steve's affairs. He knew all the familiar haunts, having accompanied Steve many a time. But nobody recognized the great talent crying for expression in that small, mongrel body.

Tchaikowsky turned off Hollywood Boulevard and started toward the hills. He was a pretty tired fellow as he sat down under a tree to think. He had been away from home five days. Perhaps he had better go back. After all, the meals were regular and the bones were big.

He was crossing Sunset Boulevard, when all of a sudden, he saw a giant poultry truck on its way to market. Who knows? Perhaps dogs are not so dumb as they seem to be. Perhaps Tchaikowsky had heard Steve discuss the potent power of breaking into print.

Tchaikowsky went after that truck. Those chickens, he decided, were his meat.

Sunset Boulevard soon became a shamble of cars, cops, newshounds, crowds, flying feathers, a big angry truck driver and a small, determined dog. Tchaikowsky was soon cornered, caught and recognized. The police called Warners, who called Steve, who bailed out Tchaikowsky. It was one exciting night on Sunset Boulevard.

Steve was very glad to get his dog back. He hadn't done much sleeping with the dog away. It had given him time to do some thinking. Steve had become resigned to the idea of having two actors in the family.

What's more, he went to work on it. He hired a trainer for Tchaikowsky. In short order, upon command, Tchaikowsky could not only sit up, lie down, shake hands, fetch cigarettes but play the piano.

What's more, Tchaikowsky finally got his break in pictures the way so many struggling actors do—by being in the right place at the right time.

Director Crane Wilbur needed a dog for a scene in "Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison." The part required a nondescript mongrel to follow around at the heels of a convict. Tchaikowsky happened to be there at the time. Of course, his unique ability to appear completely nondescript immediately won him the role.

Today, he is the happiest dog in Hollywood. It's his dream to outdo Lassie. That's why Steve has signed up a good agent to represent Tchaikowsky. He no longer chases trucks full of chickens up Sunset Boulevard. He now sits at home nights poring over old Lassie scripts!

(Janet Leigh is in "Angels in the Outfield," Joan Crawford in "Goodbye, My Fancy," Liz Taylor in "Love Is Better Than Ever," Clark Gable in "Lone Star," Alar Ladd in "Red Mountain" and Deborah Kerr in "Quo Vadis.")

The End

## HELP

... police find the fugitive criminal named and described on the "True Detective Mysteries" radio program every Sunday afternoon.

## \$1,000 REWARD

... is offered for information leading to the arrest of any one of these criminals. There's nothing to buy; no box-tops to send in. Hear the details about this \$1000.00 reward on "True Detective Mysteries."

**TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES** Sunday Afternoons on 523 Mutual Stations



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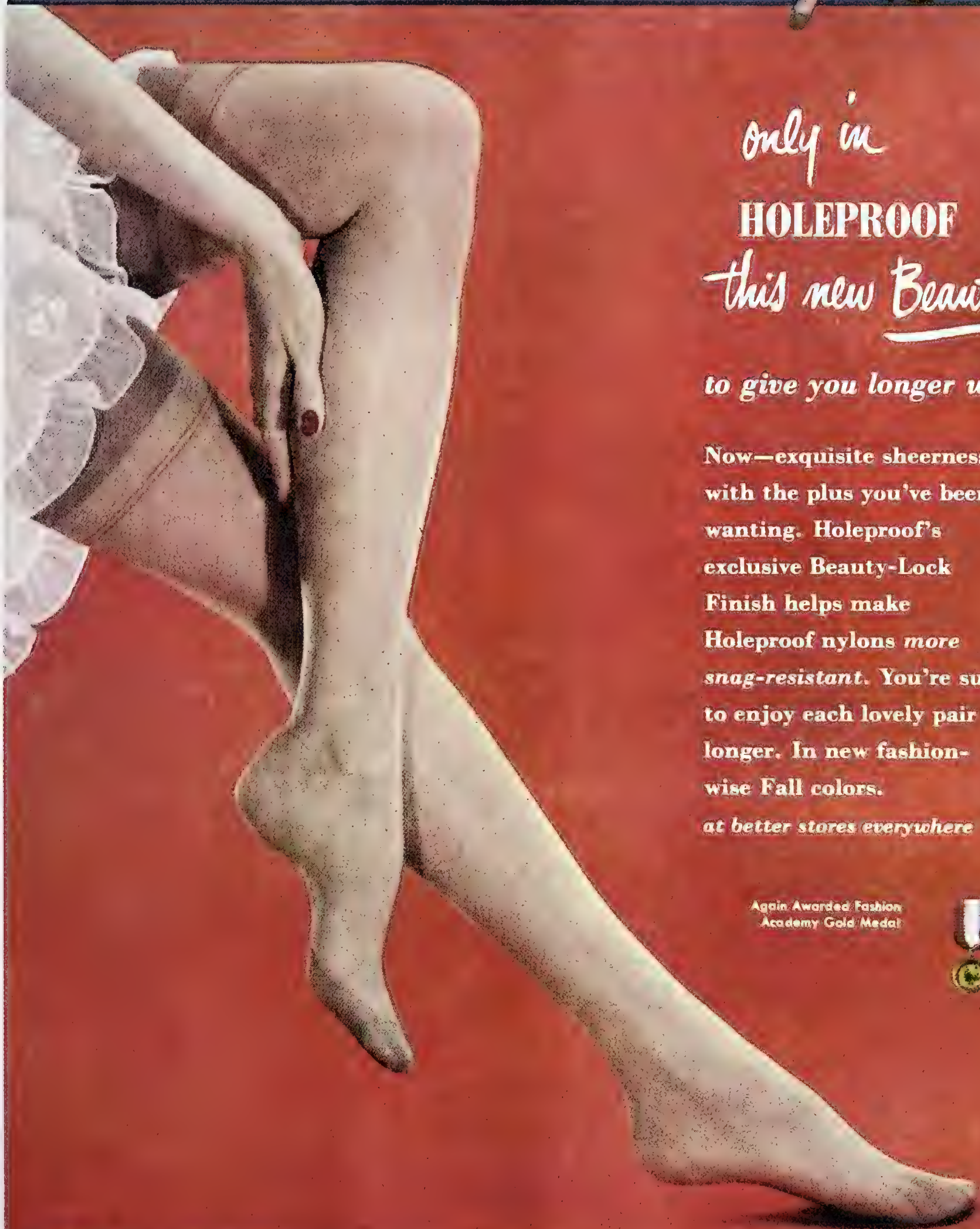


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*this new Beauty*

to give you longer wear

Now—exquisite sheerness  
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Finish helps make  
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to enjoy each lovely pair  
longer. In new fashion-  
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Again Awarded Fashion  
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**Only one soap  
gives your skin this**

*Exciting Bouquet*

**And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild . . . leaves  
your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!**

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible  
“fragrance men love”—is proved by test to be *extra mild*  
too! Yes, so amazingly *mild* that its gentle lather  
is ideal for *all types* of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And  
daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring  
out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness,  
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Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly . . . for the  
finest complexion care . . . for a fragrant  
invitation to romance!

**Complexion and  
big Bath Sizes**

**Cashmere  
Bouquet  
Soap**

**—Adorns your skin with the  
fragrance men love!**



**Wherever you live you can buy  
Photoplay Fashions**

*If the preceding pages do not list the  
stores in your vicinity where the Photoplay  
Fashions are sold, please write to  
the manufacturers listed below:*

**Sherbrooke purple coat**

205 West 39th St.,  
New York, N. Y.

**Freidman Lobel velvet bag**

136 Madison Ave.,  
New York, N. Y.

**Dani velvet hat**

15 West 39th St.,  
New York, N. Y.

**Ben Kalish rabbit jacket**

330 Seventh Ave.,  
New York, N. Y.

**Merritt Taylor-Warner gray  
flannel suit (Seasonaire)**

512 Seventh Ave.,  
New York, N. Y.

**Nan Buntly rayon sharkskin  
suit**

501 Seventh Ave.,  
New York, N. Y.

**Ritmor suit (Bobbie Brooks)**

2230 Superior Ave.,  
Cleveland, Ohio

**Companion bag**

34 West 33rd St.,  
New York, N. Y.

**Superb gloves**

240 Madison Ave.,  
New York, N. Y.

**Trim Tred shoes**

1501 Washington Ave.,  
St. Louis, Mo.

**Fabric for Diana Lynn pattern**

William Heller  
1071 Sixth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y.

*Detailed drawings of the  
Diana Lynn dress on page 72*



**photoplay pattern of the month**



## How Ava Gardner Fooled Hollywood

(Continued from page 52) before a reproduction of the *Cotton Blossom's* helm room, copied from the actual show boat, so the master of ceremonies could interview all the stars . . . Kathryn Grayson, Clark Gable, Dan Dailey who came with Ann Miller, Joan Crawford with David Miller, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. Ava Gardner and—that was the question! For Ava and Frankie had been most discreet. They had appeared in public together only rarely. And always they had asked the camera boys not to photograph them. Upon this occasion, obviously, no such request would be possible.

Necks craned when Ava stepped from her car, radiantly beautiful in emerald green satin draped with black lace, with black sequin flowers on the bodice and wearing her diamond necklace. . . .

"Frankie! Frankie!" The crowds waiting on the sidelines called excitedly the instant they saw him.

Arm in arm Ava and Frankie walked down the Egyptian's forecourt. The photographers swarmed about them. They posed, over and over, happy and smiling. . . .

There were cheers. There were whistles. Not only from the crowds outside but from the audience inside too as "Show Boat" finally floated downstream.

Later at Romanoff's it was planned to give Ava a standing cheer when it was discovered she and Frankie had a reservation. Only they never arrived. Frankie had to report on a night location for "Meet Danny Wilson" at eleven o'clock. A stand-by car was waiting when he came out of the theatre. And Ava went with him.

It really looks now as if it wouldn't be long before the girl who fooled Hollywood would be Mrs. Frank Sinatra.

THE END

## Hollywood-designed Dress Contest Rules

(For Contest on Page 56)

1. Fill in the coupon on page 57—or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Attach to the coupon a letter of 100 words or less, telling what a wedding dress means to you. Write on one side of the paper only and print your name, address and age at the end of the letter. Mail your entry to: Photoplay Wedding Dress Contest, Box 1543, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. By filling in this coupon each entrant agrees to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
2. All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight October 15, 1951.
3. Anyone living in the continental United States may enter this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications or their advertising agencies.
4. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her name. Joint entries will not be accepted.
5. Entries will be judged for originality, interest and aptness of thought by the editors of Photoplay Magazine. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the case of ties.
6. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned.
7. The winner will be announced in the February 1952 issue of Photoplay. This contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations.



The Lady Loves

**THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN**

When you wear a "Perma-lift"\* Bra with "The lift that never lets you down," you'll feel as wonderful as you look. Your favorite corsetiere would love to fit you in the only bra with the patented Magic Insets that never wash out or wear out. Reasonably priced from \$1.50 to \$5.00.

Look for The Magic Inset



\*"Perma-lift"—A Trade-mark of A. Stein & Company, Chicago. (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)





*Don't make mountains out of mole hills! Bumps on the face will pass but brooding leaves a scar*



*Look different on a date and you'll notice the difference in the way he looks at you!*

### **Rest Cure For Your Charm**

Everybody knows what a dash of surprise can do for a girl in the matter of appearance:

You're a sweater-and-saddle-shoes kid, for instance. Then on the night of the big formal you float into the ballroom in billowing clouds of pale blue organza. Your girl friends look at you as though they'd never seen you before, certainly never appreciated the competition. And your best beau sticks by your side all evening, reluctant to trade even a single dance for fear his miraculous Cinderella will vanish as mysteriously as she appeared.

I have long been convinced that the same sort of sleight-of-hand technique can work similar wonders with your charm. No matter what the outward characteristics we customarily show to the world, we have—all of us—quite contradictory hidden selves which, given a chance to come out into the open now and then, can reveal us as dramatically more interesting and attractive people.

Are you one of those extrovert souls, the doers, the drivers, the talkers, always in the middle of a crowd? Then I'll wager you hunger sometimes—I know I do—for quiet and solitude, for a day when there is absolutely nothing you have to do, no one you really must see. Give in to that urge. Cancel all your plans for twenty-four hours. Put off until tomorrow what you had planned to do today—it isn't so all-fired important. Get out of the house and away from the phone. Lie down under a tree with a book. Forget the book, and just look at the sky. You'll come back to your work, and your friends and your fun, relaxed and refreshed.

Just a momentary change of pace is all it amounts to—but it pays remarkable dividends in new energy and a fresh point of view.

I call this a rest cure for charm. I've relied on it for years. It's sanity-saving!



And it will work, I am convinced, for everyone, not just for the eager beavers.

You quiet types who live inwardly, who always manage to stay a little bit apart from the crowd, will have to go at it from the opposite direction. For your charm "rest cure" you will have to risk getting physically (as against mentally) tired for a change.

Call up all the people you know and invite them to a party. Take a trip, make a real effort to get to know the people you meet. Make yourself talk. From all that voluntary solitude of yours you should have saved up reams of conversation-making ideas.

You, too, will have given the hidden layer of your personality a chance to expand. You will have uncovered charm your best friends didn't suspect you possessed.

Hidden charm — buried treasure—lies in every one of us—if we will only tap it —by being flexible enough, courageous enough, to reach for it.

#### ***That Teen-Age Skin Bogey***

I have been hearing so many heartbroken wails from teen-age readers of this department, that I feel it is high time we face up here to that nightmare of the middle teens, bad skin.

It's easy enough for someone who has lived through that painful period, and almost forgotten it, to pooh-pooh the problem. It will pass, of course. Those ugly blemishes on the face and shoulders and back which plague so many young girls are a by-product of the glandular changes taking place in the body at that period, and they will go away in time.

But they can leave scars—if not on the skin itself, then on the personality—from the inferiority feelings and lack of confidence that (Continued on page 92)



by **Joan Crawford**

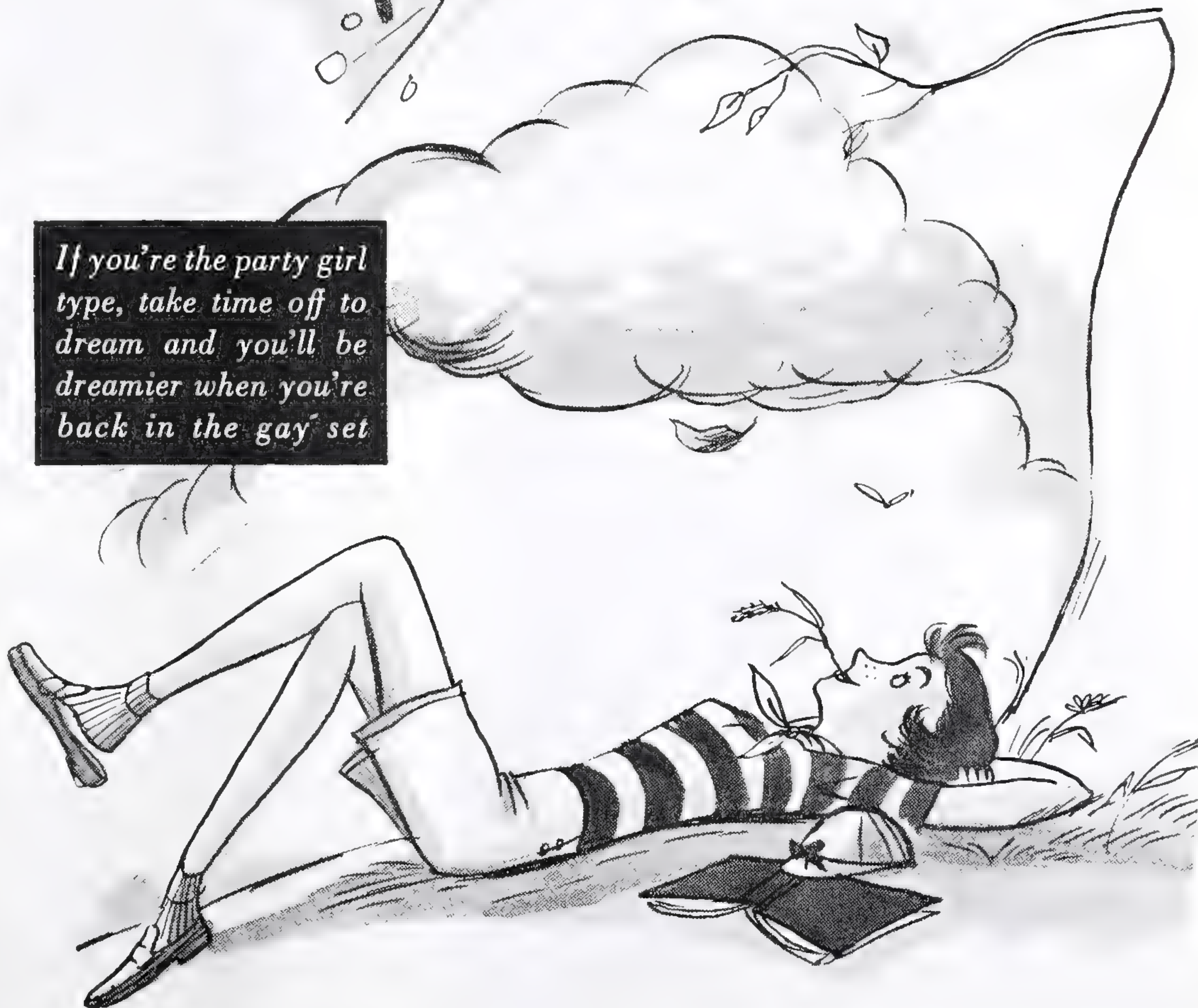
Next to be seen in "That Woman is Dangerous"

## ***if you want to be charming***



*It's tough going! Start young while you have the strength*

*If you're the party girl type, take time off to dream and you'll be dreamier when you're back in the gay set*



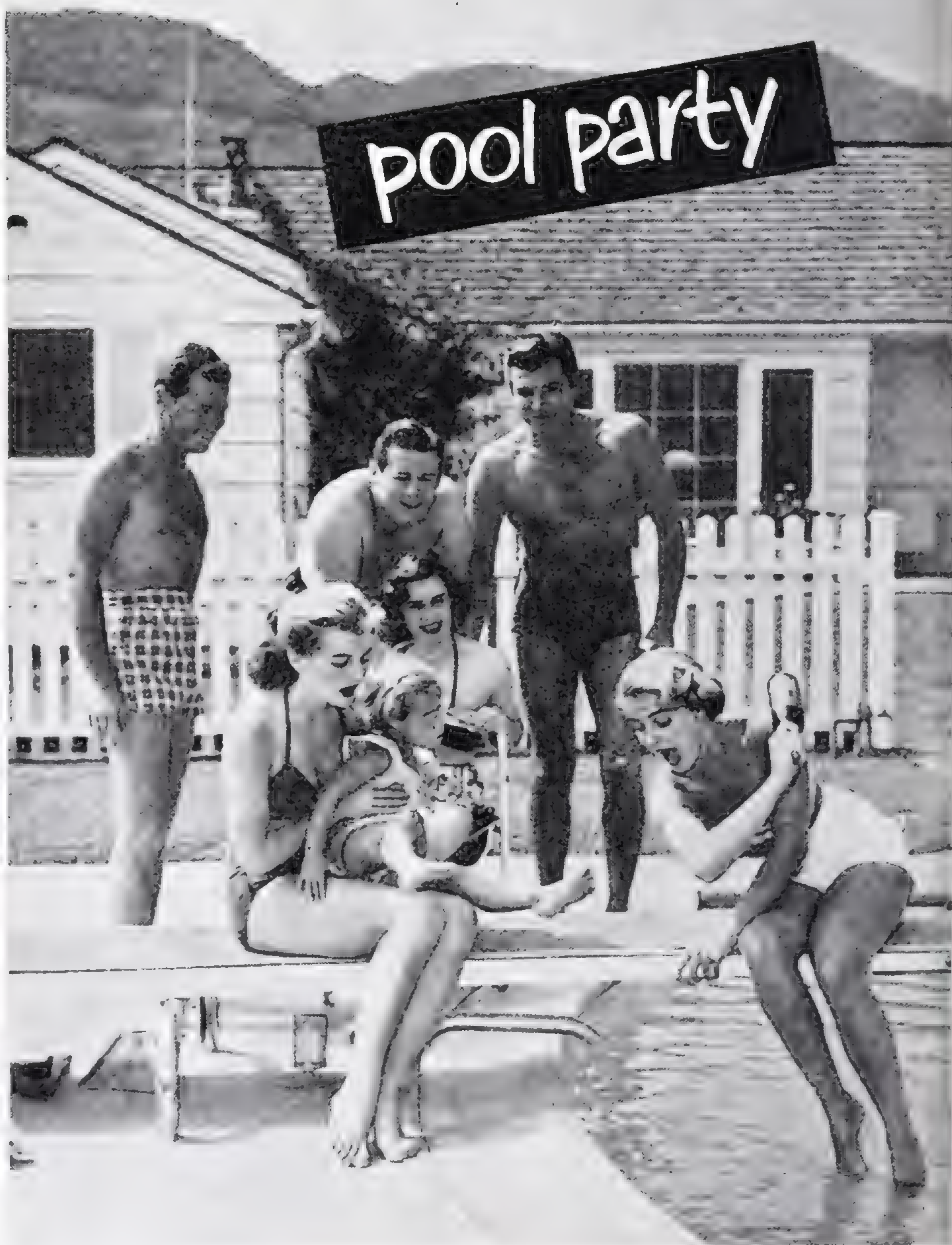
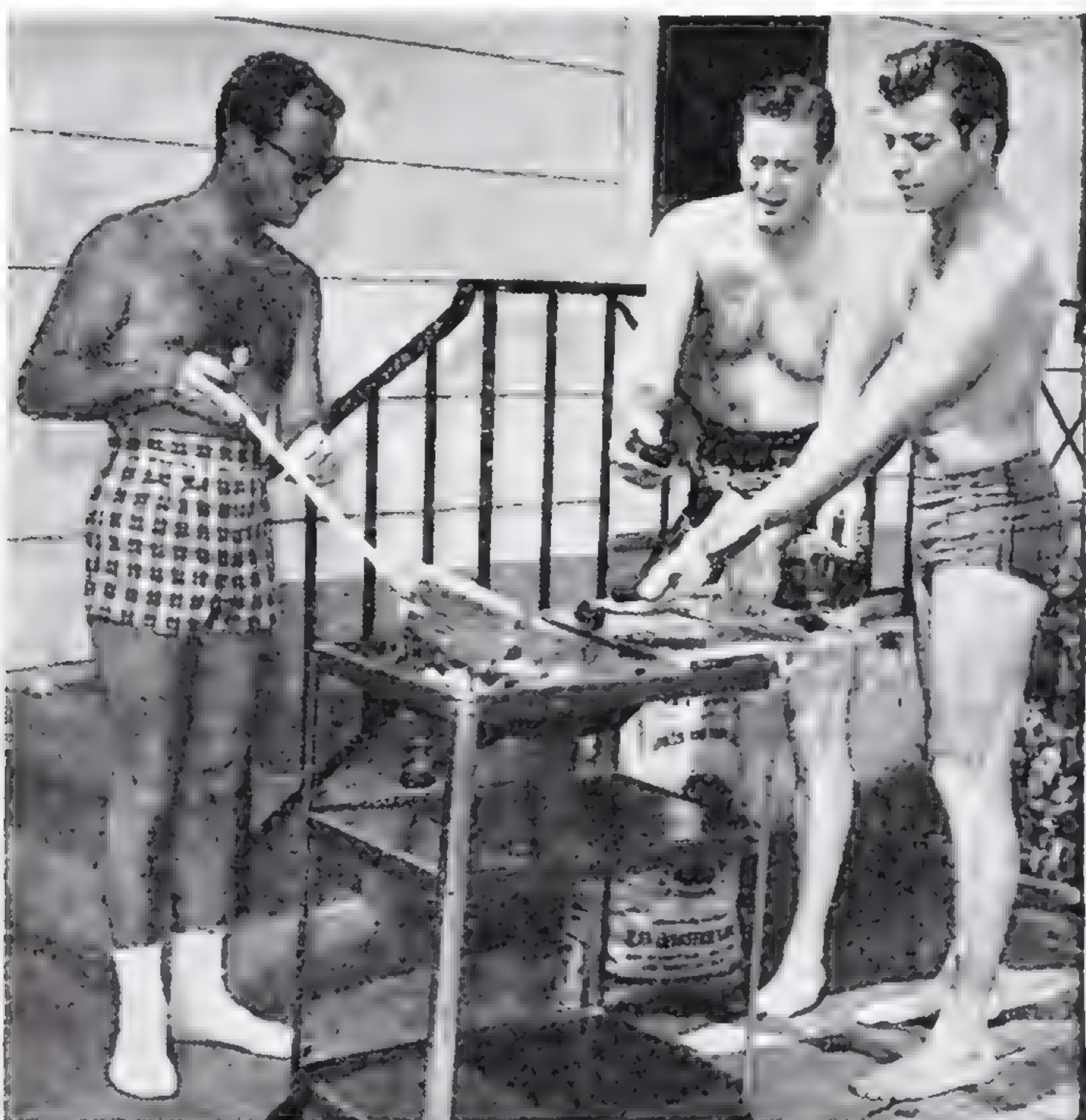


*No one knew Mona and Pat were putting in a pool—until that Sunday when they invited*

*Monie, with Mona, is so proud of her spectacles, she's reluctant to take them off even when she goes swimming*

*friends to go swimming in their back yard*

• When Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney built their new house, certain things had to wait—a big red leather chair to stand beside the fireplace, a rear terrace, iron furniture—and a swimming pool. All the first things became realities, but grass still grew where the pool was supposed to be. Every week, saving faithfully, Mona and Pat told Monie, “We can’t have a pool until you learn to swim.” Monie learned to swim.

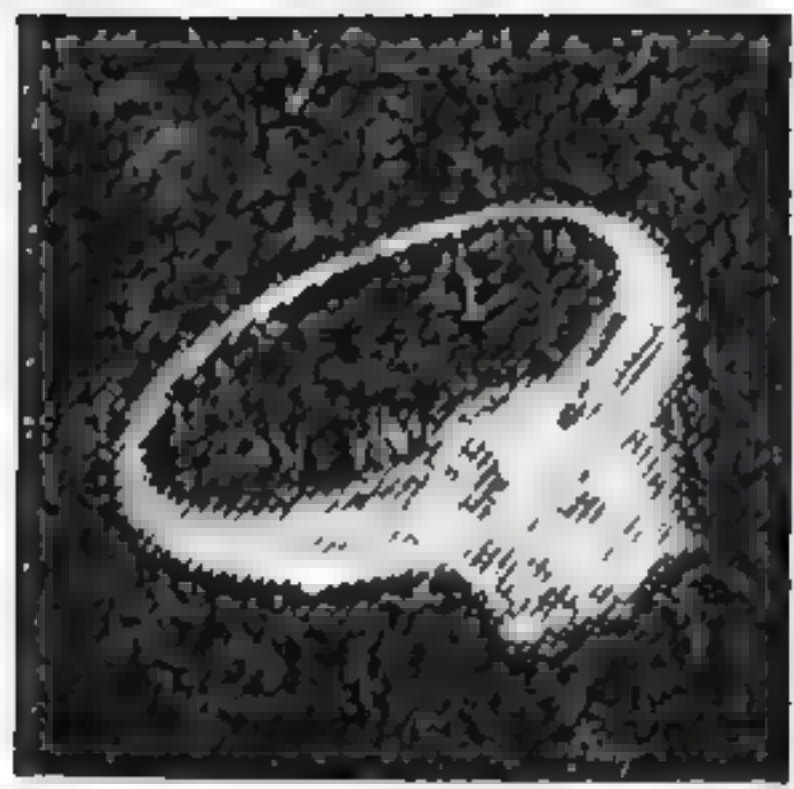


*Pat Nerney, Don and Marion DeFore, John Bromfield, Corinne Calvet and Monie watch as Mona christens pool with Coke. Pat spent the afternoon diving for broken glass*

*“When a man likes to cook, he’s usually a good cook,” says Mona, “and shouldn’t be disturbed at his work.” But Don and John offer advice anyway*

*“Come and get it!” calls Mona. John and Marion line up for the hot dogs, hamburgers and the specialty of the house, a hot sauce which Mona prepares*





Faith's ring



## SHE'S ENGAGED

Charming FAITH ROBBINS of Short Hills, New Jersey, and James T. Phillips of New York announced their engagement on Easter Eve. Their exciting plans included an afternoon wedding with four bridesmaids and a maid of honor in the wedding procession, escorting Faith.

## SHE USES POND'S

*"Look your best and you can't help having fun,"*

FAITH SAYS

WHEN YOU KNOW you *look* your nicest, it gives you a wonderful *confidence*.

Faith feels that every girl's key to her own best looks is a soft, smooth complexion. The secret of Faith's lovely skin is Pond's. "Cream-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is just fabulous—leaves my skin so *clean*, so *soft*. I wouldn't skip it for a single night," she says.

Your skin, too, will love Pond's *cream* cleansing. *It can't be drying*. Every night (for day cleansings, too) use *your* Pond's Cold Cream as Faith does. *This is the way:*

**Hot Stimulation**—a good hot water splashing.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up. Sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

**Cream Rinse**—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

**Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

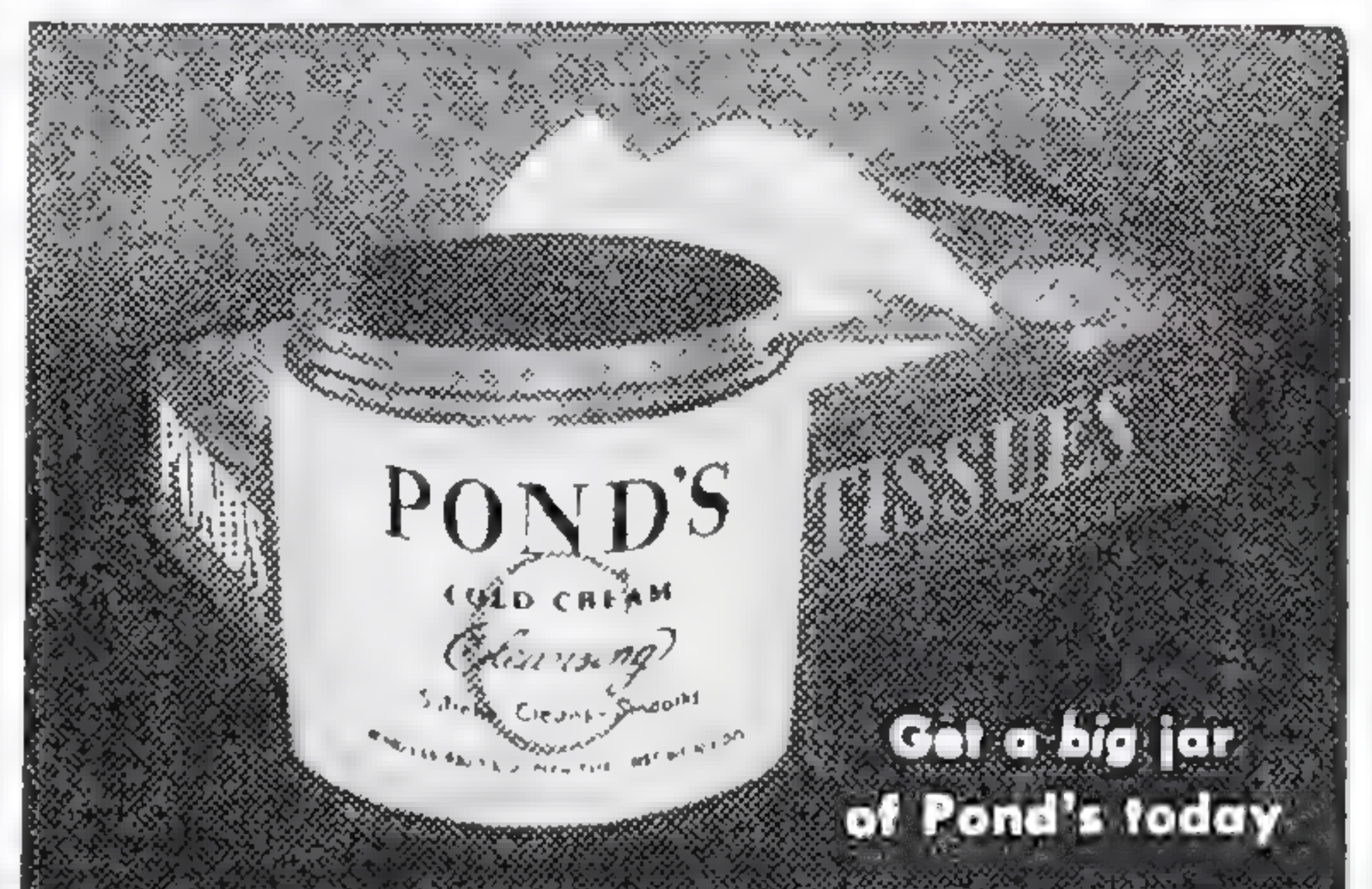
Now—don't you like the soft, *sparkling* complexion your mirror shows you?

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you look your best, a world of happiness sparkles in your face, attracting others to you *on sight!*

## SHE'S LOVELY

Faith's sunshiny, blue eyes have a sweetly serious look that belies her fascinating dimples. Her dark brown hair frames a complexion velvet-soft and perfect as pink hawthorn blossoms. Hers is a face that shows you *at once* the enchanting warmth of her Inner Self.

FAITH ROBBINS—She's gay, a perfect darling, and her lovely Pond's complexion is something to envy.



Start your Pond's beauty care now.  
Help your face show a lovelier You!



# are you still using OLD FASHIONED TAMPONS?

BE MODERN.  
CHANGE TO

*Pursettes*®

One 'safety-margin' size  
adequate for all users!

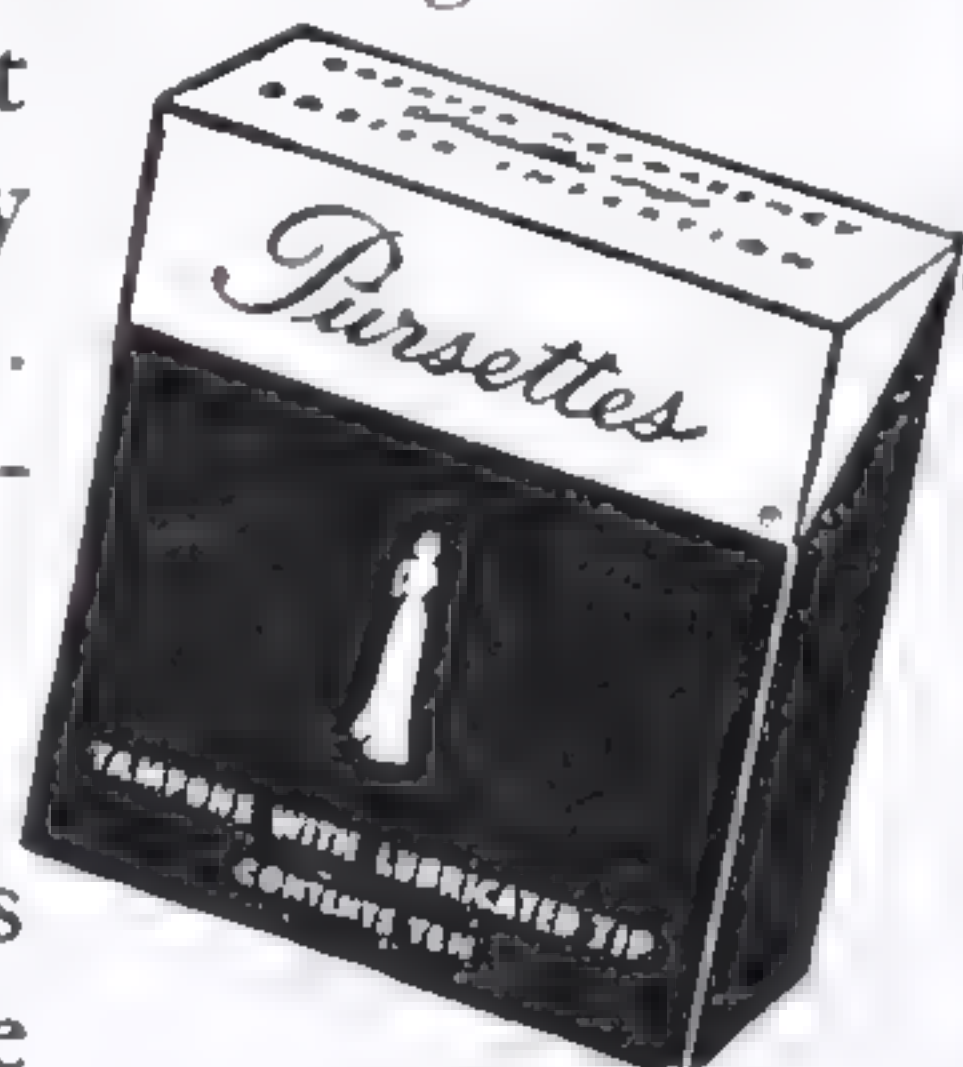
*Eliminates hard  
cardboard Applicators*

**Don't be embarrassed** any longer by being forced to ask for special sizes in tampons. *Why catalogue yourself?* Pursettes—a revolutionary new improvement in internal sanitary protection—have one 'safety-margin' size, especially developed by a famous surgeon so that they are adequate for all users.

**Pursettes are 'medically-correct'**—the only tampons with *lubricated tip*—to make insertion easier than ever before. They eliminate all bothersome fumbling with hard cardboard applicators.

**Purposely small in size** . . . yet Pursettes assure astounding absorbency. Just test their absorbency in a glass of water. **YOU'LL BE CONVINCED!**

To be modern—change to Pursettes for new silhouette security, comfort and convenience.



## SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Be sure to get this dainty jewel-black plastic purse container, at no extra charge, with each package of Pursettes (looks like a small lighter or compact).

SANITARY PRODUCTS CORP., TANEYTOWN, MD.



(Continued from page 13)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty, and for two years I have been going steady with a boy who is now twenty-two. He has been drafted, so we decided—after he had been gone about two months—that we would get married as soon as he had leave.

When he wrote to his family, telling of our plans, they suggested that he wait to get married until after he was out of the service.

That plan would mean waiting at least eighteen months, perhaps two years longer. What am I supposed to be doing in the meantime?

Before this, I had been close friends with his family, but now there is a strain between us. I feel that my boy friend is revealing that he is tied to his mother's apron strings; this is the first big decision he has had to make and he isn't making it at all. He is letting his family make up his mind about getting married. My parents think it would be all right for us to get married, but then, I've always been able to depend upon them. Since this happened I have been terribly depressed and blue. I feel that I have discovered a serious weakness in this boy and I am wondering if I should break off with him.

Of course, I won't do anything drastic till I hear from you.

Claudia McL.

*First of all, let's consider what this boy is doing. He's serving his country. He was called to give a few years of his youth for the cause of world betterment. If you had been born male instead of female, you would have been called, too. However, simply because you are a girl instead of a man, you are not excused, ethically, from serving this land. You don't have to don uniform, learn close order drill, serve K.P., take orders cheerfully, and—in the extremity—fight.*

*All you have to do is to attempt to be a steadfast woman. Perhaps it is, in some respects, more difficult to have the courage of the commonplace. Perhaps it isn't easy to be cheerful over thwarted dreams, to triumph over loneliness, to work at a job competently and proudly whether that job be paid work or volunteer service. Easy or not, you should do it in a spirit of world onwardness.*

*I want you to consider what marriage really is. It isn't a hope chest, a series of bridal showers, a white satin gown, a white lace veil and a perpetual honeymoon. It is a day-to-day partnership in which two people learn to adjust to one another, learn to build a small unit of civilization which will serve the community. It can also be, in the personal sense, a source of intense well being.*

*If this boy means so little to you that you can't wait two years to marry him, your marriage wouldn't have much chance of survival, so why get excited? If you don't agree, you can always tell me why, you know!*

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I hate to bother you, but I am perfectly miserable and simply have to talk to someone. I am sweet (that's a laugh) sixteen, and believe me I've never been kissed. I am 5' 5½"; 136 lbs; my measurements are bust, 36; waist, 26; hips, 36½. You can see that I'm a big moose of a girl. Furthermore, I have fine, mousy-colored, straight hair, and I have oily and blemished skin. My father sent me to a dermatologist but he said that my trouble was caused by overactive oil glands and that time would take care of that. Time is what I don't have any of if I'm to get any fun out of my

school days. I am a junior in high school and go to boarding school because my mother died when I was seven years old. I spend almost every weekend with my father, but I don't think he is very proud of me.

You see, I also wear braces on my teeth, and I have to wear glasses.

I know you are going to think me silly for saying that I wish I had an aunt or a big sister. I could go to and be told that everything would turn out okay. I get hurt easily and I wish there were someone who would put her arms around me and let me cry it out. I suppose I'm childish. Furthermore, I'm not musical, I'm not athletic, and I'm only an average student. I'm that most awful thing in the world, a mediocrity.

I don't know what I expect you to do about this letter, but I want to thank you for having the patience to read it.

An ugly duckling

*I'll tell you what: whenever you feel blue, sit down and write me a long letter about your unhappiness. It helps to be able to sort out one's woes as one must do to catalogue them on paper.*

*Let's take up your problems one by one: Your height is perfect. Your proportions are good. It isn't so much how much you weigh that is important, but how that weight is distributed. If there is a ten-inch difference between your bust measure and your waist measure, then your hip measure should be about equal to your bust measure, or perhaps an inch smaller. You can see, from this rule, that a good brisk walk of two miles a day and cutting down on sweets would soon reduce your hip measurement to perfection.*

*Ask your dermatologist about using a sulphur soap—sometimes it does miracles.*

*Your braces will soon be taken off your teeth and you'll have a lovely smile. As for your glasses, select an interesting frame for them, or possibly experiment with corneal lenses. Talk to your father about this idea.*

*There is no reason for your hair to be uninteresting. There is always a permanent wave of some sort which will give your hair body, and the new hair colorings, if used by the amateur with great moderation, give hair interesting highlights.*

*Look upon yourself as a house in the process of construction. There is never anything very beautiful about any edifice during its building stages. Patience, confidence, a plan to which you stick, and work, produce dazzling results.*

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

## CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.





## Are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this . . . underarm protection must be complete. Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped — and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it **really stops perspiration**. Furthermore with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated to work all over again when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.

*New...* For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap ... prevents body perspiration odor yet mild and gentle ... contains amazing new soap ingredient Hexachlorophene, reported in Reader's Digest.





# Alice in wonderland

*Animated by the magic touch of Walt Disney,*

*the bewildered characters of Lewis Carroll's famous classic become an enchanting reality*

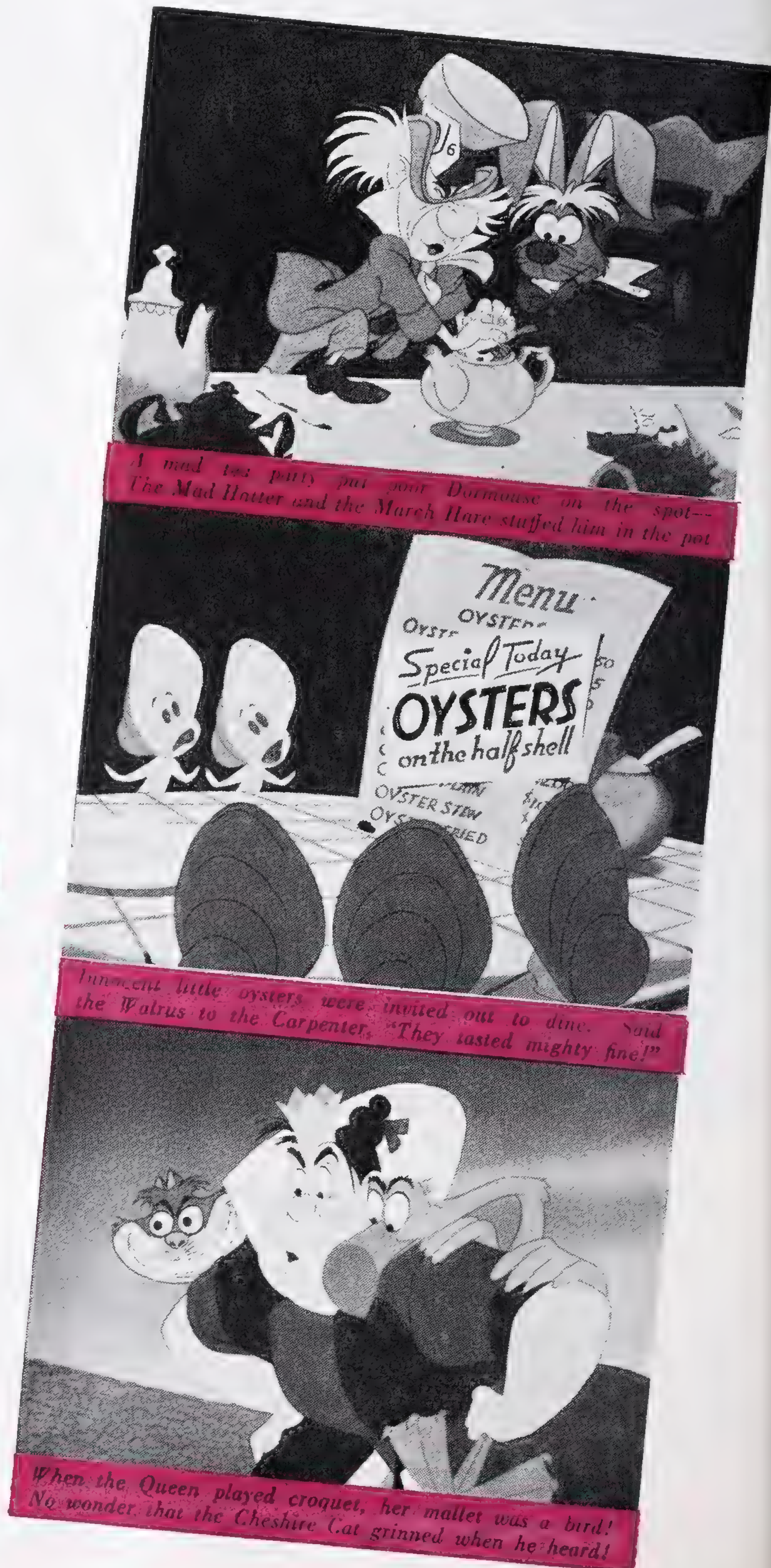


**TWO YEARS**, four hundred artists, almost one million drawings went into the making of Walt Disney's "Alice in Wonderland."

Alice, as Lewis Carroll imagined her, was British. Disney insisted, therefore, that her voice be British—but not too British.

They listened to 400 voice recordings—and Kathryn Beaumont, twelve-year-old English actress, was chosen. The voices of the other characters also are supplied by other established actors.

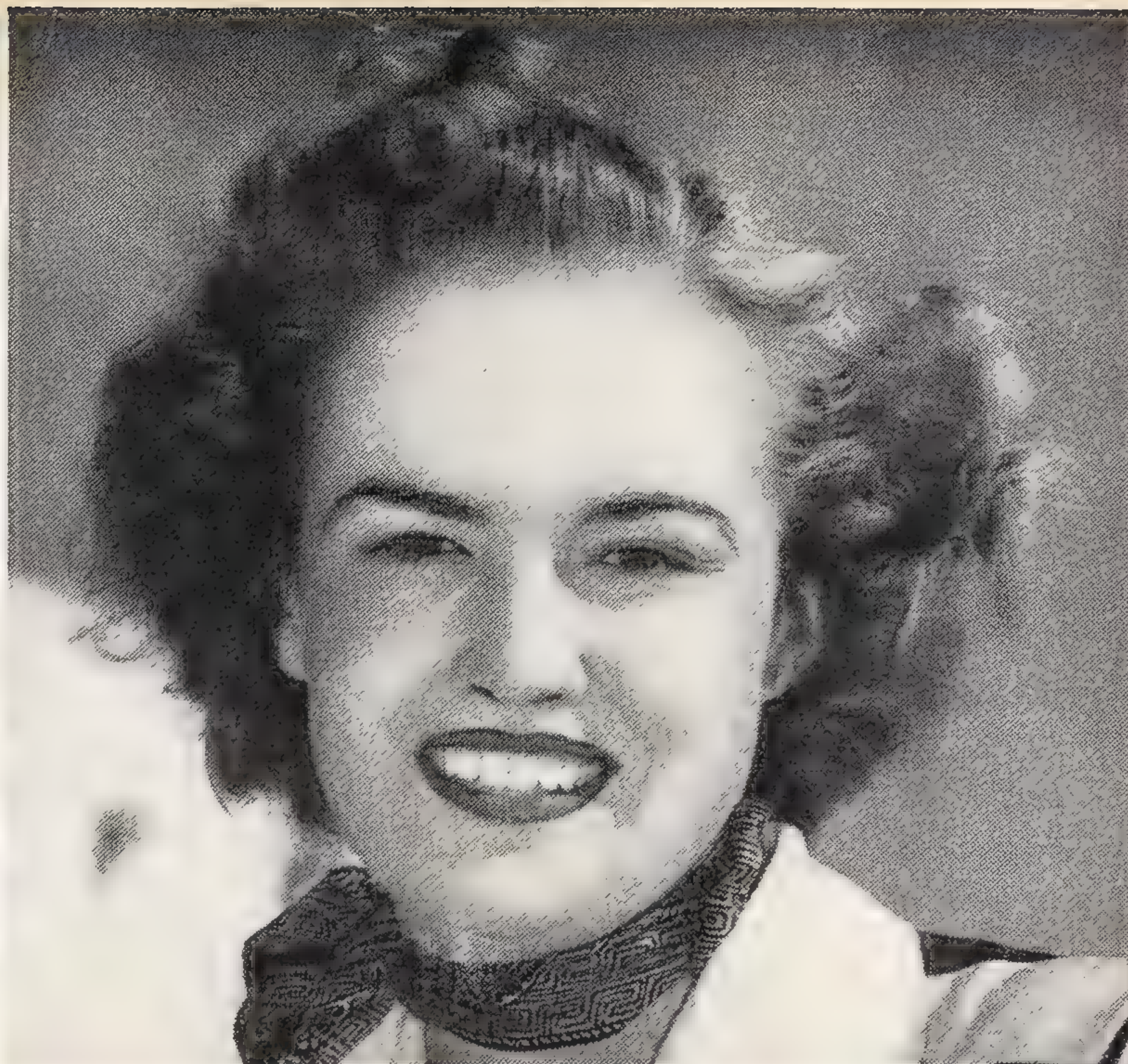
verses by Rena Firth







**Sensitive skin.** "Occasionally, my sensitive skin used to look flaky," says Marilyn Lavis of Toronto. "But now Noxzema helps keep it looking soft and smooth."



**Smoother-looking skin.** Mrs. W. Kent Elliott of El Paso says, "Noxzema's Home Facial helped smooth and soften my rough, dry skin. Noxzema is a grand night cream!"

# Look Lovelier in 10 Days

## with Doctor's Home Facial *or your money back!*

### Easy, New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just *one* cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your problem skin look softer, smoother, fresher!

All you do is follow the easy Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in actual clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin look lovelier!

### See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Home Facial, you "creamwash" to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling. You give skin the all-day protection of a *greaseless* powder base . . . the all-night aid of a *medicated* cream that helps heal externally-caused blemishes, while it helps soften and smooth.

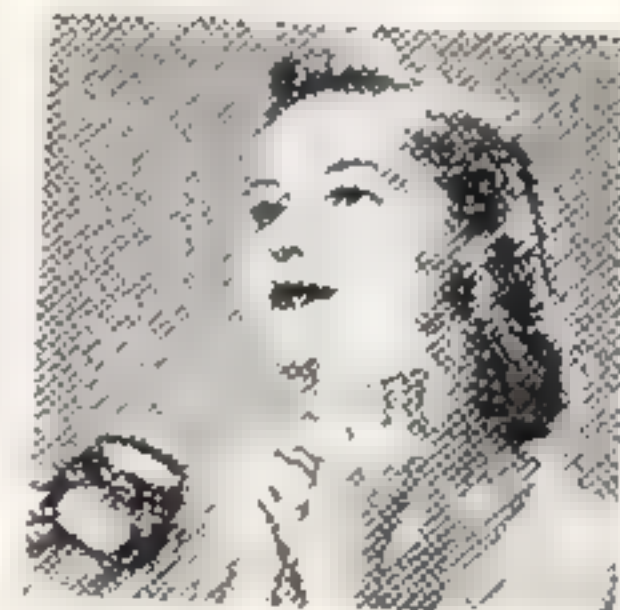
### It works—or your money back!

Try the Noxzema Home Facial, yourself. Follow the directions given at right. If this easy Home Facial doesn't help your skin look lovelier—in 10 days—return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and get your money back.

**Money-Saving Offer!** Get your jar of *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema today—at any drug or cosmetic counter—while you can get the big 85¢ jar for only 59¢, plus tax—43% more for your money compared to the small size!

### Do this for a lovelier-looking complexion!

**Morning**—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema just as you would if you were using soap and water. When you "creamwash" your skin clean with Noxzema, there's no dry, drawn feeling afterwards!



Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. This *greaseless*, invisible film of Noxzema not only holds your make-up beautifully, but it also helps protect your skin *all day!*

**Evening**—At bedtime, "creamwash" again with Noxzema just as in the morning. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, dirt—without harsh rubbing!



Now, lightly massage your skin with Noxzema to help soften and smooth. Pat a little extra over any blemishes\* to help heal them. Remember—Noxzema is *greaseless!* No "smeary" face or messy pillow, when you use this dainty cream!

\*externally-caused

*Money Saving Offer*  
**NOXZEMA** skin cream  
**BIG 85¢ JAR** now only **59¢** plus tax  
 LIMITED TIME ONLY





(Continued from page 55) of the Year by an actress, Judy was spouting her blonde head off in *Life* magazine about what an awful place Hollywood was. She was shocked, said the article, by the Hollywood divorce rate. She loathed, continued the publication, the inflexible social stratas of the film capital. She would never sign a long-term contract with any studio that kept her here longer than for one picture a year (at the most three months). Summed up simply, said the story, Hollywood Hated Hollywood.

Reading between the lines, I came up with a familiar grievance—Judy couldn't forgive Hollywood for her early failure here. Katharine Hepburn went to bat for her in "Adam's Rib"—which was the stepping stone to "Born Yesterday." And even for that, in spite of her success in the play, Judy was the last one tested.

**M**AYBE success will change Judy's hate song. It did with Marlon Brando. From the safe distance of his Broadway hit, "A Streetcar Named Desire," Marlon branded Hollywood a city of imbeciles. And when he did capitulate for \$75,000 to star in "The Men," the suspicious guy was so determined to remain uncorrupted by Hollywood's devilish attractions that he warned his press agent in advance to refuse all invitations to parties. It was a bit of an anti-climax when no invitations came to be refused.

Marlon showed his contempt for Hollywood by wearing the oldest and most tattered (I won't go into whether they were clean or dirty) clothes he could scare the natives with, in this free and easy sartorial city. When his hate turned to terms of endearment for our fair city, I took the trouble to check why, and found that Marlon had tried to crash Hollywood a few years previously and had taken a beating worse than Judy's. But with his pockets loaded with Hollywood dollars and his ears filled with praise, Marlon finally admitted that Hollywood wasn't such a bad place after all. Thank you, Marlon Brando, for nothing.

But it isn't always failure at the beginning that causes hatred of Hollywood. Some stars hate it before they have any idea of what we're like; remember James Mason's diatribe to reporters in London and New York. Hollywood was a revolting place, he said in so many thousands and thousands of words. He gets embarrassed now when you remind him of his pre-Hollywood vitriolic statements. For now only a fool would try to persuade him to live anywhere else. He's so sold on our climate and our way of life, he wants everyone to live here and that includes his wife's first husband, Roy Kellino, a nice chap who lives with them.

I never thought that Olivia de Havilland could give us the old heave-ho. But her marriage changed everything.

When Olivia left Hollywood to star on Broadway in "Romeo and Juliet," she expected to be absent for two years. I'm told that Mr. Goodrich did not allow his wife to read the reviews of the New York critics so Olivia honestly believed the play closed after only seven weeks because of the high cost of production. If true, Marcus was unfair to Olivia. You can't live in an ivory tower and give your public what it wants. At any rate, Miss de Havilland is once more reading movie scripts and is graciously prepared to accept the big cinema salary that spells security.

Stars like John Garfield openly admit that they only make pictures in Hollywood to give them enough to live on comfortably while they experiment with plays

in New York. To this reporter, it seems a mite ungrateful. If you earn your money here, why not spend some of it here—experimenting with worthwhile films?

Garfield has another reason—in fact several, for preferring life in New York. "I don't feel right in Hollywood. New York is more stimulating. And my wife is happier there." So are a lot of other movie stars' wives. Mrs. Gary Cooper always preferred her socialite life on the East Coast. Well, now, since her parting from Gary, she can have it.

I had a long conversation with director-writer Joe Mankiewicz when I heard, on the heels of his winning so many awards for "All About Eve," that he was selling his home here to live in New York.

"Why are you leaving us?" I asked Joe. "I'm not leaving entirely," said Joe. "I'll be back to make one picture a year (the old security cushion). But the reason I'm going to live in the East is chiefly because I want to expose my children to books and ideas. This is an intellectual fog belt with twelve-year-old minds making movies for grown-up audiences. It's also impossible to be alone in Hollywood."

Sometimes an actress forsakes Hollywood when her star in the film heaven is shining less brightly. I'm sure this is the only factor behind Ginger Rogers's decision to abandon her lovely soda fountain on

"Many men would turn over a new leaf if they could only tear out some of the old pages."

. . . BOB HOPE

top of a Beverly Hills canyon, for the sky-scraper canyons of Manhattan.

Montgomery Clift's press agent proudly announced that Monty recently turned down approximately a hundred movie scripts. Personally I think that is foolish. The public loves Monty. But you have to give the public something to feed on, or in time they forget you—no matter how much they love you. And no one knows this better than Monty. "I want to make at least two pictures a year," he told me. That was more than a year and a half ago when he was working in "A Place in the Sun." He's done nothing since. Monty's picture price is \$100,000. His living expenses average maybe \$50 a week. So you can see he doesn't have to make more to live where he likes—New York, Europe.

Whether we lose Greer Garson permanently depends on the success or failure of her recent pictures. Greer doesn't hate Hollywood. She's too smart to hate anything that has given her so much. But she's also smart enough to know when to cry "enough." And she does look so beautiful with her white cows and bulls, down on the ranch with her millionaire husband, Buddy Fogelson.

Sometimes they go away for years, then come back for more of the same—and I do mean money. Rita Hayworth—I really thought she had parted with pictures forever. Oh, how she hated to get up in the morning—to work. But I guess she hated Prince Aly's lack of consideration even more. Rita loved Hollywood in the days of her marriages to Ed Judson and Orson Welles. When she parted with the genius, she suddenly had nothing to do or think about here. Her first trip to Europe opened new fascinating vistas where a girl didn't have to do anything, or think at all, and there were so many parties to fill in the

long hours. It will be interesting to see how long Rita remains with us.

I'll make a bet that Ingrid Bergman never returns to Hollywood. Even to visit. She was bored with the film city even before Rossellini. That was why she did her play "Joan of Lorraine" in New York. Her failure in "Arch of Triumph" just as surely opened the route to Rossellini as Germany's emotional and factual bankruptcy made it possible for a man like Hitler to take over. But Ingrid hasn't lost her liking for what American currency can do. All of her salary for "Stromboli" was turned into lire in this country before she received it in Rome. She received a better rate of exchange here.

**R**ESTLESS ladies of Hollywood who find our climate and way of life, shall we say, enervating, include Ava Gardner, Yvonne de Carlo and Joan Fontaine. It's hard to keep track of them. Joan dashes to Europe, to South America, to Europe again, without even making an excuse to herself.

Ava, since she discovered Sinatra and Spain, has been on a non-stop travel circuit, halted only when she comes to earth in Hollywood for a movie. Ava's wings are clipped somewhat because she is under contract to a studio—M-G-M—and she can fly away to spend her salary only when the studio gives the go-away signal.

Yvonne hasn't been the same stay-at-home girl since she made her first trip to Europe after the war. She loves it there, hiding herself in the unpublicized parts of the countries where she can live like a queen on her appetizing American dollars.

Deanna Durbin was so angry when the story was published that she was selling her three homes in California to live for good in Paris. She called me and asked me to deny the story—which wasn't mine. "I love Hollywood," said D. D. indignantly. "It has done so much for me. I will always live here." So I printed the denial. That was two years ago. She sold her three homes, now lives high in Paris on money she made as a star in Hollywood.

Judy Garland, I think, wherever she goes always will come home. Deanna saved her money. Judy didn't. Besides, Judy, in her heart, loves Hollywood.

I hear that Rex Harrison, who said such bitter things about our town not too long ago, now wants to return. Once he spouted, "Hollywood is such a bore—there are no clubs here such as we have in London. Suppose I wanted to meet you at the club—what club? The Beverly Hills Club—it's full of women." So Rex started his own club with David Niven, Herbert Marshall, Robert Coote and the men of the British film colony. It lasted two weeks. The reason—they missed the women.

But Rex and Lilli liked it here, really. Why not? They had the most beautiful home in Mandeville Canyon complete with Palomino horses. It was the Carole Landis business, I'm sure, that turned the movie milk sour for Rex.

Douglas Fairbanks doesn't hate Hollywood, but he loves to live in Britain where they refer to him as "Sir Douglas." His father's American fortune hasn't hurt him there, as Douglas would be the first to admit.

I don't like this "I hate Hollywood" vogue. Because I love the town. Besides, if you don't put back into the soil what you take from it, the land, in time becomes barren. That could happen here—but I doubt that it ever will. You see, I don't believe most of the stars who say they hate Hollywood. With few exceptions they always come running back so fast.

THE END



## The Photoplay Scholarship Parade

(Continued from page 37) They conducted their own classes in dramatics for the "younger set," did everything from baby-sitting to singing in the town grill to pay for ballet or voice or speech lessons.

Some said their schools offered no dramatic training, not even a club. But there were speech courses and readings and their enthusiasm encouraged their fellow students to put on scenes, then one-acts and finally full-length plays. And in a few cases, a drama society was born.

Others said that their towns of five thousand—or eight thousand—were too small to offer any opportunity. But, actresses at heart, they talked local radio stations into allotting them air time. Just fifteen minutes a week for interviews, chit-chat on high school news or talk about the latest movies.

If their schools had no newspaper, they went to the town paper, talked their way into writing occasional columns on movies, theatre, dramatic news. And some turned staff reporters and critics.

**N**OT all of these girls will make the grade—for many are still new to the profession. But all have proven they know where they want to go—and this is the first milestone on the road to success.

A few contestants who never had appeared before an audience—who had only the desire and ambition—sailed right through the recording stage in spite of their lack of training. This could happen because this contest was designed to encourage new talent. Generally, however, those who rated highest in all three stages of this contest, did so because they've been planning a long while for this moment. It is characteristic of those who really want to be actresses that they stay close to the theatre, even after they have arrived.

Judy Holliday, who easily could rest awhile on her Oscar for her portrayal of *Billie Dawn* in "Born Yesterday," toured the country this summer with the road company of "Dream Girl." Shelley Winters, who proved herself beyond doubt in "A Place in the Sun," spent part of her vacation last summer at the Actors Studio in New York, brushing up on techniques. Peggy Dow, signed by Universal, was lost for a time in the studio shuffle. She sold her secondhand car and with the money bought a tape recorder, practiced evenings in front of a full-length mirror, recording every script she could borrow from the studio. When her chance came for a screen test, she made history. Her test is still being shown to newcomers as an example of the ideal.

At M-G-M, the younger players formed a discussion group. They meet at each other's homes, perform, criticize each other's techniques. Back on the other side of the fence is Claudette Colbert who came East to star in Noel Coward's new play, "Island Fling," premiered at country playhouses. Gregory Peck could use some spare time loafing, but always takes off to the La Jolla Playhouse when free.

The proof is obvious. Those who really want to act—act. And although no one knows who the three finalists of the Photoplay Scholarship Contest are, it's even money that at some time, they used sheer will to open up roads others might have overlooked. For determination is as necessary a qualification for becoming an actress as the desire or the talent.

The names of the finalists in this great search for dramatic talent will appear next month. Watch for these three who came so far in this intensive search. Look for their stories!

THE END

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Good Housekeeping  
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## If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 83) come from looking "hideous" at a time when it seems urgently important to look beautiful.

To find out how to advise you on this I dropped by to see my favorite teenager my goddaughter, Joan Evans.

Joan, despite her scant seventeen summers, manages to keep a radiantly beautiful complexion. No pimples or ugly acne ever mar her lovely skin, and she wears a minimum of make-up off screen so it is certain in Joan's case that this is no skillful cover-up job.

I asked her straight out how she did it adding that you readers really needed help and I wanted the straight dope.

AS JOAN sees it, a teenager has a three-way job to do in outwitting the bad skin bogey. She says you have to go at it inside, outside, and—this is hardest—face up to and solve any emotional problems you have. Because, unless you want bad skin to give you away as a troubled, tension-ridden adolescent, you have to be happy.

The inside attack involves diet. That's hard, too. You have to make up your mind that sweets and starches are out for the duration, and settle down to three or four years of sensible eating: meat, green leafy salads, fruits and vegetables and milk. (Incidentally, this diet will make miraculous changes in your figure, too.)

Joan says she has restricted her diet for so long that she doesn't even like the forbidden foods any more. "At first, when I had to substitute fruit or vegetable juice for a malted milk for my mid-afternoon pick-up snack, it was a wrench. Now I actually prefer my 'clear skin cocktail.'"

To work from the outside, your tools are soap and water in large amounts, a light cream or a light-textured skin oil to keep your well-scrubbed face smooth and moist.

If this counsel comes too late, and the acne or pimples are already there—get on with the program anyhow. Diet and simple cleanliness will defeat them before too long. Meantime, use one of the new cover-up creams which can make a skin blemish almost invisible. Some of these have a medicated base. Better ask your doctor before using such a cream indiscriminately.

Finally, how can you get rid of the tensions which conspire with faulty diet and improper cleansing habits to play havoc with your skin?

Joan Evans says, "Decide what you want to do with your life, and start doing it."

"I'm lucky," she told me. "I knew when I was still a kid that I wanted to be an actress. And I started right then to prepare for my chance when it came. A lot of my friends are older than I am and still have no idea what they want to do. They're unsettled and uncertain, all choppy inside and splotchy out."

Set your sights on a goal and then start moving toward it. That seems to be the kernel of Joan's advice to girls her age.

Teen-age skin trouble is only another symptom of adolescent indecision. So get moving. Once you've picked a destination, it's easy to buy a ticket.

Some of you may have charm problems which I haven't touched upon. If so, do not hesitate to write me about them. Write me, too, if you have any charm tips that have worked for you and which you would like to share. Send your letters to Joan Crawford, c/o Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. While I will not be able to answer you personally, I will, I assure you, read and analyze all the letters I receive.

THE END



JUNE ALLYSON, co-star of M.G.M.'s "TOO YOUNG TO KISS" and DICK POWELL, co-star of M.G.M.'s "TALL TARGET"

## "My husband is tearing our place apart!"

"There isn't a more considerate husband in the world than Dick Powell," June Allyson boasted. "But I'm afraid he'll leave me 'homeless'! When he isn't breaking through walls of the house, he's out chopping trees. I like to help, but days like this are murder for my hands."



"Sometimes he takes the furniture apart to refinish it. I help and afterwards my hands beg for soothing Jergens Lotion."



"I learned at the studio Jergens doesn't just coat skin, it softens because it penetrates and furnishes moisture."



"So no matter how I abuse my hands, Jergens Lotion keeps them lovely for studio closeups—and for Dick."



Try Jergens Lotion. See why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens 7-to-1. Jergens is still only 10¢ to \$1, plus tax.



## Prairie Flower

(Continued from page 63) they don't dispute the fact that hers is the kind of Texas beauty that would inspire anybody to stand them off at the Alamo.

She's 5' 6½" tall, with pin-up proportions that add up to 118 pounds, and she never worries about them adding up to more. "On the contrary," Cyd says, "I've never been able to gain. I've been taking vitamins almost from the day I was born."

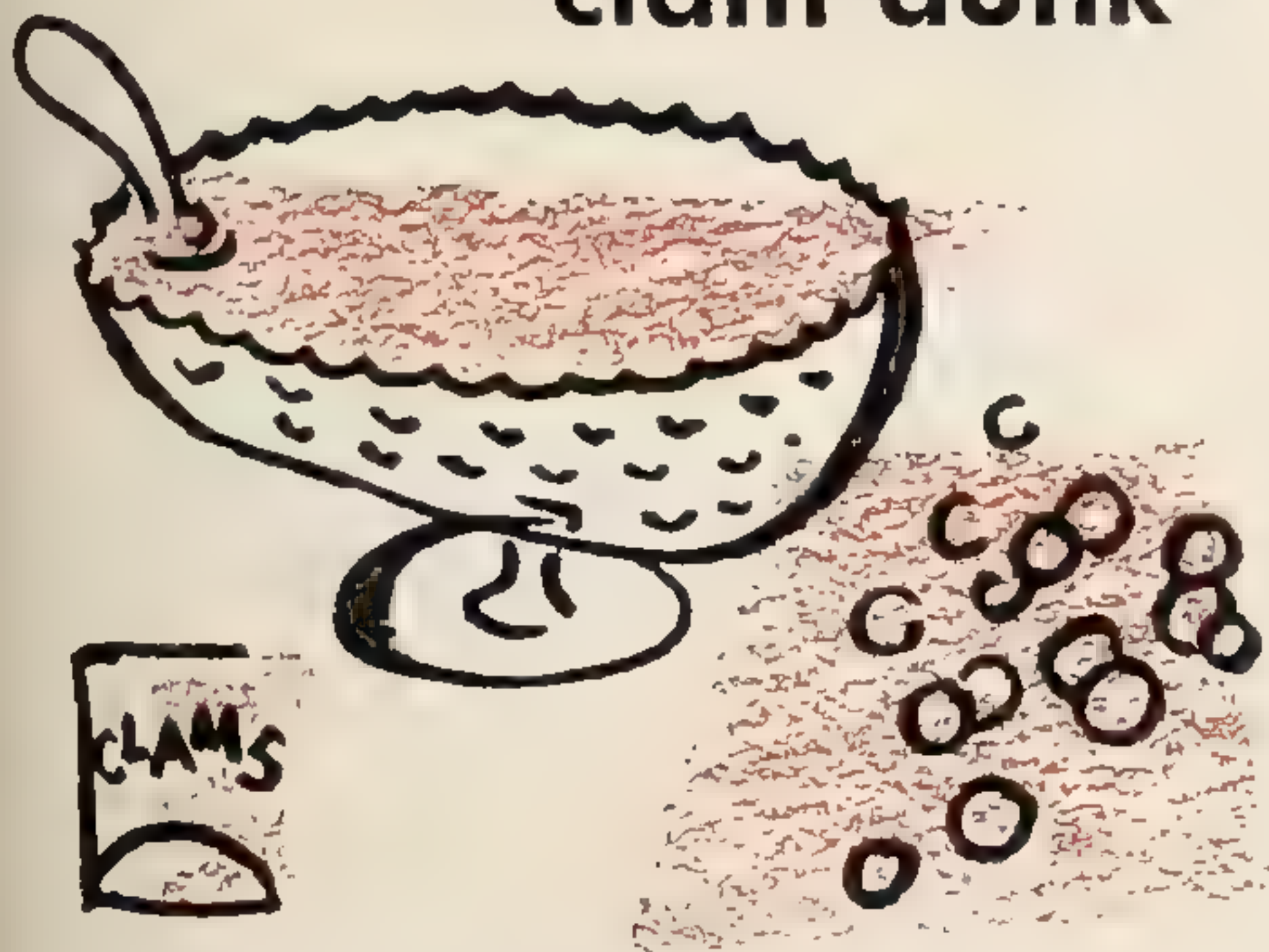
She was born Tula Ellice Finklea. The Frenchy Charisse she got from her former husband, choreographer Nico Charisse, whom she married when she was seventeen. The name Cyd, now so euphonious, was given her by her brother when they were children. His attempts to say "sister" always wound up "Cyd"—and the nickname has stuck with her ever since.

Her father, Ernest E. G. Finklea, ran a jewelry store in Amarillo, but he'd always loved the ballet. He would drive to Dallas—600 miles—just to see the Ballet Russe when it was playing there. As a child, Cyd was so thin and undernourished her parents decided dancing lessons would provide the needed exercise. Cyd's father loved to see her dance. He had a mirror and bar built into her bedroom, and he was her first paying audience. "I was always practicing at home, pirouetting around in the middle of the floor, and Daddy would toss me nickels and dimes to keep me dancing," she reminisces.

When Cyd was twelve, her Amarillo teacher advised more advanced training, and her parents settled her in Hollywood with a family friend to study. "We didn't even think of motion pictures. Toumanova was my ideal, the ballet my dream. I thought the greatest thing in this life would be to be a ballerina."

When she was fourteen she was back home vacationing when the late Colonel de Masil, whom she'd met when the Ballet Russe was playing Los Angeles, phoned long distance offering her a job with them.

## jimmy stewart's clam dunk



MAKES ABOUT 25 CANAPES

- 6 ounces cream cheese
- 1 can minced clams,  
(5 ounces) drained
- 2 tablespoons clam juice
- 1 tablespoon horseradish
- ½ teaspoon paprika

Mix cream cheese, clams and clam juice together and beat to the consistency of heavy whipped cream. Add horseradish and paprika and mix thoroughly. Serve with small crackers or potato chips.



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the smooth top...*



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**This Gorgeous Book is Really . . .**

# Hollywood

## in review



Elizabeth Taylor



Farley Granger



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**STUDIO DIRECTORY**—Pictures and addresses of all the well-known movie studios. Now you will know where to write your favorite stars.

**THE MOVIE YEAR IN REVIEW**—Twenty thrilling pages covering the motion picture highlights of the entire year—movie memories you will want to keep!

**COLOR PORTRAITS OF THE STARS** — Gorgeous four-color photographs of Elizabeth Taylor, Howard Keel, June Allyson, Esther Williams, June Havoc, Tony Curtis, Jane Powell, Vera-Ellen, Farley Granger, Joan Evans, Gordon MacRae, Doris Day.

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Her parents talked it over, and a few days later Cyd and her father were on a train bound for Cincinnati, where she was to join the company. Just when they were set to sail for Europe, word came that her father was dying. Cyd left for his bedside, the company sailing without her. The following year she rejoined the Ballet. In France she married Nico Charisse, her former teacher, also a member of the company.

She was discovered by motion pictures when David Lichine persuaded her to be his partner in a number for a Columbia musical, "Something to Shout About." Today at Metro she's an exciting star property, both as ballerina and dramatic actress.

"I married the only girl in Texas who doesn't have oil," Tony Martin says teasingly to Cyd, but with a spark in his brown eyes that denotes he considers himself far from short-changed.

**THEY** first met through their mutual friend and agent, Nat Goldstone. Nat arranged for Cyd to be Tony's partner at a dinner he gave at the Bel-Air Hotel. She thought Tony very handsome and romantic-looking but before the evening was over she tabbed him nice—but not for her. "T," as she calls him, was just out of the Army, and after having been stationed in far-flung outposts in India, he was eager to catch up on what was new. The party went on to Cyd's to catch a new act opening there and Tony kept table-hopping, catching up with old friends. Like any girl, Cyd's typically feminine reaction was a fuming, Well—if *this* was how he was—if *this* was how he would act.

When Tony telephoned, inquiring what she'd be doing the following Saturday night, he got a chilly busy signal. Then what about Sunday? he asked. She was very busy Sunday too, she said. Finally there were no days left. He guessed she just didn't want to go out with him. She was just *very* busy, she said.

A few months later Nat Goldstone invited her to a preview of "Black Narcissus" with himself and Mrs. Goldstone. But when the Goldstones arrived, Tony was with them. "That night 'T' was so sweet and charming I completely reversed my opinion."

Tony Jr., born a year ago, somewhat startled his proud parents by having blue eyes and a head of healthy blond hair. "It seems so funny—with both of us so dark. When we go out as a threesome, people are always giving us a surprised how-did-this-happen-look," laughs Cyd.

With Cyd's nine-year-old son Nicky (by her previous marriage) they live in a white brick colonial house in Beverly Glen.

On a rare day off together, the Martins like to "just sit by the pool and sun. Tony loves the sun, and so do I. We just sit there, usually listening to ball games on the radio, until there's no sun left."

Tony takes a flattering interest in Cyd's clothes and likes to see her in suits. "When he's in Chicago he has his tailor make me tailored 'mannish' suits too—to match his. And those wild plaid sports coats men wear—Tony keeps buying them in small sizes for me."

Tony is always getting servicemen into his radio broadcast, and one night recently he and Cyd took two Marines who were standing backstage at the radio station on to Cyd's with them. Cyd danced with them, many stars stopped by their table and met them. At the last accounting these two Marines hadn't come back to earth yet. "We will both be walking on clouds for days," they wrote.

Which is logical enough. Cyd Charisse could believably enough have even a Marine walking on a cloud. And that long, low, howbeit respectful, whistle can be universally understood—from Texas to Teheran.

THE END



## Act Your Age, Joan

(Continued from page 49) hell before she got her bearings and made a fresh start—outside of the industry—which finds her currently happy. . . .

Elizabeth Taylor, a divorcee at eighteen, has been threatened with a nervous breakdown and ulcers. . . .

All of which brings me to Joan Evans. Joan, at seventeen, looks and acts twenty, at least. Like all the girls who come to Hollywood, she has had to telescope the years of her youth, has had no chance to be a normal fifteen, sixteen or seventeen—to take one step at a time.

It may be that Joan never will miss any of the things she normally would have learned in those years. So far, certainly, she has handled her personal and professional life very well indeed. She is intelligent and aware to a degree.

**B**UT I have a word of warning for Joan. With all my heart I want to urge her not to continue to mature beyond her years, to stop growing up for a little while, to mark time, to wait—and then wait some more—before she decides some man is the One and Only.

Joan, I must explain, is not and never has been an average girl. Her unusual background, long before pictures, cut the pattern for the unusual present—for her being able to handle her personal and professional life as well as she has so far.

Her mother is a successful writer under her maiden name, Katherine Albert. Her father, Dale Eunson, is a well-known fiction writer, editor, and playwright. Joan is their only child. From the time she learned to walk and talk she has been treated as a reasoning member of her family. Joan tells me that one of her earliest memories of punishment was Dale's saying to her, "You're behaving like a child."

Katherine and Dale, as writers, always worked at home. There, I think, lies Joan Evans's hope of escaping the unhappiness that usually besets girls who grow up too fast. Let me explain:

All through her formative, impressionable years Joan saw the two people she loved best working, accepting the responsibility which editors and publishers and producers placed upon them when they gave them assignments and deadlines. Time after time, too, she saw them go back to their typewriters after dinner and stay at them until late at night—because of something they thought could be done better, or because someone was depending upon them. She came to admire people who work hard, who deplore irresponsible behavior, and who still manage to have a great deal of fun.

Without this background I doubt that Joan could have survived her first year in Hollywood. It was tough, so tough that she still talks about it with sympathy for the fourteen-year-old girl she was then.

"If I had not wanted to be an actress more than anything in the world I never would have finished 'Roseanna McCoy,'" she says. "Irving Reis was a hard taskmaster. He never spared me or my pride. When he didn't like what I did he would say so, in no uncertain terms, before the entire company of professionals. I was young and inexperienced. Half the time I didn't know what I was doing. But I knew I wanted to learn. And instead of rebelling, I knuckled down.

"I had to keep up in my schooling that year also. And I must admit there were times when I thought about quitting. Katherine used to say, 'You don't have to stay, you know. I want you to be happy and fulfilled as a human being. Beside that,



## Ladies, it's really too bad that the men don't have the babies

Diaper rash, scald, cradle cap, all such skin irritations can make baby's life miserable, as every Mother knows.

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being an actress is unimportant.' But I couldn't stand to admit failure. So I kept on. And, of course, at the end of that time I was much older. Who wouldn't have been?"

Which is the very point I want to make. Most girls try to grow up by rebellion, by indulging themselves in clothes and pleasure and by striking attitudes which belong to the years they have not yet reached. Thus they arrive at a false maturity with insufficient mental or emotional stability to see them through. Joan Evans grew up contrariwise, by disciplining herself, by accepting the responsibility that faced her if she was to reach her goal, and refusing to be sidetracked.

JOAN is well aware of the years she has skipped. But she doesn't feel they are any loss. She says firmly, "In some ways I'm glad that I escaped the so-called normal years between fifteen and eighteen. I read so many letters from high-school girls who are finding those years painful. They don't know what they want—they don't know where they're going. I think I was lucky that from the time I was fourteen I knew..."

"I remember when Katherine worried because I was maturing so fast. One day she confided some of these misgivings to our friend Angovar, the dress designer. Angovar helped convince Katherine that it was all right. She said what I have just said: 'If Joan had missed the years between seven and ten, say, it would be bad. But to escape the agonies we all suffered between fifteen and eighteen—I don't think you have anything to worry about. Maybe someday she'll thank you.'"

Who is to say? Joan doesn't know now. Personally, I do not at all agree that the average girl should skip any of her average years. When I see teenagers fresh out of beauty salons, their hair dyed, their lips rouged, their heels high and their necklines low, I want to shout at them, "Don't be fools! Quit trying for fifteen until you've had fourteen. Or sixteen before you've been fifteen. Eighteen is a wonderful age—only if you're ready for it." But I can't say that to Joan because she *was* ready for it. As she says, "I didn't skip anything really. I had it all. I just had it faster than most girls—in that difficult first year."

Joan has always admired her parents more than anybody else in the world. "Not long ago anything Katherine or Dale said was gospel," she told me. "It didn't occur to me until recently that I might have an opinion which was different from theirs. But one of the nice things about my parents is that now, when I disagree with them, we get into a big argument—the way any three normal people do. And they respect my opinion—as I respect theirs—because I'm an individual and have a right to an individual opinion. They have never said to me, 'This—or this—is so because I say it is so, and therefore you must believe it.'"

Also, from the time Joan was a tiny thing she has called her parents by their first names.

"Some people disapprove of my calling my parents Katherine and Dale," Joan

said. "But how I came to do it is a funny story. Before I was born Katherine said to Dale, 'What do you want the baby to call you?' 'Well,' Dale said, 'the baby won't know me very well so I guess Mr. Eunson would be the proper greeting.'"

"That's like Dale..."

"But Katherine, referring to him, always called him Dale. 'Give Dale the evening paper,' she would say. Or, 'Bring me the salted peanuts, Joan.' She never spoke to me in the third person, never said, 'Bring Mommy her knitting.'"

"And anyway," Joan laughed, "by the time I was able to talk I knew Dale well enough to call him by his first name, and he liked it. The three of us always have been so close."

"You've handled yourself extremely well," I told Joan, "in spite of skipping—or compressing—a few years. Let's say you are unusual—which you are—not at all the norm, because of your background and the good effect it has had upon you."

"But you're not over all the hurdles, you know. Girls who grow up too fast usually don't handle the romance department too well. They get to thinking they know more about men and life and marriage than they do, really..."

"I've thought I was in love several times, and I suppose if you think you are, you are!" Joan grinned at me. "But when I marry I just can't imagine settling for anything less than Katherine and Dale have had. They're pretty old-fashioned about marriage, in spite of being modern and liberal about almost everything else."

"Besides, I hate failure. So I'd hate to fail at marriage—the most important human relationship of all. And you see so much of it out here—both marriage and failure, I mean."

"I'm stubborn too. So I want to be very, very sure before I marry. And why not..."

She spread her arms to encompass the comfortable private apartment she has in the Eunson house. "Katherine and Dale give me all the freedom I can use as long as I respect it. I don't have to marry to get away from anything. So many girls marry the first man who asks them because they want *out*, they want escape. I'm the fortunate one. I've got nothing I want to escape from, and I have a career that is terribly important to me. Of course someday I want to marry—when I'm sure I've found the right marriage."

She's a smart cookie, Miss Joan Evans. Otherwise she never would have measured up as she has, matured the true way by accepting responsibility and using self-discipline. That's not easy at any age.

I want to see her come through—all the way—with happy, flying colors, and I think she has a good chance of doing it. She's got a sound head—not merely a pretty face—on those broad shoulders. She knows what she wants, and I want to see her get most of it—including a good guy who has a job and a life of his own, quite apart from her stardom.

I want Joan to stay on the credit side of the ledger, where she is now—and give us a happy ending.

THE END

The Hollywood Girls Select:

**THE MALE PIN-UPS OF 1951**

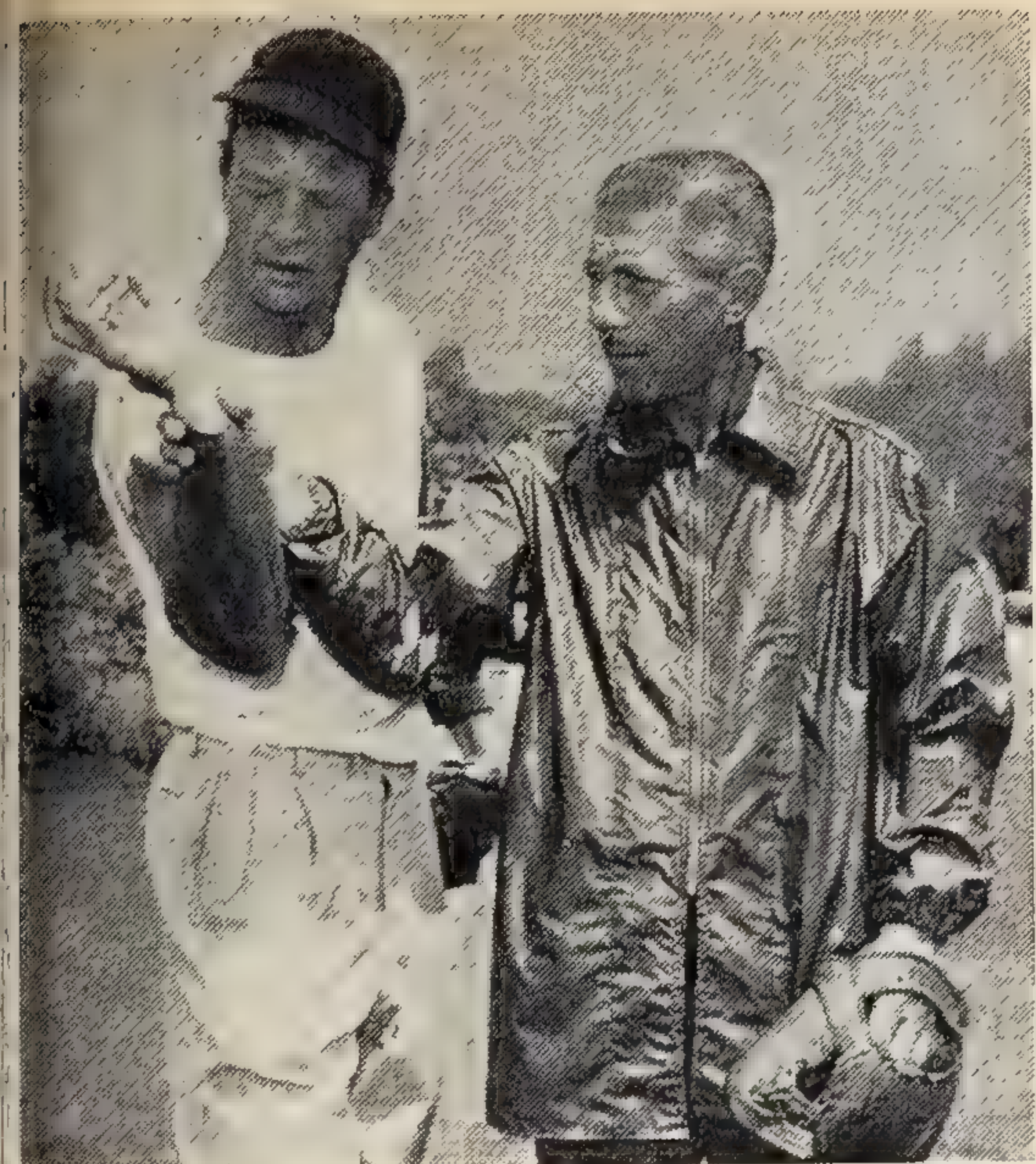
**In COLOR—In the November PHOTOPLAY**

On Sale October 10



# Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



Dan Dailey—coached by Ike Danning for Dizzy Dean role—missed a fast one and went around with a black eye

(Continued from page 23)

ley Granger, and the rest of the gents stayed outside in the pool—inside, Ava Gardner, Alexis Smith, Mona Freeman, Shelley Winters, Coleen Gray, Vera-Ellen and the other fair femmes helped Janet squeal and swoon. "Don't forget," beamed the beautiful bride, "about the seventh package. The owner will be the next one to have a baby!" Was Arlene Dahl's face red! Director George Sidney's giant bar of soap with a card reading: "Hope your shower is a huge success," got the loudest laugh.

"My wife received terrific loot," sighed Tony, "but there wasn't even an electric train in it for me!"

**For Gents Only:** It was five in the afternoon. In less than three hours the gay and gala premiere of "Bright Victory" at the Carthay Circle Theatre was to take place. First, Jeff Chandler called the U-I publicity office. He hadn't gotten around to asking anyone. Whom could he take to the premiere? Rock Hudson called next. Until that very moment it had slipped his mind. Could they get a date for him? With the entire depart-



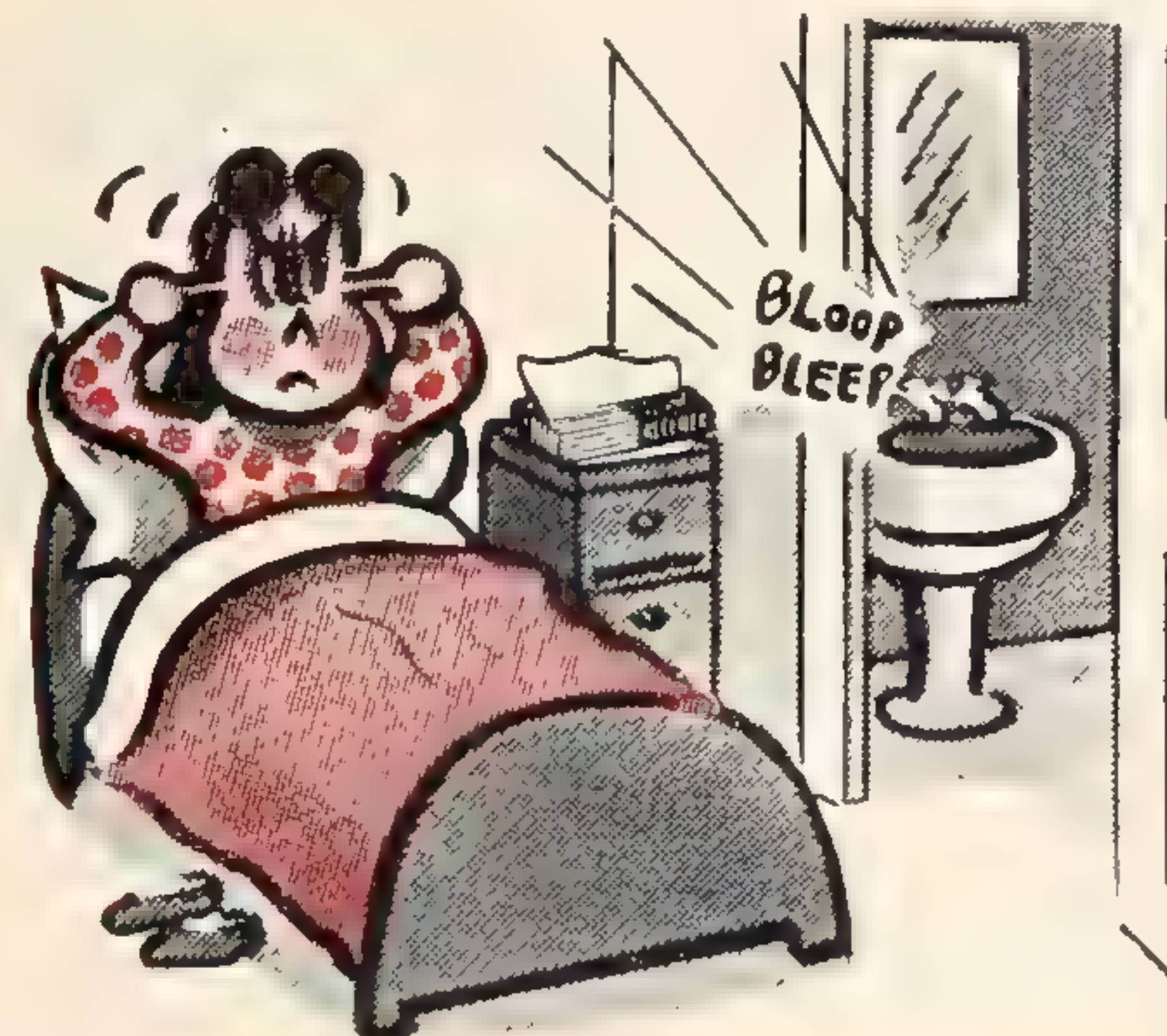
Barbara Lawrence and Johnny Murphy have that newly-wed look in their eyes



What's best to limber meat grinders?

- ☐ Chicken bones ☐ Salad oil ☐ Bacon fat

Balky meat grinders get back to work—when you dose 'em with salad oil. Keeps the food taste-worthy. Speaking of grinders, there's no ground wood in Kleenex! It's a *pure* tissue; perfectly uniform. Free from weak spots, hard particles!



How to foil a dripping faucet?

- ☐ Try a cork ☐ Attach a string

Can't sleep for that "bloop-bleep"? Tie a string on the faucet . . . water slides down, silently. And see how *Kleenex* tissues save your nerves—for Kleenex serves one at a time (not a handful). No fumbling! No waste. Saves money.



Chair marks on carpets call for—

- ☐ Cleaning fluid ☐ Steaming

Cover furniture-flattened spots with damp cloth, then steam with hot iron. Lifts nap, saves carpet. Let Kleenex tissues give you a lift in your household tasks. Extra soft! So absorbent; sturdy! And *no other tissue* has that handy Kleenex box!



To peel peaches quickly, try—

- ☐ A teakettle ☐ Steel wool ☐ A scout knife

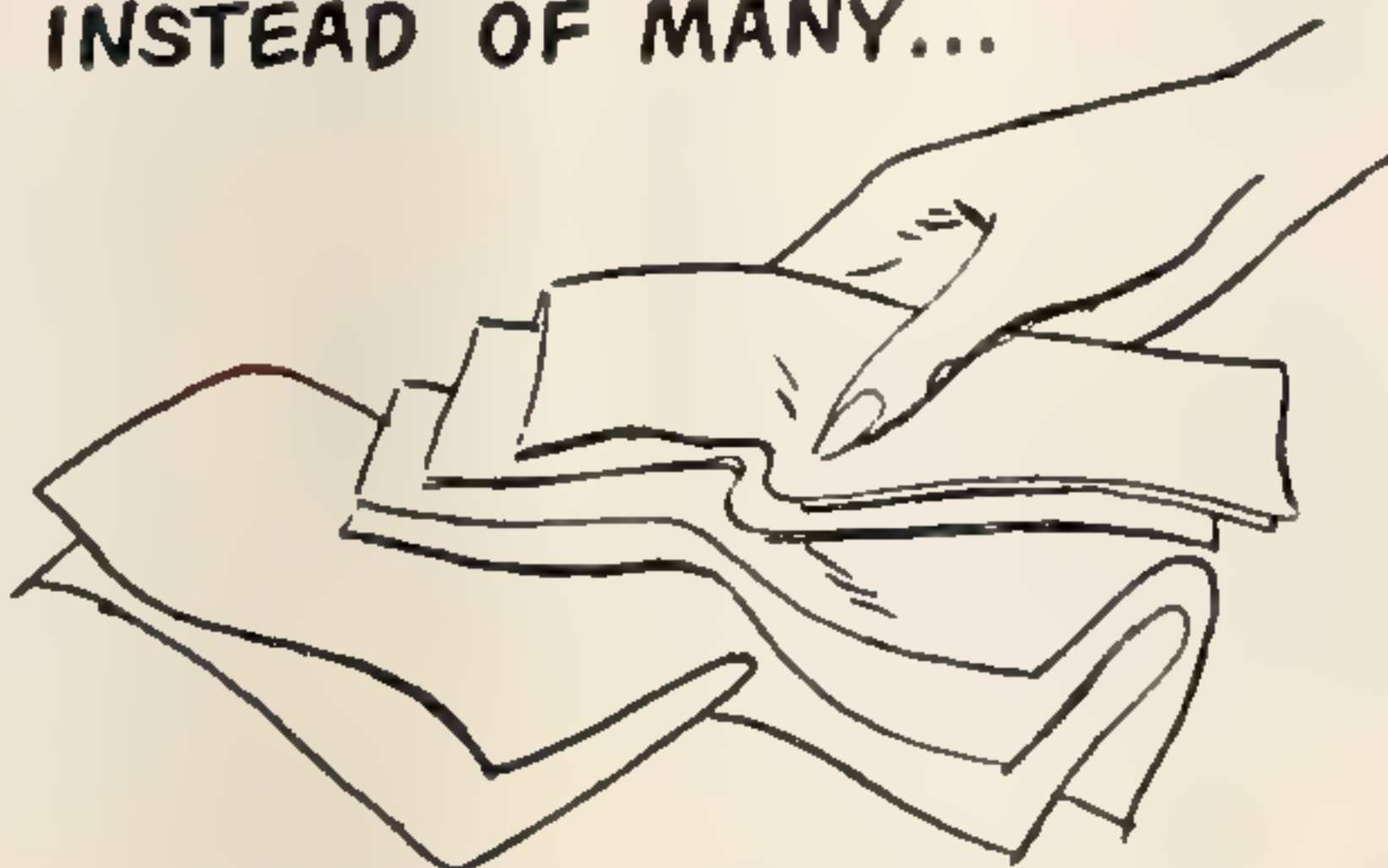
Peaches will shed their skins pronto; just pour boiling water over them. Likewise, save *beauty-care* time, trouble—use gentle Kleenex to peel off clinging makeup. Because this tissue has the *perfect balance* of softness and strength.

## Kleenex\* ends waste - saves money...

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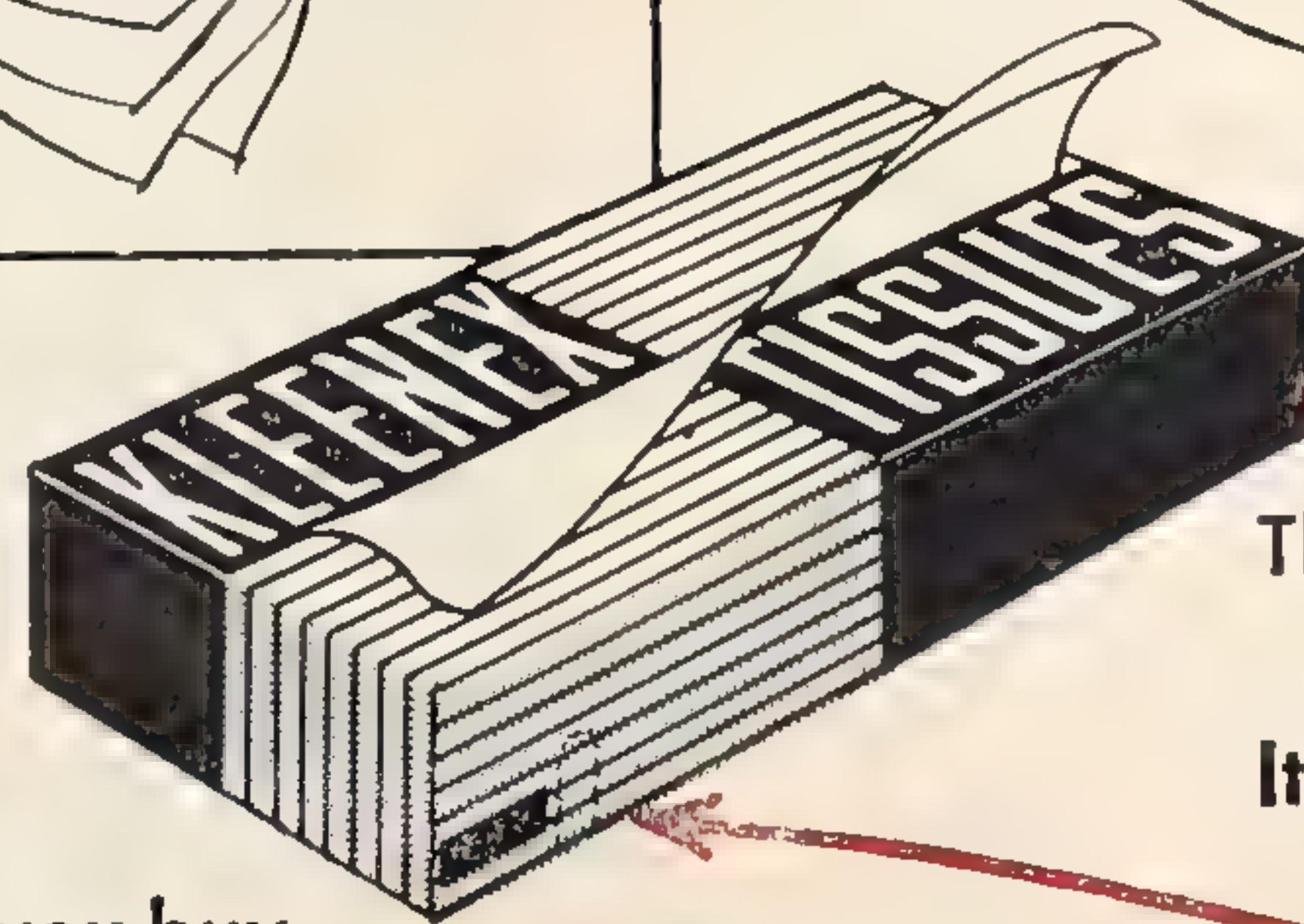
1. INSTEAD OF MANY...



2. YOU GET JUST ONE...



3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX



This Kleenex "window" shows you when it's time to order it again

Get several boxes when you buy—You'll always have a good supply





## STOP cooking the same HUMDRUM MEALS

Now there is no need to serve your family the same old tiresome dishes day after day. For, with the aid of the new *Magic Cook Book*, you can put sparkle and variety into every meal. And you needn't strain your budget either.

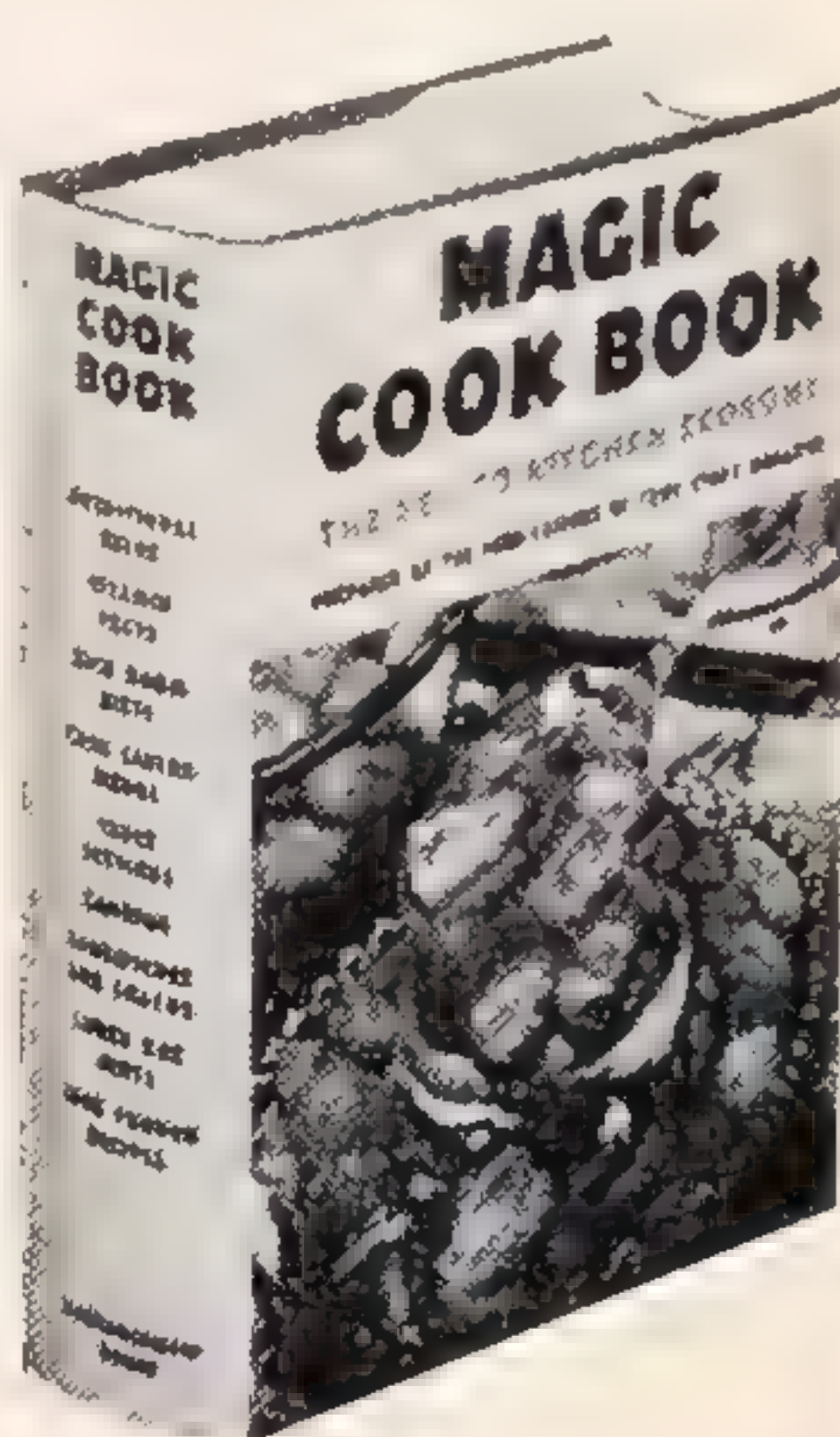
### New Mouth-Watering Recipes

The *Magic Cook Book* is different from the usual cook book. Its luscious recipes were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine. The result is the most thrilling collection of mouth-watering dishes you could ever hope for.

This wonderful new book contains over 1500 exciting recipes—and they are all simple to prepare. Each recipe in this unusual cook book is described in the easy step-by-step style. Now you just can't go wrong. Even beginners can prepare scrumptious meals at the very first attempt.

This is the cook book you have dreamed about. It is more than just a book of exciting recipes. It brings you everything you need to know about buying, preparing and cooking good things to eat. It also contains scores of money-saving suggestions that you can put to immediate use.

Get this beautiful book containing 32 pages of illustrations at once and thrill your family and your friends with your new found culinary skill.



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*With four pictures scheduled, Debbie Reynolds splurged on swimming pool and invited pals Penny Kirk and Rosalie Waller to try it out for size*

## INSIDE STUFF

ment dialing every single siren in town, in walked New York actor John Hudson, who is so excellent in the picture. "I'm new in Hollywood," he moaned, "I don't know any girls yet, can't you find one for me?" To make a sad story short, John went by himself, while Rock and Jeff went—together! "Unfair to Hollywood women" is what their signs should read and we won't blame local lovelies if they picket those mean ol' men!

**Party Preview:** Cal was convulsed by the beautiful Mrs. Randolph Scott's reason for giving a housewarming cocktail party. Their very modern new Beverly Hills home with its private putting course for you-know-who, is the talk of the town. "Randy was always bringing someone home to see the place," mused Pat, "it really wasn't ready for a party

but I knew if I waited much longer, there wouldn't be anyone left to invite!" So the Scotts gave a party. When June Allyson and Donna Reed weren't exchanging snapshots of their kiddies, they were exclaiming over the Scotts' sliding walls that bring the beautiful outside into the beautiful inside. Paeans of praise came from Irene Dunne, Ann Sothorn, Loretta Young, the Ray Millands and the George Murphys—to name a few of the two hundred guests. Cal saw the lovely Jane Bryan (the former Warner star) who didn't remember him. Also, the great silent screen beauty, Corinne Griffith, whom Cal will never forget.

**Cal Wonders:** Why Jane Greer, who has such a terrific sense of humor, is so shy about showing it at Hollywood parties... Why someone doesn't tell Sonja Henie the facts of Hollywood life, so she won't repeat a recent blunder and seat guests who haven't spoken in years next to each other at the same table!



*Cause for celebration: Proud Cyd Charisse plays hostess to Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger at husband Tony Martin's sensational Cocoonut Grove opening*



## INSIDE STUFF . . .



Table for two: Bob Topping and Lana Turner at the Beverly Tropics. Lana's busy rehearsing for "The Merry Widow"

**Hollywood in Shorts:** You-all deep in the heart of Texas will be seeing a lot of Jimmy Stewart. He just purchased a large ranch and will devote his spare time to raising Angora sheep for the sweater-girl industry. That's a "yarn," hon! . . . She's loaded with pep and personality. Debbie Reynolds is also-loaded. With royalties received from "Aba Daba Honeymoon" record sales, she treated herself to a swimming pool and bought a Jaguar car for her dad. . . Even if the Crosbys went so far as to sign a property settlement (as rumored), after the preview of "Here Comes the Groom," the enthusiastic Groaner's wife rushed right home "to get his autograph!" . . . Titles don't scare director David Miller, who currently is spending enchanted evenings with Joan Crawford. The name of their next film flicker? "This Woman Is Dangerous" . . . Shelley Winters and Farley Granger are breaking in the act they'll do for our boys overseas, by trying it out for soldiers on leave in Hollywood.

**Town Talk Is:** That Cornel Wilde's generous settlement on Patricia Knight represents cash and holdings amounting close to a half million dollars . . . That Barbara Stanwyck was touched to tears when Robert Taylor sent her a diamond-studded heart on her birthday . . . That Sandler's Ltd. in Beverly Hills has a special drawer marked "Van Johnson," which is filled with his favorite red sox. On birthdays and holidays, Van's friends come in and buy them for him by the dozen . . . That Peter Lawford and Robert Walker are so well "oiled," since that gusher gushed (they bought it together) the gentlemen may soon take up acting as a hobby.

# 91% of Sailors and Marines

interviewed at San Diego, California, said:

**"CAVALIERS are Milder  
than the brand I had been smoking!"**

In San Diego, California, over 200 sailors and marines were asked to compare Cavalier Cigarettes with the brands they had been smoking. Their answers should be of interest to every smoker!

**91% of these sailors and marines—yes, 91% of the smokers—said Cavaliers are milder than their former cigarettes! And they'd been smoking all the leading brands!**

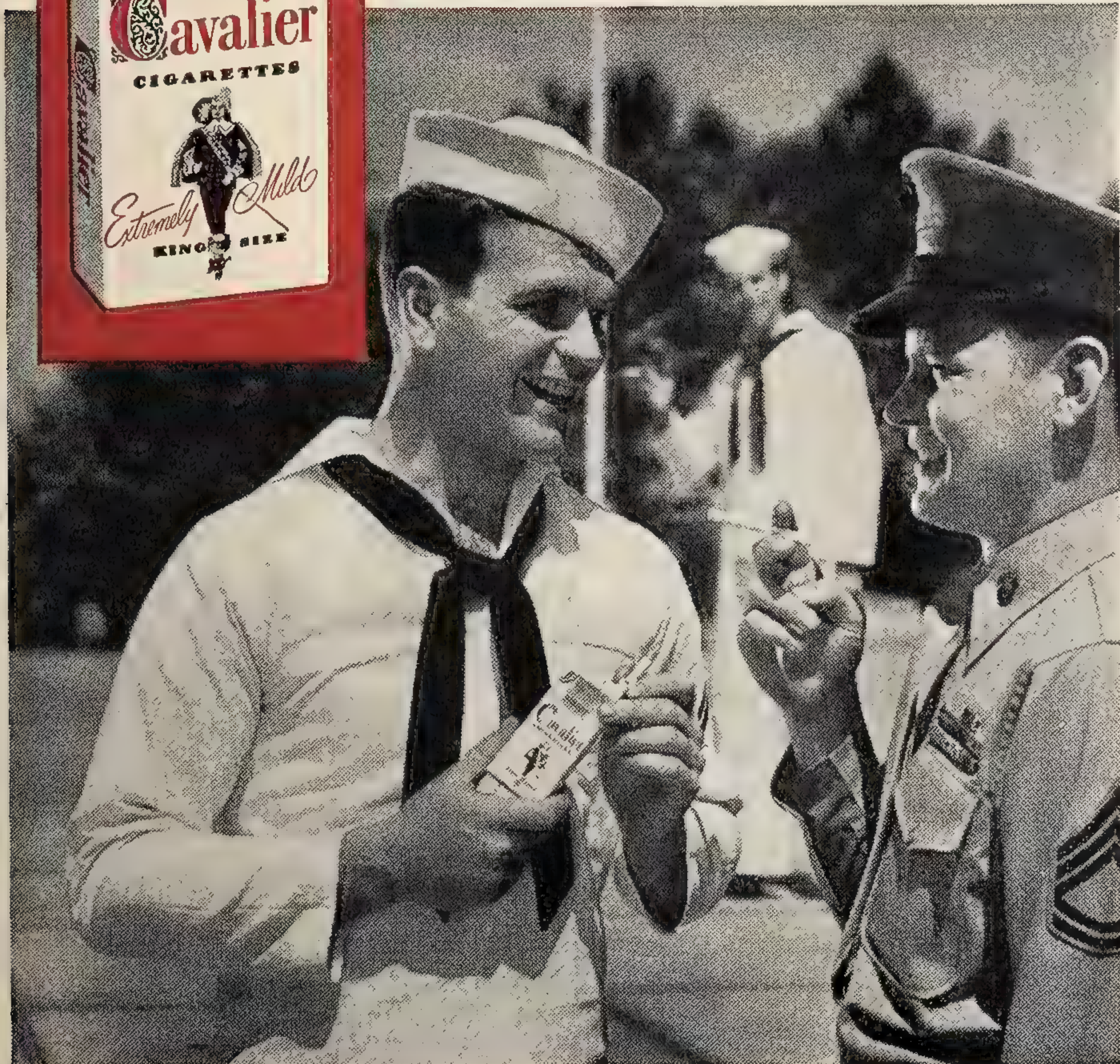
Cavalier mildness has been proved in hundreds and hundreds of tests from

coast to coast—among college students, phone operators, nurses and many other groups. 80% or more of smokers interviewed said Cavaliers are milder than the cigarettes they had been smoking!

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## Do You Know About This Newer Effective Technique FOR FEMININE HYGIENE?

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*Rumors started flying when Ann Blyth, recently back from England and Ireland, was seen at Carmen Miranda's *Cirot's* opening with Scott Brady. Questions started flying when Eleanor Parker, at same opening, was surrounded by admirers who wanted to know all about Valentino*

**Beautiful Target:** Ann Blyth may take Cal to task for printing this story. Pernicious press agents have been having a ball at her expense but because she is so kind and considerate of everyone's feelings, Ann won't protest. Since her return from Europe they've linked her name with every actor on the way up in Hollywood. Sometimes she's reported to be in a dozen different places during one evening. Recently a magazine (not *Photoplay*) fabricated a tender little yarn based on her great romance with Dick Contino. Ann went out with him exactly once! Yes, the details of their parting at the airport *were* such sweet sorrow, because Dick *wasn't* even present!

**Benny for Your Thoughts:** Instead of spoiling her, those endless advantages bestowed upon the Jack Bennys' daughter have only added to her sweetness and charm. And now at seventeen, the beautiful, blonde Joan is in love with Vic Damone. Whenever he has time and money to spare, Vic calls Joan from Fort Dix, where he's temporarily stationed. So, while the comedian and his troupe were in Korea entertaining our boys, Mary Livingston decided to take her daughter to New York, where she could see Vic when he was on leave. The Bennys still believe they have a little girl on their hands, but they're wise enough not to let her in on their secret.

**It Seems to Cal That:** A stitch in time, in the case of Bill Holden, would save the studios a fortune. Family and friends are worried over his highly nervous condition. During the past year Bill's made five pictures for Paramount and Columbia, who share his contract. He needs a good rest badly . . . Those rumors concerning Ty Power seem pretty preposterous. How could he be broke and still live that lush life on the Continent? And would a

## INSIDE STUFF



man shell out shekels for a new Bel-Air home, if he wanted to live in the East and return to the theatre? We doubt it.

**Dinner Belles:** June Haver, Connie Moore and Patricia Neal will never forget the most unusual banquet they ever attended. Missing were those inevitable searchlights, the usual mob of screaming fans. The occasion was the annual spring dinner of the Paralyzed Veterans Association. Each actress was guest of honor at a long table where their hosts lined up on one side—in wheel chairs. Between courses the actresses traded places to talk to as many of the paraplegics as possible. "The boys are simply wonderful," June's beautiful blue eyes glow when she tells about it. "You wouldn't dare feel sorry for them, because they refuse to feel sorry for themselves. They kid each other and make jokes at one another's expense. They are great human beings." June, Pat and Connie, who are also constant visitors at the Veterans' hospitals, are equally as great in their unselfish endeavors.

**One Man's Family:** Turn back the pages of Hollywood history and there he is—a tall-for-his-age, gangling lad delivering his papers to the doorsteps of the silent motion picture stars. Now it's 1951 and there he is again, but this time he's watching a tall, gangling lad up there on a platform with his graduating class. There was pride in Joel McCrea's face as he sat in the auditorium of Berkeley Hall, a private school in Beverly Hills. Frances Dee was by his side her hair slightly gray and looking lovely as ever. Cal couldn't help thinking as he sat there observing the McCreas: What inconspicuous representative lives they've lived the last twenty years. How graciously they've worn their success. Our town can well be proud of them.



# For every Girl who Plans to get Married



All wedding presents are sent to the bride, even though you do not know her. To this rule there are no exceptions.

## Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book



Elsa Maxwell

**A**T LAST—an etiquette book that treats this subject from a modern-day viewpoint. In this book the famous hostess to world celebrities writes helpfully about *the correct thing*. The bride-to-be, as well as the father of the bride, will find the exact information they

want in the fresh approach of this splendid book.

This is not a dry, stuffy book. It bristles with a gaiety and excitement and it is punctuated with amusing incidents drawn from the celebrated author's active life. Here in clear, straightforward language are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems.

### Wedding Fears

Your wedding should be an exciting and reverent-making occasion. Yet many brides are completely swallowed up by nervousness for fear that some part of their wedding arrangements might not follow the correct rules. You need have no such fears if you know exactly how to plan every detail of your wedding.

Armed with the information contained in this up-to-date book you can be sure that your wedding will be correct in every detail. Glance at the partial Table of Contents listed below and note how thoroughly Elsa Maxwell covers every phase of engagements and weddings.

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One of the most important phases of good manners is knowing exactly how to introduce people—and how to respond to introductions. Yet the uninformed always fail on this point of etiquette. Don't embarrass your friends—let Elsa Maxwell tell you

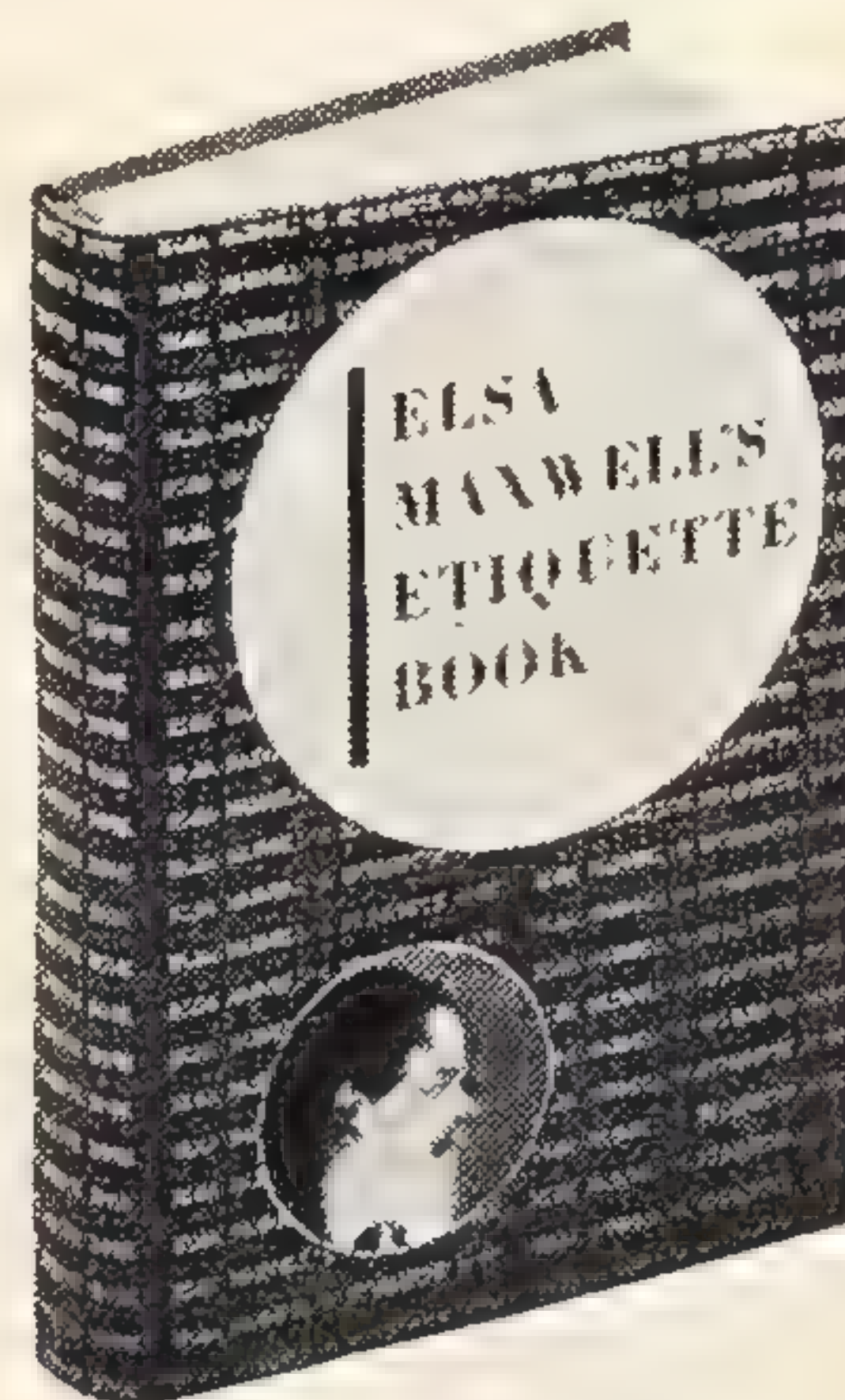


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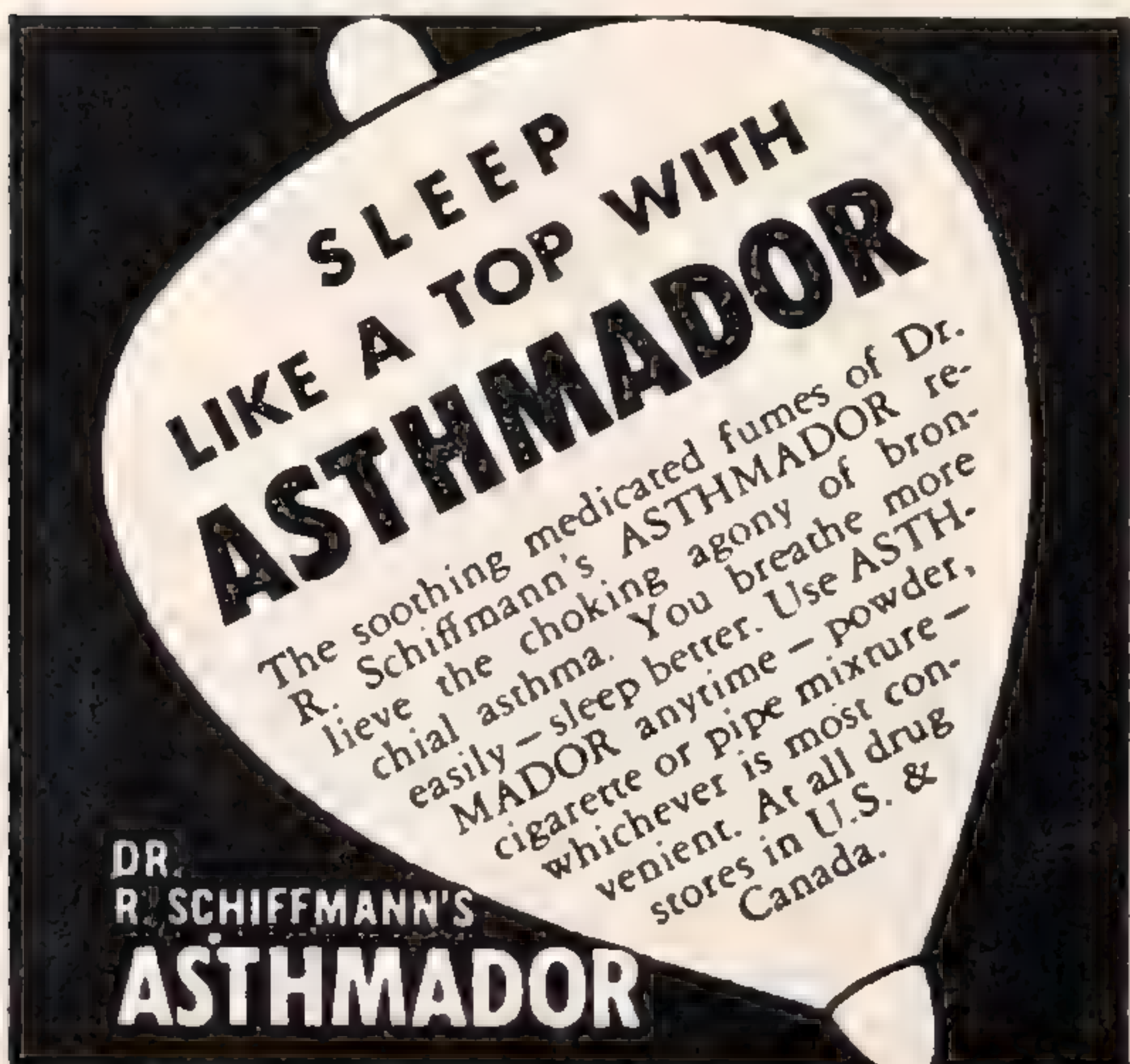
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## Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ (F) *ALICE IN WONDERLAND*—Disney-RKO: All the beloved characters of the Lewis Carroll fantasy are brought to the screen through the magic animation of Walt Disney. A must for children of all ages. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL*—20th Century-Fox: Monty Woolley, automatically retired at sixty-five, dyes his beard and cuts up with Constance Bennett—ex-boss Albert Dekker's wife—to prove that there's life in the old boy yet. A cute comedy with Jean Peters, Marilyn Monroe, David Wayne. (Aug.)

✓½ (F) *BEST OF THE BAD MEN*—RKO: The Younger Brothers and the James boys are riding and shooting again—this time along with Robert Ryan, an ex-Army major out to avenge a false murder charge. With Bob Preston, Claire Trevor, Jack Buetel. (Aug.)

✓✓½ (F) *CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER*—Warners: Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo find romance and adventure during the Napoleonic War against England in this Technicolor classic. (July)

✓✓ (F) *COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN*—U-I: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello take to the hills to find some buried gold when night-club singer Dorothy Shay discovers that Lou's a long lost member of the feudin' McCoys. (Aug.)

✓✓ (F) *EXCUSE MY DUST*—M-G-M: Fairly entertaining Technicolor musical with Red Skelton, as an inventor who tries to perfect the horseless carriage, providing the laughs; Sally Forrest, the dances and romance; Monica Lewis, the songs and Macdonald Carey some necessary plot complications. (Aug.)

✓✓½ (F) *FIGHTING COAST GUARD*—Republic: An oft-told plot involving Ella Raines, Brian Donlevy, Forrest Tucker, bogs down the worthy effort of showing the work and purpose of the Coast Guard. But the action shots are exciting. (Aug.)

✓✓ (F) *FIRST LEGION, THE*—Sedif-U.A.: A warm story about Jesuit Fathers and their reactions to what appears to be a modern miracle. With Charles Boyer, Barbara Rush, Lyle Bettger. (July)

✓✓ *FORI WORTH*—Warners: Plenty of shooting and fighting in this epic of old Texas after Randolph Scott discovers that David Brian hired him to run his newspaper for strictly varminty purposes. With Phyllis Thaxter, Helena Carter. (Aug.)

✓✓ (F) *FOUR IN A JEEP*—U.A.: An unusual movie laid in post-war Vienna with Ralph Meeker, Dinan, Yoseph Yadin and Michael Medwin as the soldiers of four nations who patrol the International Zone together and Viveca Lindfors as the Austrian girl who seeks their help. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *FRANCIS GOES TO THE RACES*—U-I: Francis the mule, and Donald O'Connor get back into civilian life and become involved with turf racketeers and pretty Piper Laurie in this not quite so funny sequel. (Aug.)

✓✓½ *FROGMEN, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews and Gary Merrill star in a spine-tingling tale of men in World War II who faced death in the ocean's depths. (Sept.)

✓✓ (A) *GUY WHO CAME BACK, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Amusing screen fare in which Paul Douglas, an ex-football star, is persuaded by siren Linda Darnell that his days as a champ and a Great Lover are not over—much to the distress of wife Joan Bennett. (Aug.)

✓✓ (F) *HAPPY GO LOVELY*—RKO: Vera-Ellen's terrific dancing keeps this British-made Technicolor musical from getting too bogged down by that old, tired, mistaken identity plot. With David Niven, Cesar Romero. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *HARD, FAST AND BEAUTIFUL*—RKO: Claire Trevor is a greedy mother who'd stop at nothing to turn her daughter, Sally Forrest, into a champion in this behind-the-scenes story of "amateur" tennis. With Robert Clarke. (Sept.)

✓✓ (A) *HE RAN ALL THE WAY*—U.A.: Wanted for a hold-up murder, John Garfield hides out in Shelley Winters' home hoping to keep her family as hostages until he can make a getaway. A suspenseful drama. With Wallace Ford, Selma Royle. (Sept.)

✓✓ (A) *HOLLYWOOD STORY, THE*—U-I: Richard Conte, as a movie producer, sets out to solve a twenty-year-old Hollywood murder. With Julia Adams, Richard Egan and many yesteryear screen favorites. (July)

✓✓½ *HOUSE ON TELEGRAPH HILL, THE*—20th Century-Fox: A suspenseful melodrama with Valentina Cortesa as a Polish D.P. who comes to America, marries Richard Basehart, and discovers she's marked for murder. With Bill Lundigan. (July)

✓✓ (A) *IRON MAN, THE*—U-I: A dynamic fight film with Jeff Chandler as a hard-hitting boxer whose murderous temper makes him the most thoroughly hated man in the ring. With Stephen McNally, Evelyn Keyes, Rock Hudson. (Sept.)

✓✓✓ (F) *I WAS A COMMUNIST FOR THE F.B.I.*—Warners: Exciting true story of a man rejected by friends and family when he becomes an undercover agent to expose the Red menace in America. With Frank Lovejoy, Dorothy Hart. (July)

✓✓✓ (F) *JIM THORPE—ALL AMERICAN*—Warners: Story of the great Indian athlete which covers his early days in college, his rise and fall as a champion and his eventual rehabilitation. Burt Lancaster's in top form and Steve Cochran's a nice guy for a change. With Phyllis Thaxter, Charles Bickford. (Aug.)

✓✓½ (A) *KIND LADY*—M-G-M: The classic Shakespearean actor, Maurice Evans, makes his screen debut as a charming and evil ringleader in a plot to take over the home of Ethel Barrymore by convincing everyone of her insanity. A shocking thriller. With Betsy Blair, Keenan Wynn, Angela Lansbury. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *KON-TIKI*—Art-Film—Sol Lesser—RKO: Documentary films of actual 4,300-mile sea voyage taken by Thor Heyerdahl and five companions. Not for the easily sea-sick. (July)

✓✓ (F) *LAST OUTPOST, THE*—Pine-Thom: Paramount: Still another Civil War era Western with Yankees, rebels and Injuns shootin' it up. W. Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming. (July)

✓½ (A) *LONG DARK HALL, THE*—U.A.: British import with plenty of suspense revolving around trial and conviction of Rex Harrison for the murder of Patricia Wayne. Lilli Palmer, Mrs. H. rison off-screen, plays his faithful wife. (Aug.)

✓✓ (F) *MAN WITH MY FACE, THE*—Gardn: U.A.: Barry Nelson is forced to prove his identity after he returns home one night to find double in possession of his wife, his home and dog. With Carole Matthews. (July)

✓✓½ (F) *MARK OF THE RENEGADE*—U.A.: A fast moving adventure film set in olden gold California with Ricardo Montalban, Cyd Charisse and Gilbert Roland involved in fiestas, duels, intrigue and romance. (Sept.)

✓ (F) *NEW MEXICO*—Allen-U.A.: A scenic beautiful Western with Lew Ayres as a Union captain, who, after attempting to defend maltreated Indians, is forced to track them down. With Maril Maxwell. (July)

✓½ (A) *PEKING EXPRESS*—Paramount: Intrigue in the Orient with UN doctor Joseph Cotten, French singer Corinne Calvet and missionary Edmund Gwenn held as hostages by black marketeer Marvin Miller. (Sept.)

✓✓✓ (A) *PLACE IN THE SUN, A*—Paramount: The three stars give superlative performances in this heartbreaking and modern screen version of "American Tragedy," with Monty Clift as the confused young man whose ambition and love for I. Taylor leads to Shelley Winters' undoing. (Sept.)

✓ (F) *PRINCE WHO WAS A THIEF, THE*—U-I: Tony Curtis comes into his own as a star in this Technicolor Arabian Nights tale about a royal infant reared by renegades, who finally claims his birthright. With Piper Laurie. (July)

✓✓ (F) *SEALED CARGO*—RKO: When Dana Andrews, owner of a small Canadian fishing boat during World War II sights a wrecked Danish schooner, he becomes involved in intrigue and murder. With Carla Balenda, Claude Rains. (July)

✓✓✓ (F) *SHOW BOAT*—M-G-M: The third Technicolor screen version of immortal Jerome Kern's Edna Ferber operetta starring Kathryn Grayson, Magnolia, Howard Keel as Gay, Ava Gardner, Julie. With Joe E. Brown, Agnes Moorehead and that sensational dance team Marge and Gower Champion. (Aug.)

✓½ (A) *SIROCCO*—Columbia: There's political and amorous intrigue in this not too successful carbon copy of "Casablanca," with Humphrey Bogart, Marta Toren, Lee J. Cobb. (Sept.)

✓½ (A) *ST. BENNY THE DIP*—U.A.: Amusing story of three hoodlums who don ecclesiastical vestments in order to evade the police, and how each finds regeneration in his own way. With Dick Haymes, Roland Young, Lionel Stander, Nina Foch. (Sept.)

✓✓✓ (A) *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*—Warners: Neurotic Robert Walker meets tennis champion Farley Granger in a club car, discusses a diabolical scheme for a double murder and then, without Farley's knowledge, carries out his end of it. What happens next makes this a chilling, thrilling adventure. With Ruth Roman, Pat Hitchcock. (Aug.)

✓✓✓ (A) *STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, A*—Warners: Magnificent screen version of the play about a tragic Southern belle. Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter and Karl Malden give Academy Award caliber performances. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *STRICTLY DISHONORABLE*—M-G-M: A light-weight but entertaining comedy filled with complications when middle-aged opera star Ezio Pinelli falls for naive Southern girl Janet Leigh. With Maria Palmer. (Sept.)

✓✓½ (F) *TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL*—20th Century-Fox: A controversial but straightforward exposé of cruelties of college sorority snobishness. With Jeanne Crain, Dale Robertson, Mickey Gaynor, Jean Peters. (July)

✓✓ (F) *THAT'S MY BOY*—Paramount: You laugh till your sides split when stringbean Jeff Lewis sets out to be a football star with the help of college hero Dean Martin. With Ruth Hussey, Mary Marshall. (Sept.)

✓✓ (A) *THING, THE*—RKO: A chilling science fiction adventure about a "thing" from another planet that lands at North Pole in a flying saucer with intention of destroying the earth. With Ken Tobey, Dewey Martin, Margaret Sheridan. (July)

✓½ (A) *TWO OF A KIND*—Columbia: Romantic melodrama in which Liz Scott and Alexander Kravinsky conspire to have Edmond O'Brien pose as long-lost son of a millionaire in order to make some easy money. With Terry Moore. (Sept.)

✓½ (F) *WARPATH*—Paramount: A rough and vigorous Western in which Edmond O'Brien enlists as a private in the Seventh Cavalry to track down the men responsible for his fiancée's death. With Polly Bergen, Dean Jagger, Forrest Tucker. (Sept.)

✓✓½ (F) *WHEN I GROW UP*—U.A.: Bob Driscoll plays a dual role in this tender family portrait about a boy, his dad, and grand-dad as problems two of them faced in their youth. (Aug.)

✓✓ (F) *WHISTLE AT EATON FALLS, THE*—Columbia: A lecture on labor problems with Lile Bridges as a union leader who is made president of the factory and is forced to do the very things he had fought against in the past. With Dorothy G. Carleton Carpenter, Diana Douglas. (Sept.)



(Continued from page 46) pressed the music department lever on his intercom telephone. "Get someone up here with some music, someone who can play it. . . ." He waved his hand towards the piano that stands in his suite, just as if the person to whom he was talking on the intercom could see him.

Gordon laughed. And Jack's fury mounted.

"All right," he bellowed, "if you can sing, sing."

Gordon let out with those full round notes we all love so well. And Jack nearly died.

"Know 'Rose of Tralee'?" he asked, when Gordon had finished.

At once Gordon started singing. Before he had gone more than a few bars, Jack was humming with him. . . .

Gordon's success, I think, lies in something over and beyond his voice itself. So much vitality and happiness and other good things combine in his singing that his singing—far more than beautiful sound—is something shared.

With Gordon a voice is something for which you are grateful and which you keep in tune. But you do not take any idolatrous attitude about it until, in the

"Ever since Eve chased Adam with an apple, women have pursued men—a way to make men pursue them."

. . . SUSAN HAYWARD

and, it consumes you, your life and the lives of those who love you. I've known singers whose diet, love life, waking hours and talking hours were regulated by what was and wasn't good for the "Voice," a Frankenstein monster with which their families were doomed to live.

On last Fourth of July, for instance, Hollywood was surprised when Gordon sang at the American Legion's celebration at the big Coliseum. He had planned fireworks at home for the kids. But when the committee asked if he would appear and sing "God Bless America" and "The Love-est Night of the Year" it never occurred to him to say no.

"The kids will see bigger and better fireworks at the Coliseum," he told Sheila. They can nap in the afternoon. It won't hurt them to stay up late this once."

Sheila was hesitant. "But you'll have no time to rehearse."

"That's okay," Gordon told her, "I'll talk to the orchestra leader on the 'phone, tell him the key I want. . . ."

He sang like a dream too.

Gordon, however, is no character. He's as American as the New Jersey suburb in which he was born on March 12, 1921, and the Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts where he prepared for the college which he quit for the stage. He knows the standings of all the teams in both major leagues and the batting averages of the players. He has a passion for golf, plays on the team at the Lakeside Country Club, not far from the Warner studios. He would, above all, like to meet Winston Churchill. He can whistle like a fool, which he isn't. He thinks his wife is a remarkable woman. He's as proud as the owners of his Cadillac and Buick. He wishes he had more time to spend with the small MacRaes, Meredith Lynn, six, Heather Allison, four, William Gordon, three, nicknamed War. But he's pretty busy singing on the

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Railroad Hour on Monday evenings and making movies so he can give his family all the things he wants for them, his current project being to install a heating system in the swimming pool of the new house up in the Hollywood hills—so Sheila and the kids can swim all year 'round. He likes to get up early, put on an old shirt and slacks and have a catch with the kids before breakfast.

Another of his projects is music lessons for his children.

"I want all three of them to play some instrument," he says. "Not so they can play professionally, just for their pleasure. I'd like to have a family orchestra—have the family get together evenings and make music, the way families used to do when they gathered around the piano. Even if the playing and the singing weren't good—it was good for the family. There's something about people making music together. . . ." And he puffs on his pipe, content in another of the simple basic theories by which he lives.

LAST summer while I was in Europe the MacRaes occupied my apartment at the Park Sheraton, which was a surprise to me until Gordon told me about it at luncheon one day.

"I loved the place," he said. "The dark green walls—with the big rooms. That was what sold me, Elsa, the size of those rooms.

"Sheila looked at it first, then took me around. The minute I walked in I said, 'This is it!' I go for rooms a man can really stretch in. . . ."

Sheila, you'll notice, looked at the apartment first. But it was Gordon who made the decision. That's their pattern, a pattern I suspect they resolved in their first tempestuous year of married life—for them definitely the hardest—when they quarreled often and more than once nearly separated. Gordon decides things. Sheila agrees. And Sheila is a happy woman if I ever saw one, the only actress I know who has turned her back upon an acting career in favor of a family without ever lapsing into bitter remarks about it.

The most difficult adjustments Gordon and Sheila had to make was fusing two distinctly opposite personalities. He tried to temper her shyness. She tried to curb his excessive (to her) forwardness. She was hurt when, on their honeymoon, traveling with the band, Gordon appeared to enjoy the company of his fellow bandsmen as much as, if not more than, hers. Always he wanted to stay in the hotel where the band stayed. She, on the other hand, wanted them to get away, to be by themselves. It was the same when they went out to dinner. He always chose a big, noisy place and a table large enough to accommodate any of the band who might join them. She wanted a romantic hideaway.

Finally, miserable if she was separated from Gordon even briefly, Sheila began going to the theatre, hovering in the wings during rehearsals. And inevitably, Gordon began to resent her possessiveness.

It was Gordon's mother who saved the day, really. "Now that you two are traveling all over the country," she told Sheila wisely, "why don't you map out tours for Gordon's spare time, take in all the points of historical and scenic interest."

It worked. For it gave Sheila a chance to be alone with Gordon. And he, in turn, was even more stimulated by their sight-seeing than he previously had been by the camaraderie of the band.

There were money problems too, of course. On more than one occasion after they had checked blithely into a hotel Gordon would be surprised to find he didn't have enough money to get out,

whereupon they would wire his mother for funds. Gordon's greatest extravagances were his gifts to Sheila. They were glamorous. But they were real headaches, too, when their purchase meant going without necessities.

His presents to Sheila continue. He's always giving her charms for a bracelet he bought her years ago. The first charm, marking the first movie he made for Warners, is a small camera with a heart superimposed on it that bears the legend, "You are the heart of the work." When he signed his Railroad Hour radio contract Sheila got a tiny gold locomotive. And to celebrate her first role in "Caged" he gave her a gold horseshoe.

They faced their greatest financial difficulties when Gordon went into the Army. Sheila refused to be separated from him. She tried doing a show on Broadway, but when she found she was pregnant she took off for Texas and Gordon and got a job on a local radio station. Meredith was practically born at the mike. Here their quarrels continued, although Gordon now insists this attitude of Sheila's was largely responsible for keeping their marriage together. One day in Texas, packing for one of their hectic moves from one Army post to another, Sheila lost her wedding ring. When Gordon scolded her for her carelessness she wept and packed. This time, she insisted, she was leaving him for good. She only got a few blocks, however, before she returned for a mutually contrite reconciliation.

All of which, childish as it all was at the time, served to strengthen their characters and build the groundwork for the mature, understanding attitude they have for each other today.

It would take time for a woman, as young as Sheila was when she and Gordon married, to weigh his happy-go-easy ways against the breadth and set of his chin—and to accept the fact that he would be easy up to a certain point, and then he would not be fooling. Also, by the same token, that he was a man into whose hand she could put her life and it would be good.

For, above all, Gordon believes in marriage, a man's need of a wife, and his great misfortune when the woman he marries is not the right woman for him.

"I NEVER could describe," he says, "the help Sheila has been in my struggle for recognition as a singer and an actor. I was twenty when we married. I would not—I know it and Sheila must know it too—have made the same progress had I remained a bachelor. For me a young marriage was right.

"After all, the earlier a man has to settle down and become a responsible citizen—the better—for the earlier he will get set in a mature pattern, start making progress.

"I only began to get ahead in my career when I married and settled down—because I had to, not for any loftier reason."

The MacRaes' recent New York sojourn was, on the surface, so Gordon could make personal appearances. Actually it was because Gordon has his canny eyes on TV. His contract, like most Hollywood contracts, does not permit him to do more than look at a TV screen. But he knows this state of affairs cannot last—any more than the old taboo against movie stars on radio lasted. And watching the TV screen he's noticed that singers are likely to appear at a disadvantage.

"They just stand there and sing," he says "are not too interesting. So I figured if I made a lot of personal appearances I have a chance to work out some casual business. . . . get my bearings. . . . so maybe I won't appear too stiff when I get the inevitable message that the studio has



ifted the TV ban and I'm to go on for some special thingamajig the next night."

Gordon's attitude was quite the same hat day nearly four years ago when my dear but bellicose friend, Jack Warner, having heard him sing, brought out a mountain pen and contract. Gordon brought out his agent.

"Bing Crosby can sing," Gordon pointed out, asking for a guarantee about his roles, but he got nowhere until he could act, too. Same thing with Frank Sinatra. . . ."

One of my favorite MacRae stories concerns a woman star with whom he was scheduled to appear in an early movie. When she saw him she was disappointed in his height—five feet, eleven inches. She would not, she felt, look petite enough by comparison. "Gordon MacRae," she told the director, "must wear lifts."

This was reported to Gordon. "I understand you think I'm not quite all enough to play opposite you," he told his star when they met.

"That is correct." She looked down her aquant nose at him.

"But," Gordon could see himself losing the part, "I am five feet eleven. I am not short. I—"

"You will wear lifts—or we will not play together." And she walked away.

"Just a minute!" Only Gordon's eyes, pupils narrow, showed his anger. "I'll make a bargain with you! When your voice gives the audience a lift—then I'll put lifts in my shoes."

They did not play together. But it wasn't Gordon who didn't get the part.

This attitude was very brash of him, of course. But he was scared and he was hurt—and to be brash rather than to give up under such circumstances, is typically Gordon. Just as it is, if you'll remember our history, typically American.

THE END

## Pint-sized Paradise

Continued from page 61) could be adapted to almost any apartment, especially a small apartment. The living-room area is 11 x 18, the kitchen and sleeping area together are 8 x 10 and that's not spacious. But the place excites the oh's and ah's of everyone who sees it.

In the 8 x 10 section, the tiny kitchen is tucked away behind a bar, so that either food or drinks can be served successfully in this area. Opposite, the built-in couch occupies an alcove, separated from the living-room by a low partition which is topped with movable louvered shutters. This studio couch is the size of a twin bed, so it can be used for sleeping. The space also doubles as a dining-room, for Betty sometimes serves meals on foldaway tables which set up nicely in front of the couch. Not that she does any great entertaining here for, after all, this is her studio dressing-room. But the idea's good and beautifully adaptable to an apartment.

Beyond this area, shuttered doors lead to the bath-dressing-room, complete with a large built-in dressing table and wardrobes with sliding doors.

Regarding the decoration, almost everything is in some shade of green. Because of this, there are no great color contrasts to divert the eye, and so this small area looks a great deal larger. Another trick of illusion is obtained by the mirrors placed all along one wall to make the narrow 11 x 18 room seem wider.

Instead of paper or paint, the walls wear fabric, a heavy cotton tweed in various tones of green with gold metallic thread woven in. The same material covers the built-in sofa which rounds a corner in



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the living-room section and is used also for the couch in the sleeping alcove.

To achieve this decorative effect in your home, you could use the same idea of fabric on the walls. It need not be as expensive a fabric as this. Burlap gives a wonderful texture to walls, and if the natural color doesn't appeal to you, paint it whatever color you wish after it is installed. You can either tack it around the edges or cement it to the walls, whichever method seems easiest. A small-patterned cotton looks well in Provincial rooms, but always try to choose a material that will add either texture or pattern to your walls. Otherwise, you might as well paint them.

Repeating the wall fabric on two of the largest furniture pieces minimizes their size for they blend with the wall, and seem smaller, an advantage in a limited area.

To round out the scheme, forest-green cotton boucle carpets the floor, the ceiling's a pale green, and on the walnut French Provincial chairs heavy linen repeats several shades of blue-green in a stylized pine-tree design. For contrast, there's a ruffle of heavy cotton taffeta plaid in blue green, cherry red and white under the French Provincial scallop at the top of the window shutters, and underlining the scallops that frame both sleeping and kitchen alcoves. These scallops travel around the top of the room as a molding.

One error common to most amateur decorators is that of spottiness. Professionals avoid it. The scallops in Betty's room eliminate spottiness, because they carry around the room. Decorator Ray Morey wanted the plaid to do the same thing. Since there was no place for a ruffle on the mirrored wall, he made shades of the plaid for the brass student lamps that stand on the spinet, and he used it too as a ruffle around the piano stool. Consequently, wherever you look, you get a glimpse of plaid.

If you would like to use a ruffle tucked under a cornice, you'll find they're easy to make. "Even I could whip some up," says Betty, "and if I can, that's really something!" Hem the bottom, then shirr or gather the top until the fabric's the desired length. Sew it to a piece of tape, then tack or staple the ruffle to the cornice.

With all of the fabric on the walls there was little need for draperies. So the windows are covered with indoor shutters. The movable louvers control the light, and they swing open on hinges to expose the entire window. Additional shutters are around the back and on one side of the sleeping alcove, so that closed they give complete privacy, yet if Betty has a few people in, they can be swung open to make the room seem larger.

Frankly, these are somewhat costly, but if you consider the high replacement of

draperies and curtains, they're well worth the investment. They never wear out. However, if they're still beyond your reach, give a thought to standard shutters with fixed louvers. These will create the same effect and are not as costly.

All of the furniture is of walnut French Provincial style—so both the shutters and the woodwork use the same finish. Here is how this was achieved: The wood was sanded until it was smooth to the fingers, then one coat of walnut stain was applied. Two may be used if a dark tone is preferred. This may be covered either with lacquer or varnish, then wax to get a soft finish.

**A MISTAKE** many people make is to load their rooms down with too much furniture. In Betty's dressing-room, plenty of seating space is provided with a minimum of pieces. With one mirrored wall this is particularly important for, although the mirror makes the room seem larger, it reflects all of the furniture, so that the effect appears to be twice as much.

The two built-in pieces—the corner sofa in the living-room and the couch in the sleeping alcove—offer the major seating accommodations, and a few chairs provide the rest. Studio couches tucked back against the wall would create the same effect.

Betty's favorite is the corner sofa, for it's wonderfully comfortable, and she can tuck the numerous small pillows around her. The pillows serve a decorative purpose, too, by combining all of the colors and fabrics in the room to make the sofa a focal point.

Betty's thrilled with the clever lamp. Ray Morey dreamed up for her, and ruefully wishes he could copyright the idea. Look closely at the pictures of the two large table lamps. You'll see a cord suspending the shades from the ceiling. Actually bases and shades are separate, and the bases are decorative ceramic pieces, which Betty can change as she wishes. The lamp fixture is suspended with the shade, from the ceiling by means of a silk cord. The silk cord is wrapped around the electric cord and a wire which bears the weight of the fixture. It's hung from a pulley in the ceiling, goes to another pulley by the wall, and down to the switch and outlet, a tie-off in the wall tie off the cord. You can buy these pulleys at any specialty hardware store. Tailor shades fit almost any ceramic, such as the one of Betty's, which are made of ecru shantung, edged with two ruffles, one of ecru and the other green.

"Want to hear some new records?" called Betty through the dressing-room door to guests waiting in the living-room area. The affirmative answer, music fills the room, though no radio, record player

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speaker can be seen. At that Betty chuckles. Her beautiful little French Provincial desk conceals a speaker behind a pair of grilled doors, connected with the record player in the next room.

Though no pictures cover the wall, lovely antique plates add a note of color, old ironstone plates grouped over the desk and a couple on the kitchen wall. Interesting old hand-painted French earthenware plates decorate the wall by the sofa, and there's nothing on the wall stretching between these two. "If I had placed any there," said Ray, "it would be confusing. You see, wall decoration should tie in with the furniture pieces. Those plates over the desk become a grouping with the desk, and those by the sofa continue the line of the cornice to round out the unit.

**M**ANY people fill any blank wall area with pictures or plates or a shelf, regardless of the furniture placement in the room. You shouldn't do that. It's spotty.

Even though you know that the sleeping alcove and the kitchen occupy a space only ten feet wide and eight feet long, it's hard to believe it. The bed has a handy built-in cabinet at one end, which would be handy for bedding, although Betty prefers it to hold creams and lotions and a book or two. The bar opposite curves as it goes from living-room to dressing-room door, and just this slight curve makes a tremendous difference in space. It widens the passageway so that one isn't conscious of its narrowness.

A cork and plastic top covers the bar counter and all working space in the tiny kitchen behind the bar. So cleverly is it worked out to be a part of the entire room, that it doesn't seem like a kitchen at all. The green cotton tweed minimizes the bar front and extends to the walls except for the shining copper which backs the tiny steel sink and surrounds the amazing refrigerator-and-stove combination. Yes, I said combination, for the four burners are on the top of the small refrigerator. It's tucked into a tiny yard-square alcove where it just fits, hidden from the living-room by the bar front and the shutter above. With plenty of cupboards lining the back of the bar, the kitchen really works.

For the final touch, there's a large brass planter at the base of the alcove partition on the living-room side. It has a galvanized liner so that the plants have proper drainage, and they're growing luxuriantly. Between these and the gay plates on the wall, Betty has little need of flowers at any time, though occasionally a vase, filled to the brim with blossoms, stands on the ledge that backs up the built-in sofa, and adds its color. On this same ledge Betty has all of her personal treasures that can double as smoking accessories. The little French saucers, each marked with the price of an *apéritif*, are ash trays, and there's a delightful old ironstone tobacco jar which Betty uses for cigarettes, the cigarettes standing conveniently in the pipe rack.

"If it weren't for the girls," sighed Betty, referring to daughters Candy and Lindsay, "I'd almost hate to leave here each day, I like it so much!" And aside from the fact that it has made the most of limited space, her dressing-room is really well decorated.

So take heart, if you're an apartment dweller. Whether yours is in a large building or on top of a garage, no more can you use that old alibi of "This place is much too small. I can't do anything with it." You'd settle for Betty's dressing-room any day, wouldn't you? So why not latch on to a few of the space-making ideas and adapt them to your own place?

THE END

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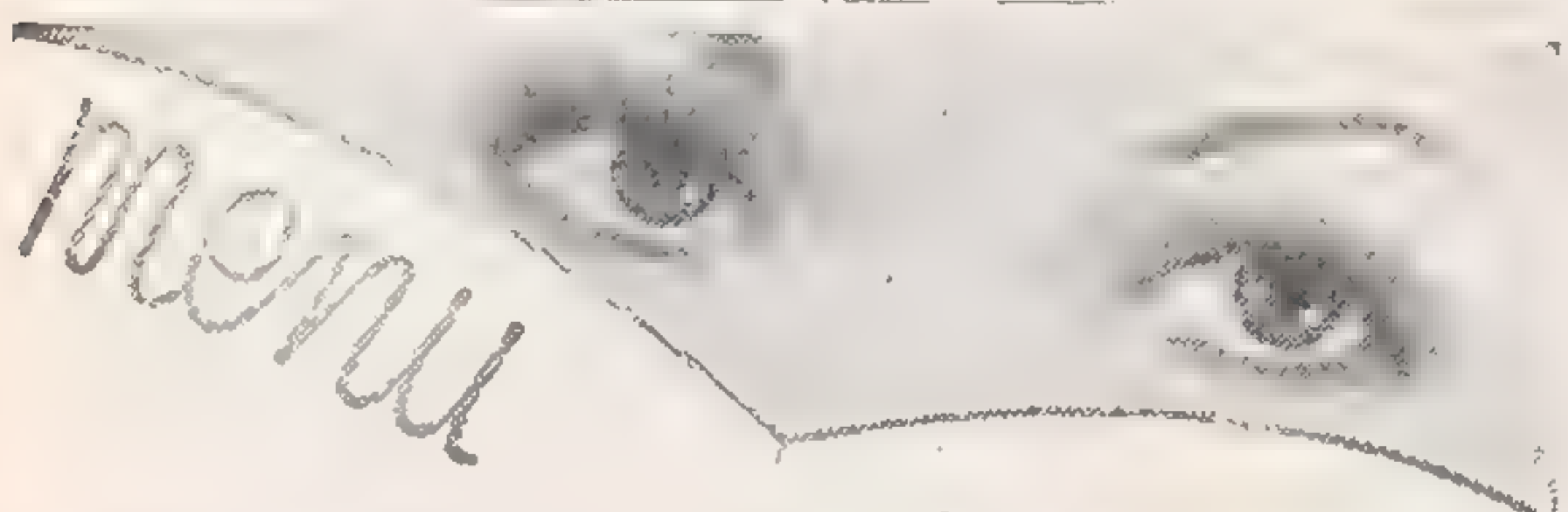
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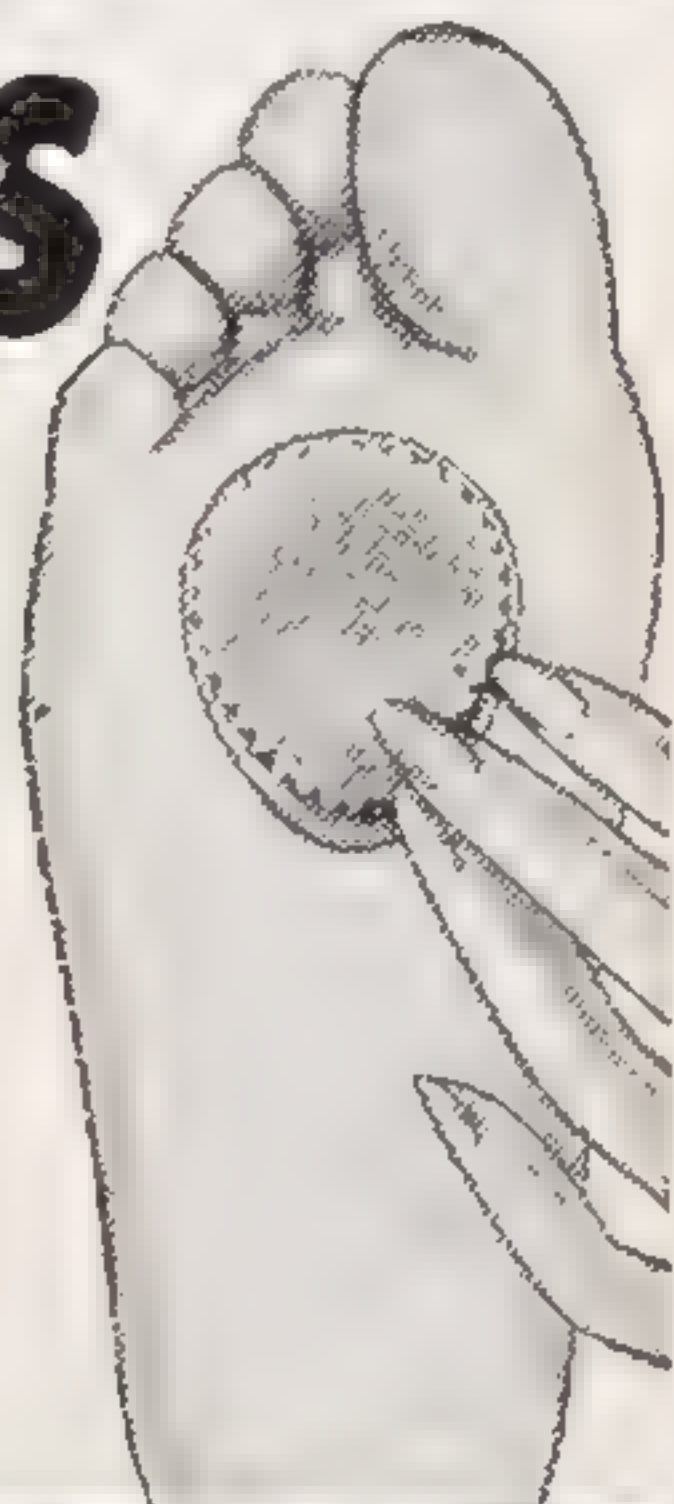
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(Continued from page 39) kicking her shoes off, has lost her shoes, in fact, under the most impressive dinner tables. Last year celebrities like Mrs. Truman, Franklin Roosevelt Jr., and Cornelia Otis Skinner unknowingly kicked one of her slippers around under the luncheon table which launched the Infantile Paralysis Drive. The newsreel shots of this occasion show Liz, balanced on one foot, fishing around frantically for the missing shoe.

Any Taylor set reveals three or four pairs of slippers lying in odd places—slippers that have been brought to her by various kind souls who feared she would get a splinter in her foot or catch cold. Always, she thanks such kind souls like a lady and, as soon as they leave, heaves the slippers into the discard.

A letter from our London reporter reveals it's the same now that Liz is in staid old London. Her first act when she gets home is to kick off her shoes.

She is again stopping at the Savoy where she lived on her honeymoon. This time, however, instead of a flower-filled bridal suite with picture windows opening on the Thames, Liz occupies less pretentious rooms overlooking the Strand. The day we saw her, there was a typewriter on the table and scripts, together with a dozen red roses and a cactus plant.

"My neck," she moaned, "is killing me. I'm playing *Rebecca*, you know in 'Ivanhoe.' And every morning at six o'clock they tape me into a wig that weighs two pounds. It's full of pins that stick into me all day long. By night I really have a neck ache—and a headache."

She was wearing a tailored pink cotton shirt, a quilted skirt and ballet slippers.

"It's wonderful to be here," she went on, leaning her dark closely cropped head against the pillows. "I thought we wouldn't know anybody, but many friends are here . . . George Sanders, Michael Wilding, Danny Kaye, Orson Welles . . ."

"And Joan Fontaine . . ." interrupted Peggy Rutledge, her secretary.

"Oh, yes, Joan too . . ." said Liz. "But I wasn't thinking of the girls—just men!" She grinned.

She hasn't lost her interest in men, in spite of her disillusioning experience. "It's instinct for a woman to like marriage," she said. "I'll marry again, I think—but I don't know when."

But ask her what she thinks marriage should consist of and she answers sadly, "I'm not a very good person to give any-one advice."

London isn't the gay round of parties it was when she was here the last time.

There are no press interviews, no flash bulbs. The studio bosses have kept her strictly to themselves. Her regime is strict. Her day starts at 5:15. "Sometimes too early to eat!" Then a forty-minute drive to Elstree, followed by a long session with hairdressers and wardrobe.

"We wear long dresses of wool jersey and heavy capes," she said, "and it sometimes takes half an hour to lace up a dress!"

On the set by nine o'clock and back from the studio at six at night. "Evenings I stay home and improve my mind," she cracked, "by reading mystery stories."

However, she did go to Covent Garden to see the ballet. And as on the one or two other occasions when she permitted herself an evening out, she wore a short formal; white accordion pleated organdy, with a strapless bodice and the very full skirt covered in black chantilly lace.

She's introduced a new style in London, incidentally—has all the British belles ripping the sleeves out of turtle-neck sweaters and combining them with a full short skirt for evening.

She brought quantities of luggage, actually, all still marked with initials E.T.H. but filled—she says—with incongruous things like dresses without belts and shoes without mates. "I packed on two days' notice," is her explanation, "hardly knew what I threw into the bags."

When "Ivanhoe" is finished she hopes to go to Paris for a short visit. "But I can't afford to shop there. I just want to see the town again—and perhaps go to the south of France, lie in the sun and swim, and then on to Rome."

There's a schedule, too, arranged to show Peggy Rutledge the Tower of London, Windsor Castle, and a drive to Kent to see Liz's godfather's home where she learned to ride.

When her old school Byron House wrote and asked if she would come back and talk to the pupils about the old days, she was pleased. "It was nice of them to ask me," she said, "but—I don't like to reminisce."

That's true—she doesn't like to think about the old days. She's keeping those black-lashed blue eyes of hers, resolutely and hopefully, on the future.

We asked her who sent her the cactus plant that stood on the table.

"That!" Her ballet slippers went flying across the room and lay higgledy piggledy in a corner. "Somebody sent me that," she said ambiguously, pointing with her bare foot, "to remind me of California."

THE END

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## Many Brave Hearts

(Continued from page 43) without benefit of decorator. If it stinks, it'll stink according to our own personalities."

They did have help, though. One day Howard called a Mrs. Grace Keel. "Mother, how'd you like to hang the new dining-room paper?"

"Fine. Okay."

"Come over tomorrow evening and we'll do it together."

"You keep out of it, amateur. I'll do it myself."

That she turned professional paperhanger twenty-five years ago was due to necessity, home training and the spunk she got straight from her mother. To Grandma Osterkamp, now a spry octogenarian and the fourth woman in Howard's life, an obstacle was equivalent to a challenge. She aimed to knock out a hallway in the family farmhouse. "Can't be done," said her husband. "Certainly not," said Grandma. So she and Grace did it, and presented the finished product to the master of the house.

HOWARD can't remember when his mother didn't work. His father was a miner. But those were depression days, with their misery and revolt against intolerable conditions, heightened in Gillespie, Illinois, by the evils of absentee ownership. Grimly the townsfolk summed it up. "A mule's worth more than a man. If a mule dies in the mines, they have to buy another. They don't even have to bury the man."

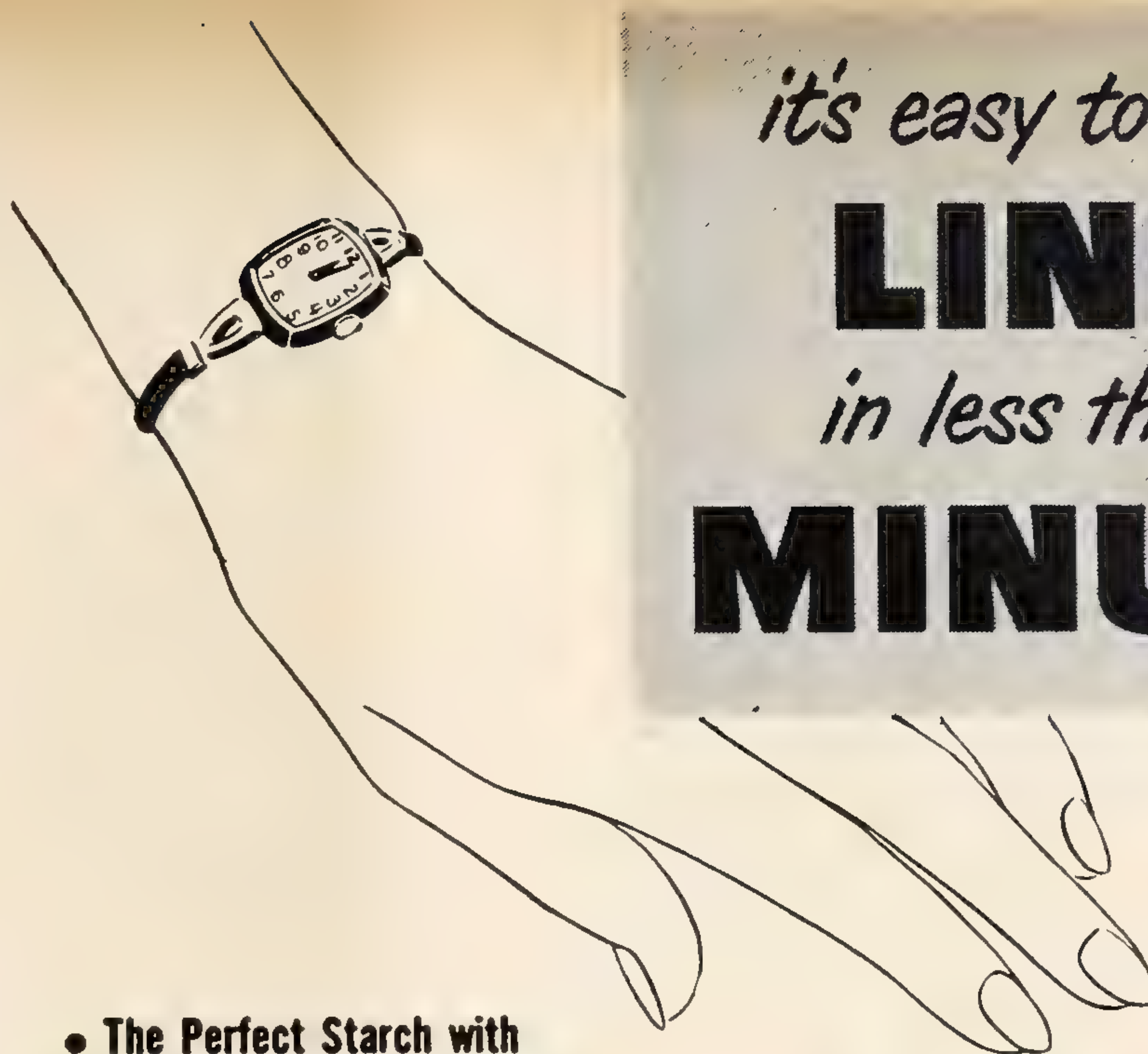
To supplement the family income, Grace Keel hung paper, earning as much as three dollars a day in season. Bill and Howard were left to themselves. Naturally they fought. Being six years older, Bill naturally licked the stuffing out of junior. It was murder.

There's no self-pity in Keel. Kids who have it too easy, he thinks, often lose their drive. He didn't have it too easy, nor was poverty alone responsible. In Gillespie, no one was rich. But his was the special problem of a youngster flung thin-skinned into a spiky world that bruised and bewildered him. Why, for instance, did he stand in a corner and cry if Bill took a licking, while the other way 'round was a big joke to his brother? Groping for companionship among the boys of his own age, he found himself rejected. He was the skinny one, the runt, last to be picked when they chose up sides for baseball. Rejection bred anxieties and strains which led to more rejection, and so the vicious circle went.

Only on circus days did he come into his own. Dad liked taking kids to the circus. "Bring your friends along." For a few hours he'd bask in the social approval of his peers, knowing all the time they were playing him for a sucker and tomorrow he'd be back on the outside looking in. But he asked them, anyway, easing his loneliness briefly with make-believe, pretending the sham was real. To a trusted contemporary, he might have revealed his hurts. To his elders, he couldn't. So he sealed them inside and let them go.

At eleven he was old enough to feel a sharp sense of loss in his father's death. No more fishing trips. No more climbing into bed with Dad, listening wide-eyed to tall tales of his Navy days when he sailed round the world on the flagship Tennessee. No more concerts. Dad was a music-lover who'd pile them into the jalopy and go jolting thirty miles to hear a band. Before the depression he'd bought a player-piano which went the way of all instalment stuff. But he insisted that both boys learn to play an instrument. They wound up as trombonists.

These were the scattered bright spots



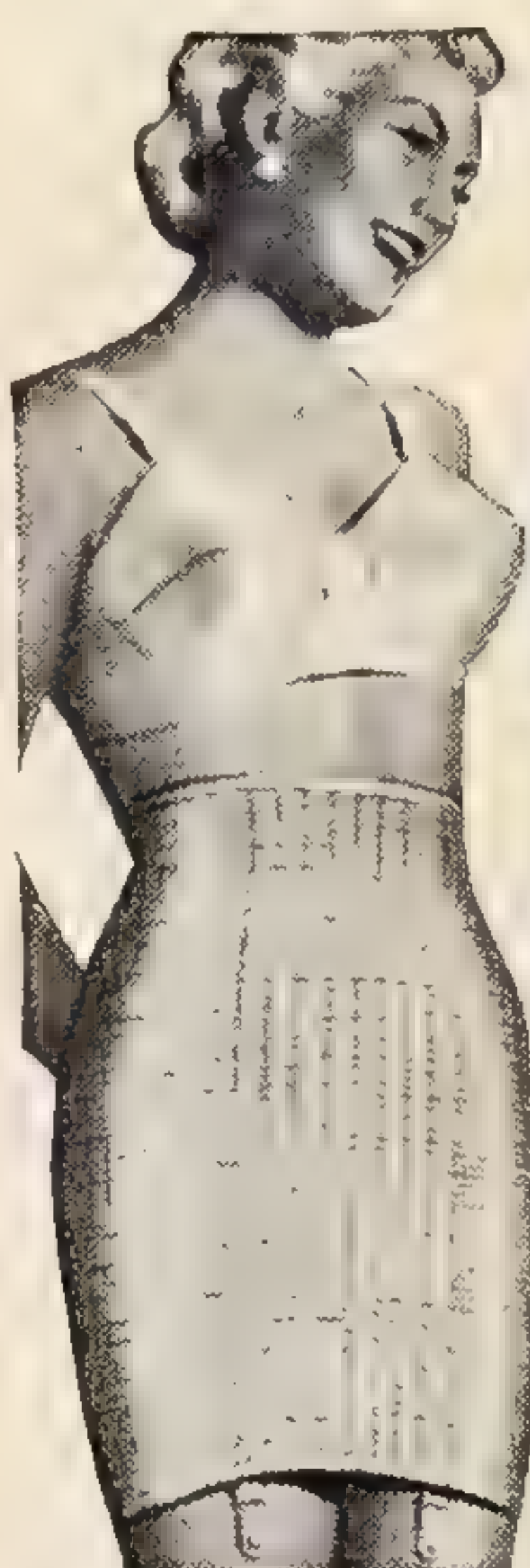
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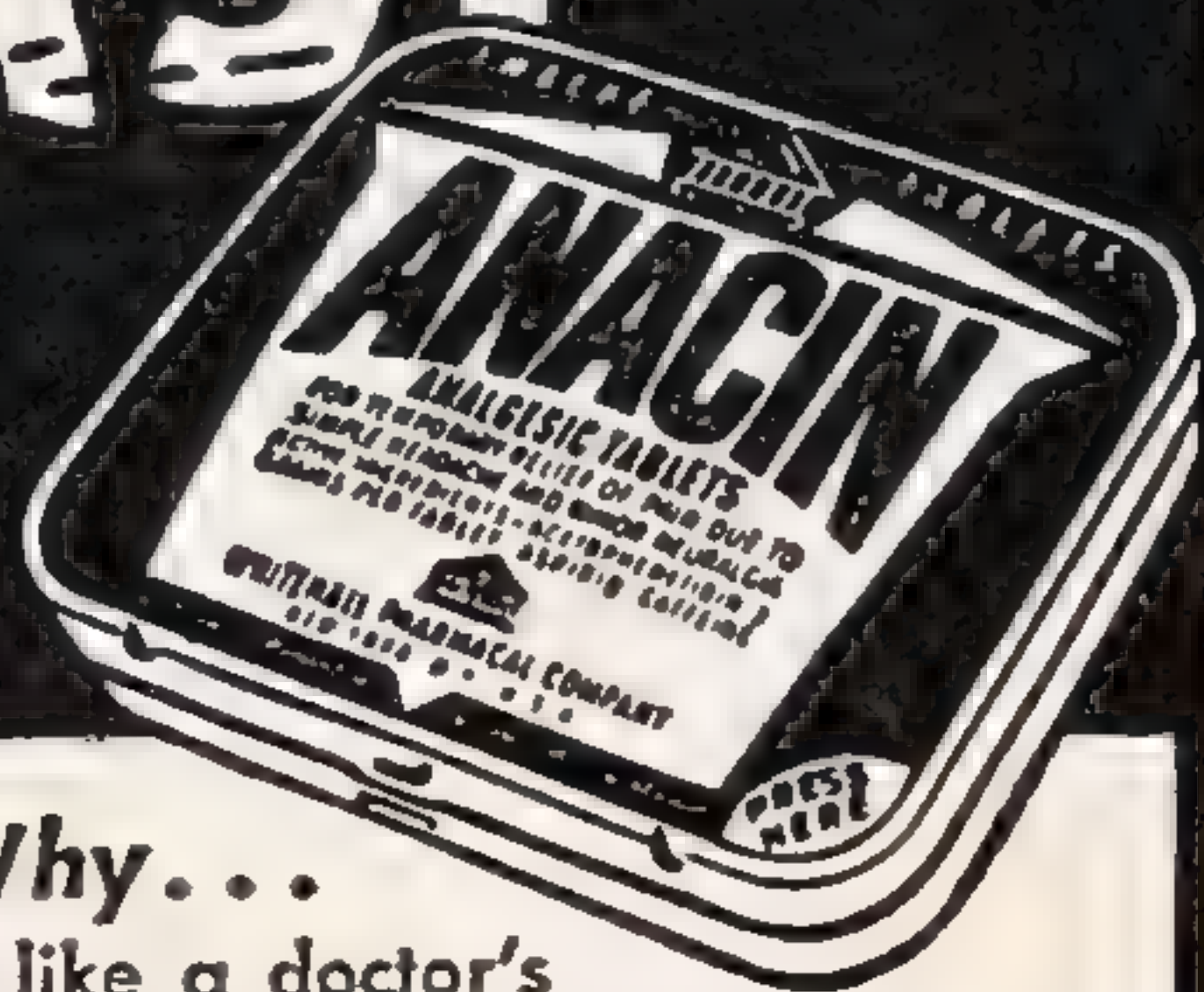


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which faded when his father died and things really got tough. Grace Keel took on the heart-breaking and back-breaking load of trying to make ends meet. Between paperhanging, she baked, washed and ironed for the slightly more prosperous. All the kids could do was chop coal from shale for heat. In that poverty-ridden town of 3,000, odd jobs were at a premium. Half the time they dined on rolled oats and gravy. Grandma brought what she could from the farm, but the farm was going to pot with the rest of the country.

Bill joined the CCC and landed in California. Howard, grown tall now though serawny as ever, went out for high-school football, which ties up with one of his more corroding memories. Though he made no letters, he did make the scrub team and sat through a whole season warming the bench. Still no ball of fire, he could have bettered his game except for an idiosyncrasy. Against kids he knew, something kept him from playing rough. With strangers, these inhibitions fell away.

So the scrub team was playing another scrub team, with the home boys way ahead and Howard tense between hope and dread. His eyes followed the coach in agonized prayer. "Throw me in, throw me in, we can't lose now anyway, give me a chance to prove something, throw me in." Carefully overlooking him, the coach threw everyone in but Howard. The game ended. A desolate youngster rose and turned his suit in.

Probably no one else remembers that game. Keel never will forget it. "If he'd let me just walk through and make one scrimmage, I'd have jumped through hoops for him. As it is, he's the only man I ever hated. Someday I'd like to meet him and tell him what I think of him."

**B**ILL kept urging the family to come to California. The doctor said it might help Mom's asthma and put some needed flesh on Howard's bones. Almost overnight Mom made her decision and took action. By the skin of her teeth she'd hung on to the old tin Lizzie. They'd travel in that. Neighbors helped patch it up. Selling everything salable brought just about enough to finance the trip, with no margins for error and narrow ones for food. Joined by a kid in town to whom California beckoned, they set out at 5 A. M. one summer morning. People who'd watched Grace Keel's long struggle against heavy odds were on hand to bid them godspeed. Men cleared their throats and offered gruff advice. One woman, eyeing the rickety caravan, broke into a wail. "Don't go, Grace. You'll never make it."

It was Grace who comforted the other. "I'll make it all right. I've got to make it."

Somehow Lizzie held out. Somehow the funds held out till they reached Fall Brook, not far from Los Angeles. There Mom went to work as cook in a hotel, and Howard enrolled for his senior year in high school.

"Funny thing about kids," he says thoughtfully. "You move to a new neighborhood and really start living." The new kids accepted him on equal terms. For them the tensions that had tangled his childhood didn't exist. Consequently, they grew less important to Howard. He breathed more freely, filled out, played baseball and basketball, sprouted a small shoot of self-confidence and loved California. All but the orange trees. After school, Howard hoed weeds under orange trees. The water basins were a good ten feet across and you earned three cents a tree.

His only career dream had been of medicine and he might as well have reached for the moon. After graduation, they moved to Los Angeles. While Mom worked briefly for a private family, Howard stayed with his uncle—a temporary arrangement till he could find gainful employment. But the

prospect of bearding the world scared the seventeen-year-old into a coma, and Uncle George—a hardworking man with two kids of his own in a four-room house—stealed himself to necessity. "You've got to get a job," he told his nephew, "and a place to stay."

Not long ago his uncle recalled this to Howard. "It's been on my conscience for a long time. You were kind of young—"

"Take it off your conscience, Uncle George." You did me a favor. When people have a crutch to lean on, they're going to lean."

**T**HE sign in the window of the White Log Tavern said: "Waiter and Dishwasher Wanted for Night Work." Ten times he passed it, then took himself by the scruff of the neck and kicked himself in.

"Ever do this kind of work before?" asked the man.

"Sure. Busboy."

"Okay. Thirteen a week and two meals, hot cakes or hamburgers."

A job, just like that. A room with a kind woman named Mrs. Kellogg. Three months of prosperity, and one evening he was dressing for a date when they called him to work. By now the early confusions had given way to awareness. He knew that he didn't like being pushed around. What had flayed the child ignited the young man's temper. "This is my night off."

"You've got to work anyway."

"I quit—"

"You're fired—"

"I said it first," he bellowed, and hung up.

In '36 jobs weren't hanging on trees. Kind Mrs. Kellogg let the rent ride, but food was something else again. "You had dinner?" she'd inquire, after a swift glance at the sagging shoulders.

"Yeah."

"I've got some peas and stuff left over. Why don't you finish them?"

"Well—maybe I will—" And he'd wolf them down.

Eventually he became a parking lot attendant. For nine dollars per, minus meals, he worked a twelve-hour shift. One stylish feature was the lot's location, opposite Paramount. Among others, he parked the car of Fred MacMurray. Had some prophet foretold that one day he'd star with MacMurray in "Callaway Went Thataway," he'd have looked for the gent's second head, with holes in both.

Economic advancement came indirectly through his mother. They thought the world of her at the sorority house on the UCLA campus where she worked. And someone wangled her son a job at Douglas. Within seven months he was riding high as a full-fledged skinfitter. Impetuosity unhorsed him. Being too fast, he made too many mistakes. Making too many mistakes, he got demoted. One day he stuck the left-hand sheet on the right-hand side of the fuselage, cussed himself out and quit. By the time the foreman got around to reasoning with him, shame had set in but mulishness won the bout. At eighteen, when you say you quit, you quit. He stomped over to North American, and a good thing too, since that's where he met Art Shields and Walter Young.

They were neither talent scouts nor impresarios, but a couple of kids who became his close friends and, by dint of good fellowship, unleashed his vocal cords. On the beach one Sunday, a sense of well-being going to Howard's head, he lifted his voice where others could hear it. "Brother, you can sing!" his friends said.

"Yeah, yeah—" Nevertheless, their honest admiration warmed him, and they needled him on to his first public effort. Friday was amateur night at the Casino Gardens. People got up and sang. Art nudged Howard on one side while Walter kicked his shins on the other. "You can do better."

"Damn right I can," he heard himself



saying, to his own amazement. Which left him no choice but to head for the stage. In a key five times too low for anyone else, he sang "That Old Feeling." It would be nice to report that the house fell down, only it didn't. But later Amy Parnell, then with Tommy Tucker's band, came over to the boys' table. "You shouldn't be singing popular stuff," she told Howard. "Your voice is good enough for light opera."

Embarrassment shrivelled him. Art and Walter had a landlady affectionately known as Mom Ryder. A woman of wide sympathies, she loved music, worked in civic affairs and treated the boys as family rather than boarders. One Saturday they asked Howard over to hear the U.S.C.-U.C.L.A. football game. U.C.L.A. tied U.S.C. As Bruin rooters, the boys went into high. The final quarter, and bedlam broke loose. The Trojans fumbled the ball on their own one-yard line, where U.C.L.A. recovered it. They couldn't miss.

Well, they did, and the air in Mom Ryder's living-room turned blue. She sat down at the piano. "Come on, boys, it's only a game." Three sore losers needed an emotional vent. Art gave Howard a shove. "Go on, sing!" He let go for all three.

"Hmm," said Mom Ryder. "You ought to take lessons." She applied for him at the Paris Inn, which specialized in singing waiters. Howard worked up enough enthusiasm to quit North American. Because, for services rendered, the Paris Inn gave you singing lessons with a famous teacher. In an I'll-show-them spirit, Howard entered the glamorous life.

This consisted of rassling dishes from ten-thirty one morning till two the next, with three afternoon hours all to himself. Now and then he sang for the trade. Any mention of lessons was brushed aside. He loathed being played for a sucker. The well-known grinding started inside of him.

One midnight, with the joint jumping, he dashed to the kitchen for three pitchers of water. As he loaded the tray, in popped the head busboy. "Come on, get going!" That did it. Three pitchers went crashing to the floor, and Howard felt better. "You know," he inquired, "what you can do with your job?"

He returned to Douglas and moved into



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Mom Ryder's with the boys. His future now lay in aircraft. Six months later however, he was taking lessons from Ralph Blohm at Los Angeles High's night classes. When Richard Lert and George Houston, staging opera in English at the Pasadena Auditorium, applied for talent, Blohm sent Howard to audition. He knocked nobody dead, but they were interested enough to ask him to sit in on rehearsals and later, to study the role of Plunkett in "Martha." His routine was something for a horse. Night shift at Douglas, five hours of sleep, rehearsal, dinner, lessons, back to Douglas. Punchy after four months, he was meditating another farewell to music. Then a fellow went to Texas.

**THIS** fellow had been scheduled to sing the *Prophet* in Handel's "Saul and David," which Lert was preparing with the Pasadena Symphony. His emergency exit left the conductor wild-eyed. At Mom Ryder's the phone rang for Howard. "He's asleep," she protested. "He doesn't get much sleep."

"It's an S.O.S. Please—"

Keel drove to the rescue. Nothing would come of this, as nothing had come of his previous ventures. Might be fun, though.

He learned the role in two days. For the first time he rehearsed with full orchestra. He recognized the quality of his fellow-soloists, George London, Brian Sullivan—unknowns then, now hailed in the worlds of concert and opera. Excitement began prickling through him. He rented a set of tails and felt elegant in them. But elegance proved no prop when the night came. For one hour he paced, sweating out his first appearance in the third act. Handel, after all, wasn't a popular tune, nor was the Pasadena Symphony Mom Ryder's piano. What if he stepped off on the wrong key? What if—

... Remember you're the best damn singer in the whole world. Look at your audience and mentally spit in its eye.

His knees stiffened. The pounding eased under his ribs. He let the words shoot again and again through his nerves... Remember you're the best. Tibbett? Who's Tibbett? Phooey on Tibbett! Mesmerizing himself, he walked out, moved his eyes coolly over the crowd and sang. The big low tones might have been tailored for his voice.

"You have a lot of talent," George Houston told Howard. "Let's see what we can do with it." Maybe he caught the leery glint in the other's eye, maybe not. "Only let's get one thing clearly understood first. I want nothing out of this but the pleasure of working with you and trying to help."

Life hadn't made Keel overtrusting either of human nature or himself. Why should a guy of Houston's stature want to work with him? Still trying to figure the angle, he began taking lessons and found that no angle existed. Houston's words meant precisely what they said. He helped for the sake of music and the sake of helping. On Howard he inflicted the urge to sing. Not given to pretty speeches, Howard says quietly of Houston: "He became to me like a father."

1943. Working for Douglas, taking lessons, understudying in Pasadena when he could. A youthful marriage that didn't take and later terminated in divorce. An offer from Douglas to go on the road as sales representative.

He talked it all out with George. "I know it's a big step for you," said his friend, "and I can't advise against it. But don't stop singing. Whenever you get the chance in public, sing—"

First stop, San Francisco. One night he went to a show, featuring a so-called mentalist. Keel's not superstitious. He thinks all that stuff's the bunk. But everyone else dropped questions into the hopper, why should he be different?

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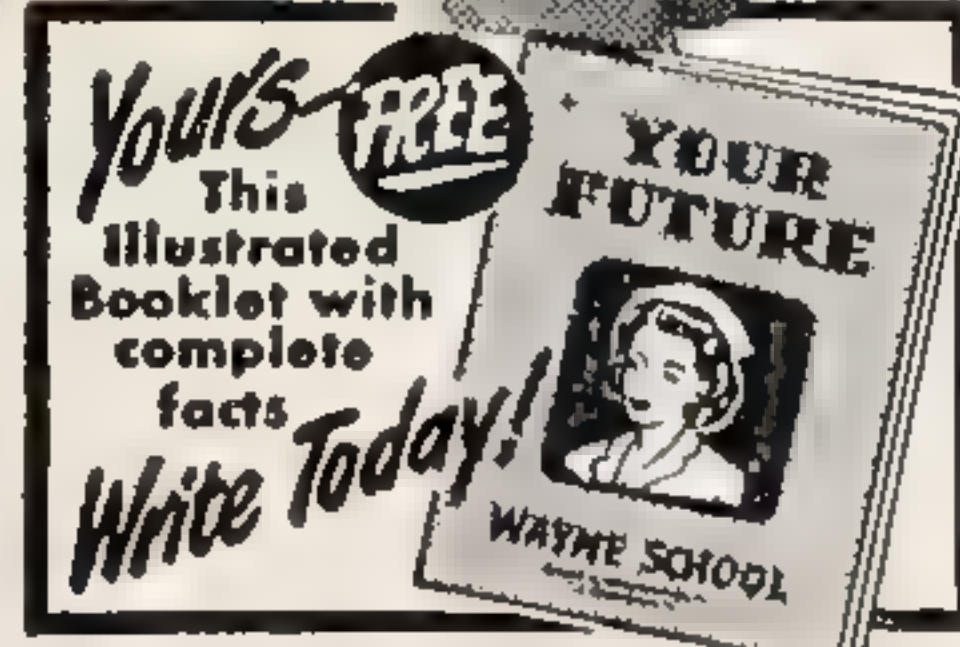
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Smack in the middle of '44, while stationed at Moline, Howard entered and won the Mississippi Valley Festival contest. In August he won at the Chicago Music Festival. "Through the sheer power of his voice alone," wrote one reviewer. "For he obviously had done little study and he was competing with men who were polished singers and had learned every trick of making an audience love them."

One night his mother called from California. "It's bad news, but I didn't want you to get it from the papers. George died suddenly today."

He'd been in his forties. It came with a sickening shock, and for a while it took the heart out of music. For a while Howard didn't feel like singing at all. He stuck close to airplanes.

THE year 1945 found Howard back in California, with a small reputation gone before. The National Concert Agency asked him to audition. Lotte Lehmann was present. From the great singer, he drew an approving nod—from the agency, a suggestion he try for pictures. Keel thought they had holes in the head and returned to good old unglamorous predictable Douglas.

There, one fine day, the agency called him, twittering. Out at Twentieth Century, Oscar Hammerstein was waiting to hear him sing. How soon could he make it?

"I'll have to go home and clean up."

"Sure, sure, but how soon? It's Hammerstein, you know. The 'Oklahoma!' guy."

Keel didn't know. Broadway wasn't his beat. The name struck a vaguely familiar note, and that's all. However, if the guy was mixed up with "Oklahoma!" it might be smart to sing "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning."

Which he did. Also a bass aria from "Simon Bocanegra." Hammerstein's easy, kindly manner relaxed him. But Hammerstein's words sounded as if he had a screw loose. "We need replacements for the leads in 'Oklahoma!' and 'Carousel.' I'd like you to go to New York and try out."

Even if he was hearing straight, he still couldn't go. Hitler'd just been licked, but Japan remained on the map, and Keel was pegged for war work. Three months and one atom bomb later, Hammerstein wrote that the Theatre Guild was due in L.A. He'd told them about Keel, and arranged for an audition. Howard was tremendously flattered by the letter. He refused, however, to go up in smoke like his pals. "What is this, an act or something?" they demanded, indignant—

"I'm a bass, dopes. Nobody wants a bass."

But the Guild decided that a bass might come in handy, if his name were Keel.

Howard quit Douglas, trained out for New York and reported. They sent him to that evening's performance of "Carousel," the first musical he'd ever laid eyes on. Its color, its melody, its emotional poignancy—and John Raitt, who sang like a bird, left him limp and streaming-eyed. Next day he reported back to the Guild office. "They want you to try out for 'Carousel,'" he was told.

With last night's beauty still in his eyes and ears, panic smote and sickened him. "Are they kidding?"

"I doubt it. Do you want the sides?"

"Huh? What are sides?"

"Your part."

"Look—" But there was no help here. "I guess you'd just better give me the whole thing."

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He took it and bought the recordings. At nine-thirty next morning, he was on rehearsal stage. The role had been written for a high baritone. They lowered it for Keel. He didn't know the first thing about acting. But two and a half weeks after seeing his first musical, he stepped out on the stage of St. James Theatre to play one of the biggest parts on Broadway.

There were no reviews. Once a show's rolling, critics don't bother with replacements. But such rounds of applause greeted "Soliloquy" as to hold the performance up and bring Dick Rodgers backstage. "Sounds like they're clapping for Raitt, sounds like," he grinned.

On Raitt's return from vacation, Keel rehearsed "Oklahoma!" and alternated between the two roles, sometimes playing Bill in the afternoon and Curley at night. Six a day would have been fine with him. The theatre was heaven. He watched the clock till it was time to go back. He took lessons from Martino Rossi.

His biggest bang came out of bringing his mother to New York. She'd have sat through every performance if he'd let her. Through the first she wept steadily. "You know how women are. They always cry." Then honesty asserts itself. "Got kind of a lump in my own throat when I knew she was out there."

**THEN** 1947. To London with "Oklahoma!" and critical raves. Eighteen months of work and play, of growth, new friendships and widening horizons.

Helen Anderson was a dancer in the London company of "Oklahoma!" where Howard played the lead. They became fast friends, but it wasn't until after Helen left for the States that the light dawned on Keel and he realized that this was something beyond friendship. Two weeks of missing her was all he could take. Then he picked up the phone in London and called Florida, where she was taking a brief vacation with her family before going on tour. Across three thousand miles he asked her to marry him and Helen said yes. But first he had a movie to make in England and she was committed to the road show of "Oklahoma!" So it wasn't until January 3, 1949 that they were married in Riverside, California.

This first picture, "The Small Voice," which postponed the marriage, was produced by Anthony Havelock-Allen, the man responsible for "Great Expectations."

1948, and back in the States. His Theatre Guild contract was about to expire. Feeling that his Curley had grown stale, he wanted out. Rodgers and Hammerstein



Howard, with Sheila Clark and Kathryn Grayson in "Show Boat," is a true bass. Key is lowered for him for baritone roles

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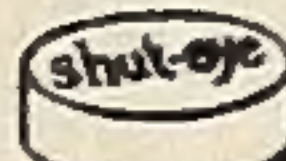
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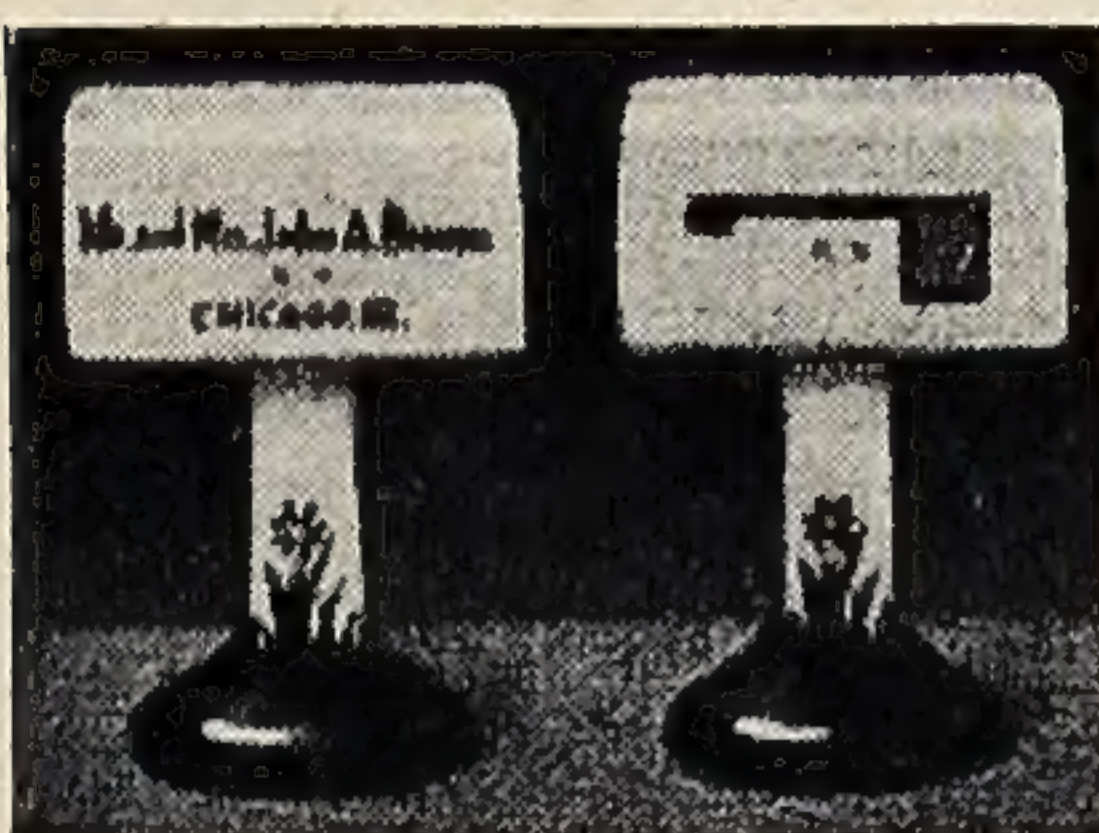
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were nearing the end of their job on a musical to be called "South Pacific," and Howard heard part of the score. His blood sang and his tonsils twitched to get at it. Nothing simpler. They offered him Cable and the possibility of understudying Pinza.

HOWEVER, it was at virtually this same moment that Arthur Freed was saying to M-G-M's Bill Grady, "There's my Frank Butler. Get him—"

It was the devil's own dilemma. Who would turn down Rodgers and Hammerstein? A lunatic. On the other hand, if pictures were to be his field, who could ask for a better starter than "Annie"? Tossed from horn to horn, he picked himself up in a highly battered condition and approached his friends, Oscar Hammerstein and Dick Rodgers, sweating. And when he finally said no to them, they were so wonderful that he felt worse than ever.

For a month he rehearsed with Judy Garland. Judy was withdrawn— "and I missed a chance," says he, "to play with the best actress in Hollywood." Betty Hutton replaced her. Came the first day's shooting, and the studio gathered to watch Keel canter in, resplendent, on a horse. With a flair for dramatics, the horse fell on Howard, broke his ankle and laid him up for six weeks. After that, the picture got going and the rest you know.

The kid who used to take other kids to the circus for the sake of a little fake warmth is now adult and clear-eyed. What remains is a sensitivity to sham, but his methods are different. People who try to put one over get short shrift from Keel. "I like to know where I stand with others. They have a right to know the same from me. You've got one life. Why waste any of it on phonies?"

His temper's under firmer rein and, when it flares, the object is usually Keel. Below the self-protective toughness, lies the same thin-skinned youngster, quick to respond to genuine feeling, still a little shy, fundamentally gentle. During a brief period in "Oklahoma!" Betty Jayne Watson, who played the girl, was pregnant. At one point she had to grab and kiss him, which took some stretching. "Please bend down," she whispered. "When I have to reach for you, it hurts." From then on, his head all but touched the floor. About children he's unobtrusively nuts. He carries no snaps of his daughter. But call him early on a non-working day when he loves to sleep late, and he'll tell you, "I was up anyway. The baby's so cute I couldn't resist her." From Keel to an outsider, that's drooling.

A cherished by-product of his success is that his mother need do nothing now but what she chooses. Mom's tall and dignified. Grandma, who's staying with her at this writing, is small and twinkly. Howard's called on to arbitrate cases. "She just will not take her pills," tattles Mom. "You've got to do something about it."

"Grandma, take your pills. The doctor says they're good for you."

"Phooey," says Grandma.

"Grandma, they cost money."

"That's different. I'll take 'em."

Or the shoe's on the other foot. Mom enjoys playing cards, and so do her friends. Grandma, a great one for keeping her mind alive, thinks cards are for the birds. "Your mother should read a good book."

Howard eyes her obliquely. "Granny, you like a good book? You read it. Let Mom live her own life—"

"Sonny, you've got something there—"

Looking back over the years of struggle, the dark places, the strange turns that landed him where he is, Keel sometimes thinks of another crack of Grandma's. "You know, there's just one trouble with this life. You've got to live it all before you know how to live it."

THE END



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The climax came one afternoon when Shelley, who likes to kick off her shoes between scenes, stepped back into them—and fell flat on her face!



Farley had glued them to the floor! Shelley swore revenge. Several days went by quietly. Shelley seemed to forget. Then came the scene where Farley carries her upstairs. The . . .



. . . first time it didn't go right. The director ordered a retake. And another. And another. Farley was gasping. He couldn't figure it out—Shelley seemed to be getting heavier and heavier.



He made one last effort, stumbled and collapsed on the stairs. Shelley landed with a thump in his lap—weights fell out of her skirt. Bang, clump, bang they went, down the stairs.



Farley turned her around by her shoulders. And knew by her face she'd scored at last. He burst out laughing. "I bet," he said, "that's the fastest any woman ever lost weight!"



# Which girl has the natural curl ... and which girl has the Toni?



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*Hair styles by Shirlee Collins*

*Which Twin Has The Toni?* Compare Barbara Dahm's Toni (on the right) with her sister Beverly's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.

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*Gown by Ceil Chapman*

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